Nov. 9, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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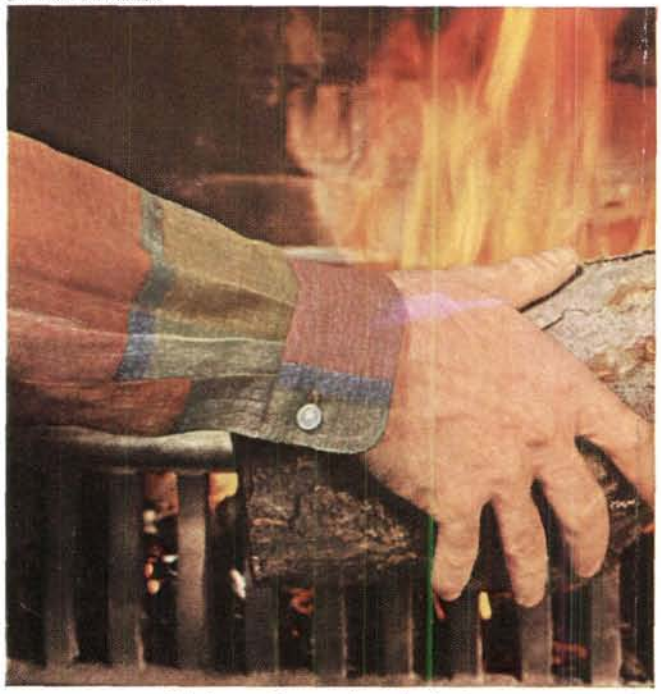

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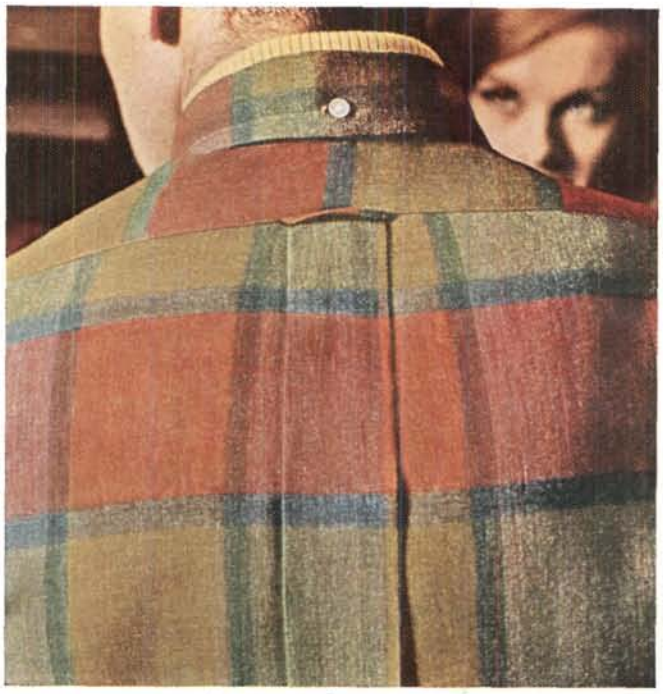

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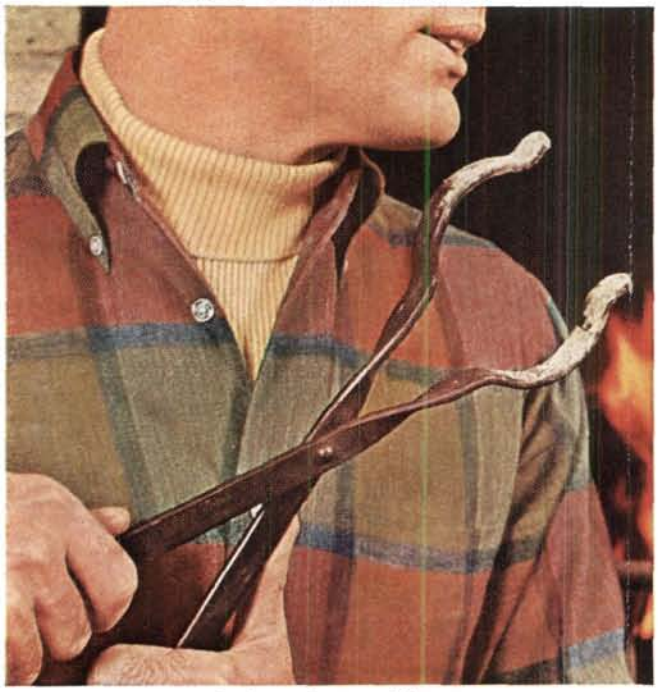

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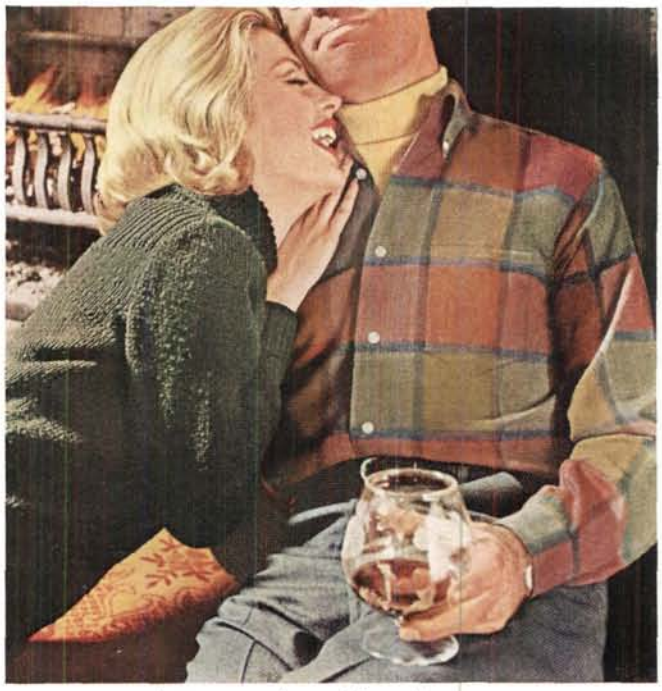

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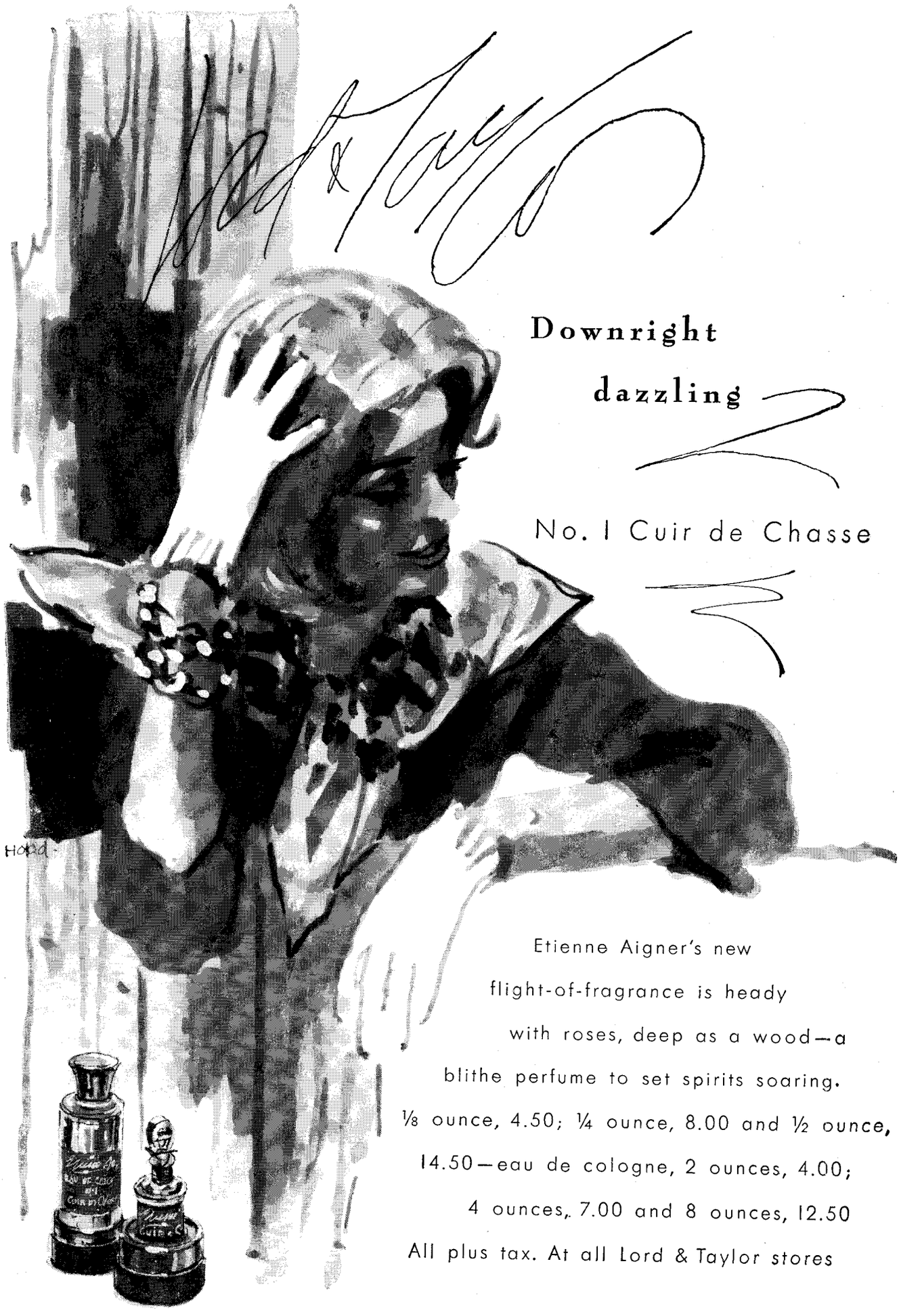

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Edward Albee's occasionally arresting adaptation of the Carson McCullers novelette. Long on gloom but short on clarity. Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Dunn, and Lou Antonio, however, are fine in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given the play a pleasant glow. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are highly diverting in it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Case of Libel—In this play based on the Reynolds-Pegler libel suit, Van Heflin is superb as the plaintiff's lawyer, and the others in the cast back him up stoutly. Despite the fact that most of us know the details of the real case, Henry Denker, the playwright, who based his findings on a chapter of "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, keeps an element of suspense alive throughout. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chips with Everything—All kinds of youthful English types having a hard time in an R.A.F. boot camp. Their woes are overemphasized, and their plight doesn't seem as awful as they seem bent on making it out to be. Arnold Wesker wrote the play, which may be amorphous but does have a dramatic moment or two. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 10.)

Enter Laughing—A funny show by Joseph Stein, who adapted his play from a novel by Carl Reiner. It concerns itself mostly with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor, despite his parents' determination to make a druggist out of him. Alan Arkin is very comical as the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles contribute further gaiety to the affair. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—An assortment of eccentrics gathered together in a loose-jointed comedy in which Cyril Ritchard and Claudette Colbert figure prominently. Mr. Ritchard directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—John Osborne's perceptive drama reveals the great German reformer, warts and all. Albert Finney is commanding in the title role, and the rest of the cast keeps right up with him. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—Two carefree exercises by the English playwright Peter Shaffer. The first is rather a nuisance, and the second fairly witty. The acting, by a small cast, is uniformly commendable. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rehearsal—No one can fault the performers in this comedy by Jean Anouilh, but maybe the pace of the piece, which concerns some modern French aristocrats, is a trifle leisurely. Still, there is a scene toward the end,

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in which Alan Badel appears, that makes the whole thing worthwhile. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spoon River—Some fine dramatic readings of Edgar Lee Masters' famous account of the way things used to be in the Middle West. Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman participate. Mr. Aidman, by the way, conceived the whole project. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Tambourines to Glory—Langston Hughes' gospel-singing play goes along splendidly when the members of the cast are raising their voices in song but tends to dawdle a bit when the exigencies of the plot require them to stop lining out hymns and spirituals. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. LA 4-0728. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Beyond the Fringe: Various aspects of modern life surveyed by a quartet of very breezy young men—Leigh Wharton (who will be succeeded on Monday, Nov. 11, by Paxton Whitehead), Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **Mary, Mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **Never Too Late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?:** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Here's Love—Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and general innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jennie—The early marital life of Laurette Taylor, which must have been awfully dull if we are to believe this description of it. Mary Martin plays Miss Taylor. The book was written by Arnold Schulman, and the music and lyrics were composed by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker," in which Inga Swenson is utterly captivating as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—An old-fashioned romantic comedy about a small shop in Hungary, back in the thirties. The songs are by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the dances by Carol Haney, and the book, an adaptation of a play by Miklos Laszlo, is by Joe Masteroff. All these contributors have done well enough, but it is the performance, under the direction of Harold Prince, that really sets the mood—light and gently mocking—of the show. With Barbara Cook, Jack Cassidy, Barbara Baxley, and Daniel Massey. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Toyarich—No memorable songs, no original dances, and no particularly witty patter distinguish this musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy. Eva Gabor plays a grand duchess to the palace born. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum: Zero Mostel and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **Oliver!:** An adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, Paul O'Keefe, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **Stop the World—I Want to Get Off:** Pantomime and other such diversions supplied by Joel Grey (who has just succeeded Anthony Newley) in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Man and Boy—Terence Rattigan's play, imported from London and starring Charles Boy-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

er. Directed by Michael Benthall and presented by Alexander H. Cohen and H. M. Tennent, Ltd. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 12. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Kirk Douglas and Joan Tetzel in a play by Dale Wasserman, taken from Ken Kesey's novel of the same name. Staged by Alex Segal and produced by David Merrick and Edward Lewis, in association with Seven Arts and Eric Productions. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 13. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Arturo Ui—An adaptation by George Tabori of the Bertolt Brecht play, with Christopher Plummer in the title role. Tony Richardson is the director and David Merrick the producer. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 14. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7. Matineés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Ballad for Bimshire—A buoyant, though somewhat diffuse, musical about an assortment of Barbadians on their home grounds. With Ossie Davis. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Morgan Sterne. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Corruption in the Palace of Justice—A melodrama—sometimes cynical, sometimes philosophic or religious in tone—about c. in the p. of j. of "a foreign city" and a government investigator who is sent to find the man responsible for it. The playwright, the late Ugo Betti, himself a Roman magistrate for many years, has provided a lively, plausible first act and a second and third that are only occasionally so. Most of the acting is quite good. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of the 1954 play (based on André Gide's autobiographical novel) by Ruth and Augustus Goetz. Opens Thursday, Nov. 7. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tues-

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days through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—This chronological arrangement of official and private documents telling the history of the Negro in this country may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted out by six fine performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mr. Simian—An earnest, muddled parable. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Thursday and Friday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 9.)

Opening Night and **A Matter of Like Life and Death**—Peggy Wood is effective as an almost washed-up actress in the grip of first-night nerves, and so is Ruth Gates as her dresser and soother. In the second play, which is set in a fallout shelter, James Karen and Frances Sternhagen manage a few amusing moments as a remote and timid scientist and his domestic wife. The scripts, a pair of one-acters, are only fair, though. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 10.)

The Pinter Plays—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

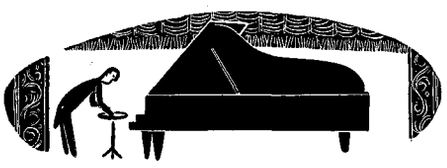
Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana, and the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform this creaky old opus, by Dion Boucicault, into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Comedy and drama, in English, from the works of Isaac Loeb Peretz, a luminary of Yiddish literature. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as



mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Walk in Darkness—An inept but well-intentioned melodrama about a Negro soldier who is stationed in Germany and the local girl he falls in love with. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

BALLET

National Ballet—Up from Washington for one performance, presenting "Les Sylphides," "Con Amore," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Hommage au Ballet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Nov. 12, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 1. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theatre—Performances in English by a company appearing here for the first time. "An Unusual Concert" will be presented every evening and at the matinées on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 9-10, and on Veterans' Day. "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp" will be done at the matinées on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16-17. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3, Sundays at noon and 3:15, and Veterans' Day at 2. Through Saturday, Nov. 23.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Diahann Carroll, who walks in beauty like the night, sings in beauty, passion, fury, pain, and delight, which is enough of a diversified portfolio for any investor in dinner or supper here. There's dancing, too, to the music of Enrique Madriguera and a markedly no-cal trio. The Royal Box is the locale. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—To be seen or not to be seen—that is the question. The proper question-and-answer music is proffered by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as Perona's is active, and there's no dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre, where Stanley Worth's small band does sedate dance music. Mondays, another band takes over.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ethel Merman, delegate at large for the roaring forties, fifties, and sixties, is ruling the sound waves like Britannia herself. Her outspoken recitals occur at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Mark Monte's little fireflies and Emil Coleman's tireless Trojans do dance music all through the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. Mondays are silent.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Hildegarde, the Mrs. Miniver of night life, is resuming her series of at-homes in the Grill on Monday, Nov. 11. Dinner and supper are her hours; Milt Shaw's orchestra gets to work at seven. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER ADVICE
to a woman in love with her mink

TAKE IT OUT OFTEN.
Mink is more than an escort, it's a friend. Proud to be seen with you evenings, but just as handsome in the light of day. Take it shopping. Drive it to the country on weekends. Take it to the park—and to Paris.

PAMPER ITS WHIMS.
A good mink will go through sleet, rain or snow for you, but is not too happy next to a radiator. It expects special treatment just once a year. Insists on summering in a cold climate. Mink is allergic to plastic garment bags and chemical sprays and has a morbid fear of moths. Otherwise it's romantically rugged.

APPRECIATE ITS VIRTUES.
It embraces you so warmly. Kisses your cheek tenderly. And nothing's more faithful to you in its fashion than American natural dark ranch mink. Become a blonde or redhead and it won't turn a hair. Dark mink's true to you whatever your coloring.

ACCEPT ITS COMPLIMENTS WITH GOOD GRACE.
A fine mink always has something good to say about you. Especially American natural dark ranch mink. This type (European women flip over it) not only flatters you to your face, but behind your back it firmly states that you have indisputable taste.

LOVE IT. That's easy. Lavish it with Paris hats, perfume and gloves, or give it nothing but affection. No other fur loves you back as much as natural dark ranch mink. GLMA natural dark ranch mink.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Peter Duchin and his billowing band are swarming in the Maisonette, thereby making it the winter palace of Southampton. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town ramble along from eight to two every night but Sunday.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—Red as true love's rose is this year's edition of the Columns, wherein Arturo Arturos's tiny dance band disports itself with vigor and great change of pace on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six (tea dancing is back on Fifth Avenue at last) to eleven. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Alan King, who would deliver us from all evil that besets the civilized way of life, has a little plan to cope, and he delivers it with trenchant manner and humor. He's present at dinnertime and after the theatre in the Empire Room; viva-voce dance music—by a Meyer Davis orchestra and the band of Horace Diaz—is present all the time. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who alternates at the piano with Wayne Sanders during the evening, and joins him at double piano along about midnight. Sam Hamilton operates one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Boy (Rodolpho) meets girl (Mimi), and now and then Scarpia meets doom, during dinner and supper. There's even a parodist, Nino Veri, to make mild mock of the whole thing. Aldo Bruschi, *régisseur* of this minuscule opera company, is also soloist, pianist, and—from Thursday through Sunday—dance master, in charge of a dreaming junior-size dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): No illusion of grandeur decorates the little duchy that surrounds Bobby Short; instead, it's grandeur in person. Mr. Short's ditties, which could be called Ballads of the Blithe Café, take place between ten and three every night but Monday, and they're paced by a trio in which Beverly Peer is enclosed. Otis Clements plays piano from five to ten every night but Sunday, and Mondays he's there until twelve-thirty. . . . **EMBASSY CLUB**, also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): No prancing this season; just dinner plus (from six-thirty to ten) spates of Biedermeier piano. No music Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A game fit for a king who would rather play ace, queen, and joker than play house. Norbert Faconi would rather play Stradivarius, and does, in serenade fashion. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): It stays open later than any other bank, but then there's a bar, to say nothing of mannerly piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics in miniature takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Sundays, Forrest Perrin gets to use the keyboard. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This thoroughfare, a sort of Via Veneto West, is gently but firmly dominated by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so benign that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. Sundays are his vacations. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening to look at or sing along with the jazz threesome at one end of the pavilion, or just to table-hop. Sundays, a jazz twosome does duty. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James would have slept, dined, and wined in this ancestral pile; he might, too, have been amused by the soulful organ music (five-thirty to seven, and again after the theatre) in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer's feather-duster piano is the accompaniment from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The natives are restless tonight and every night, what with their constant barrage of zimbalon, piano, violin, and voice, all of which are devoted to the last time they saw Budapest. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A citizens' rally made up wholly of urbanites, and local ones at that, who are escorted from dinner through supper by Budd Gregg's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who strolls along his piano only from six to nine-thirty, and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop executes her courteous piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays) under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League trysting place. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, a necessary breathing space in the middle of New York, affords the calm, collected keyboard work of Steven Weltner, international traveller, from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays.

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BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Around the world with eighty dames, some of them Amazonian and some of them little dolls, and every last one of them in the best of spirits and the least of costuming. Also aboard ship are François Szony and Nancy Claire, a nearly nonpareil brace of balletomanes, who do a trapeze act without any trapeze. On Friday, Nov. 15, in comes "Say It with Diamonds," the Latin Quarter's new winter carnival—a huge compilation of magicians, singers, acrobats, the Kim Sisters (Korea's prize glee club), and girls, and girls, and girls, choreographed by no less than Donald Saddler. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jane Russell, always an evangelist, leads her confreres, who are Connie Haines and Beryl Davis, in what could be called gospel singing or what could be called extrapolated Las Vegas. They'll be replaced, on Thursday, Nov. 14, by Allan Sherman, whose gospel and folk songs have traditional airs but eerily shiny new words. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): George White's new elocution class is restricted to great big beautiful blondes and blondes who can do the Charleston. The pace of Mr. W.'s "Scandals" is decrepit, the singing depressed, and the humor deplorable, but America need fear nothing as long as it has girls like these in its first line of defense. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," a revue that can (and often does) serve as copybook for other entrepreneurs, spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The principal troupers are Gerry Matthews, Jamie Ross, Carol Morley, and Fredricka Weber. The music is lyric, the choreography is action precisely suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the hours are eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara run through a set of skits indicating that domesticity is the royal road to doom; Rolf Harris, who's fond of singing that song about a kangaroo, is a folkster; Mara Lynn Brown is a new balladeer. There is background music by a trio, and four-course nourishment is part of the scheme, too. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The Second City group of players is forever scheming up original tricks to play on its audience, and most of them are whole-hearted pleasure. At the moment, the cast is exceedingly graced by the presence of Severn Darden and Barbara Harris, and well supported by (to name two) Andrew Duncan and Bob Dishy. The revue they keep reconstructing operates Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and burbling their way through life, accompanied by a set of flamenco dancers. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at nine-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing. . . . ¶ Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, is in the little den next door to the bar. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Money" is a two-by-four play with music in which jokesmiths laugh at American-style young love. The pleasurable object of adoration is Barbara Quaney; the lovelorn lads are David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. It ceases fire on Wednesday, Nov. 13. A new revue, "Twice Over Nightly," is expected to settle in on Friday, Nov. 15. It is fortunate enough to have Mary Louise Wilson, MacIntyre Dixon, and Paul Dooley within its confines. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight;

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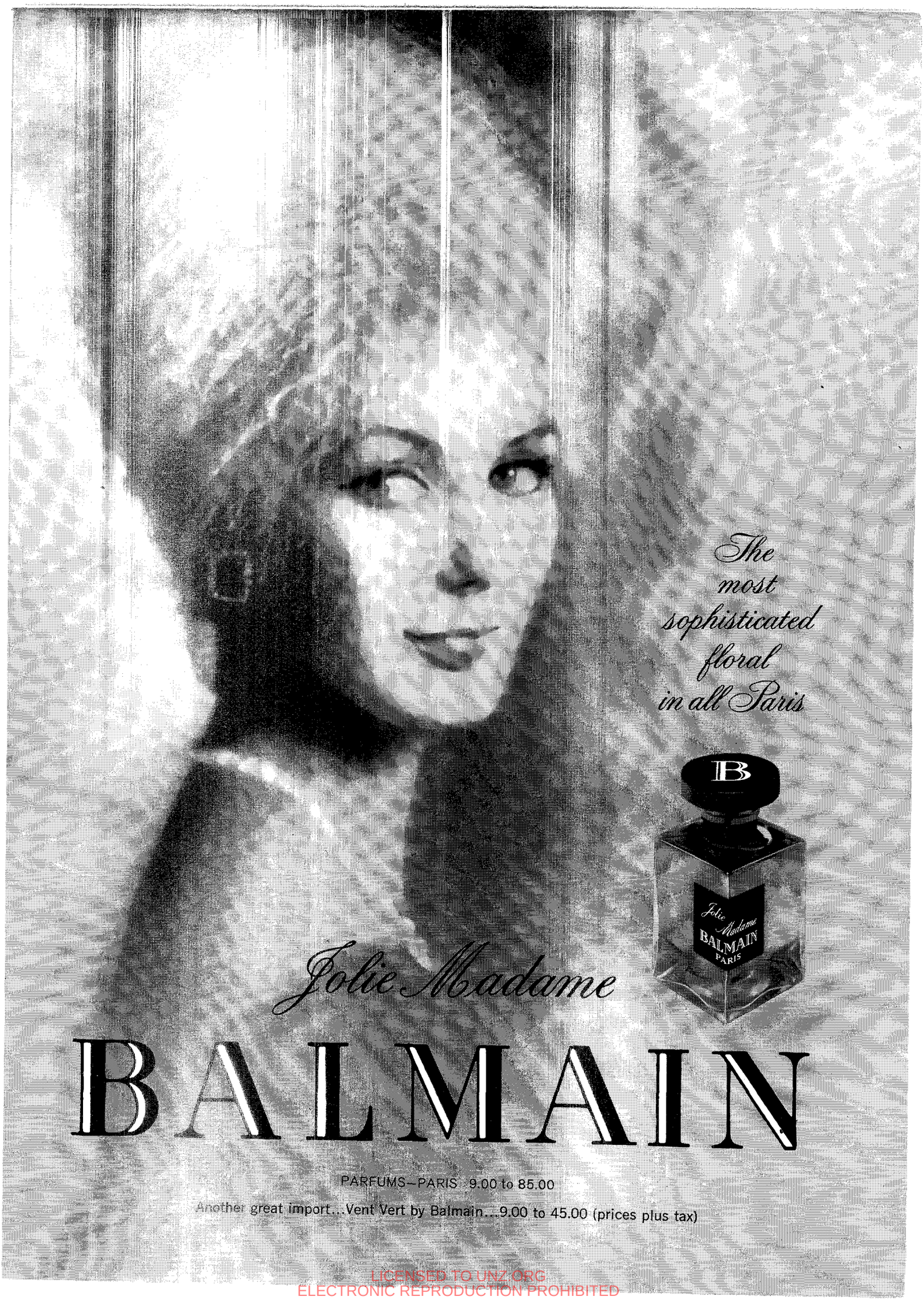

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS**, Mabel Mercer's advice to everyone (wear your heart on your sleeve) is being distributed after ten-thirty in the best of all possible lyrics and in her celebrated bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment," a recently arrived revue, is still practicing while it preaches, but a number of its spitfire skits (Peter Cook is the author of most) already have the glitter and menace of Excalibur. The straight-to-the-point music is by Stephen Vinaver; the cast is Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethancourt, Roddy Maude-Roxby, and Carole Simpson, who do well for themselves; the band is Teddy Wilson's ever-so-cheerful trio. Like nearly all of the players, the menu is British as can be. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, Sundays at four and eight. The Wilsons also play in the bar after the late show. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): It's stampede time when Felicia Sanders puts her spurs to a song and makes for the high hurdles; it's Caribbean-cruise time when Enid Mosier struts and sings; it's sidewalks-of-New York time when Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames rage unchecked through their ballads. The rest of the cast is just something to sit bravely through. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, a new set of principals debarks: Mae Barnes, whose bullet songs describe a brief trajectory (rent party to lease-breaking), and the team of Betty Kean and Lew Parker, whose humor is on just as short a tether (raucous to rantipole). Closed Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Matt Dennis, his eiderdown voice, his volatile piano, and Mrs. Dennis (Ginny, who sings, too) are the reasons for braving the hustle and bustle.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jackie Cain, will-of-the-wisp, siren, and a Pro Musica Nova Society in one, is doing her hi-fi ballads, which are greatly assisted whenever Roy Kral joins in; Irene Reid is doing more earthbound ballads by herself; Ike Isaac's trio is supplying extra motive power. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, all hands will be succeeded by the quintet of Miles Davis, the cat who walks by himself. Blossom Dearie, whose wild-blue-yonder voice and piano cannot fail to amuse, brings in her threesome the same night. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The next event of note takes place on Thursday, Nov. 14—the arrival of Shelley Berman, a wit who regards the telephone as a memorial to Freud, and Della Reese, whose arias are mostly sparklers. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Carmen McRae, the local oriole, is intent upon remaking the nation's songs; Charlie Byrd is intent upon taking us and his contemplative, compassionate guitar to Andalusia, though he likes to dally along Broadway on the way. His background is a trio. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, a new cast, led by Gloria Lynne, a singer of sorts, arrives. Mondays are visitors' nights. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore. The banjo, which is having a revivalist meeting of its own, is prominent in the nine-strong Serendipity Singers' activities. An interesting sideline is Woody Allen, who doesn't sing at all (his voice is still changing); in place of song, he provides vivid memories of his only-yesterday childhood daydreams and nightmares. Mr. A. goes to a well-earned reward after Monday, Nov. 11. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The script is pages from the diary of Wilbur de Paris, who recalls another day, another way. Also reciting from memory: Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): This rumpus room has restored (after a decade's absence) Joe Mooney to Manhattan. He's now an organ soloist, not the owner of a band, but his touch and his voice make one unaware of the lacuna. Chuck Wayne's electronic guitar leads a trio into action. The Waynes are off Mondays, and Mooney is off Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Pulling of punches is usually against the rules here. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Jack Teagarden's band descends like manna. Red Allen's beef-on-the-hoof band helps out with the lowing. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Ben Webster, a phoenix all too infrequent, signs off on Wednesday, Nov. 13, and so do his band and Ada Lee, caroller. Next evening's menu concerns the quintet of Joe Newman, an old Basie hand, and Ruth Brown, also a caroller. Visitors' days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A house of worship attended by the outlying faithful. Lennie Tristano's pensive quartet, which contains Lee Konitz, is at work. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, a new crew, in the charge of Allan Eager, will take over. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): In this academy for the study of modern influences on music is Thelonious Monk, whose seemingly spur-of-the-second chords keep his piano continually off balance. He runs a quartet, and Roland Hanna's trio does the other chores. The Monks, by the way, will shut down on Sunday, Nov. 10. Sunday afternoons, there are four-to-eight sessions, too, by droppers-in; Mondays, the regulars give way to the Upper Bohemia Six, organized and participated in by Larry Rivers, a modern-age painter whenever he lays down his saxophone. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the callooh-callay that goes with it. Jonah Jones' quartet can make itself heard even so. Harold Quinn this season is a solo pianist. Sundays, Louis Metcalf's traditionalists are the whole show. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The trio belonging to Howard Reynolds is contemporaneous, without a single over-the-shoulder glance at *les temps perdus*. Monday is its night of rest. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays. . . . **BOURBON STREET**, 118 W. 48th St. (JU 6-9563): Another old alehouse has sprung to new life. Under its tin ceiling, an appropriate adjunct to the playing of "Tin-Roof Blues," are Dick Wellstood, at piano, and Ahmad Abdul-Malik, at bass, to think back to the past. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The Saturday-night beer parties have resumed. On Nov. 9, Max Kaminsky's band, Cutty Cutshall, Peanuts Hucko, Sonny Greer, and Louis Metcalf's band will contribute stein songs.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Paintings by a Belgian artist who works in Paris; through Dec. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON AVERY—Paintings; through Nov. 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Etchings and woodcuts; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Small landscape studies in oil; through Nov. 30. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM CLUTZ—Figurative oils and drawings; through Nov. 30. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

E. E. CUMMINGS (1894-1962)—Paintings and drawings by the late poet, plus paintings of stage sets for a Cummings play by Ben Shahn; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

NICOLAS DE STAËL (1914-55)—Abstractions by

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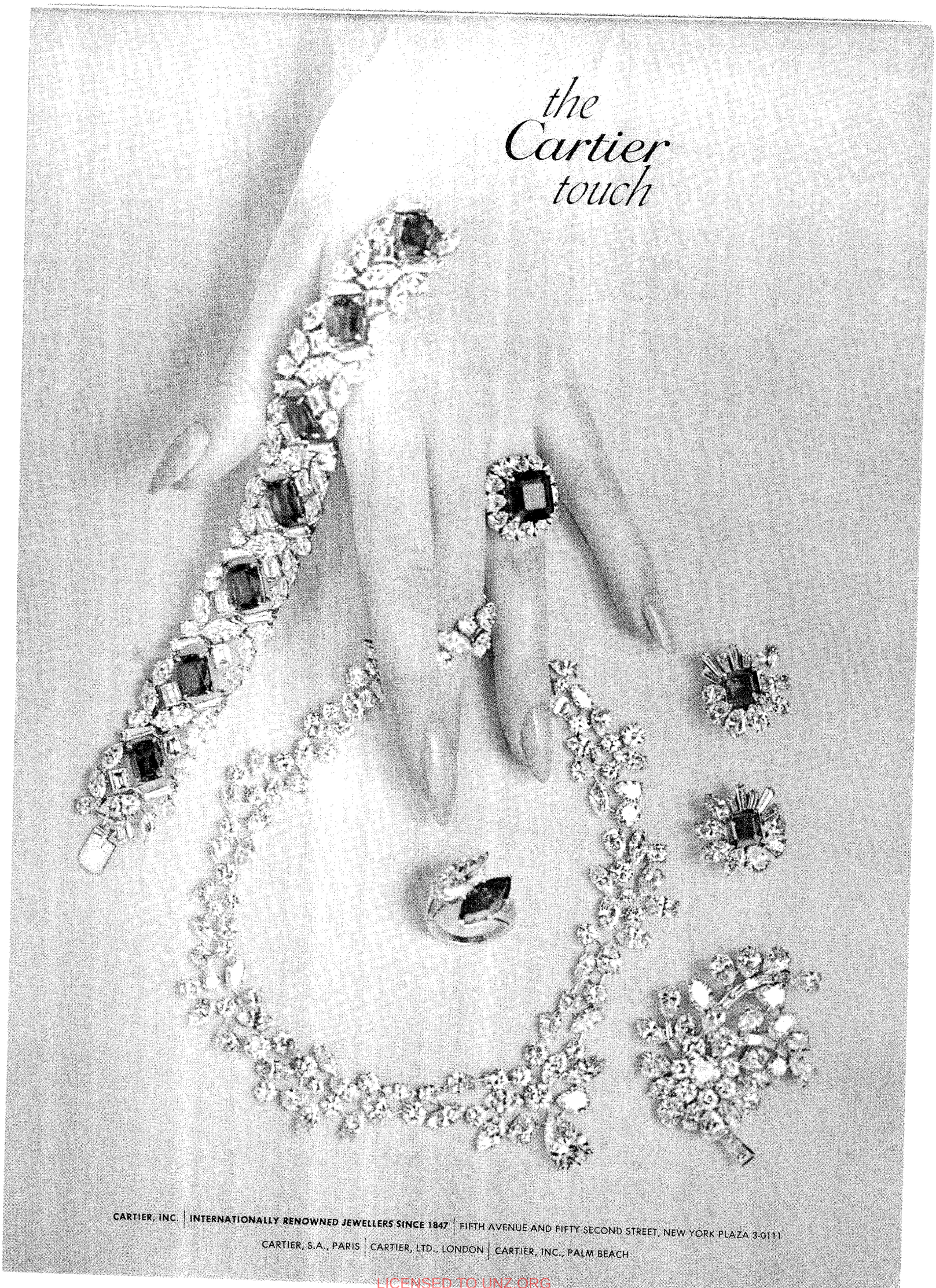

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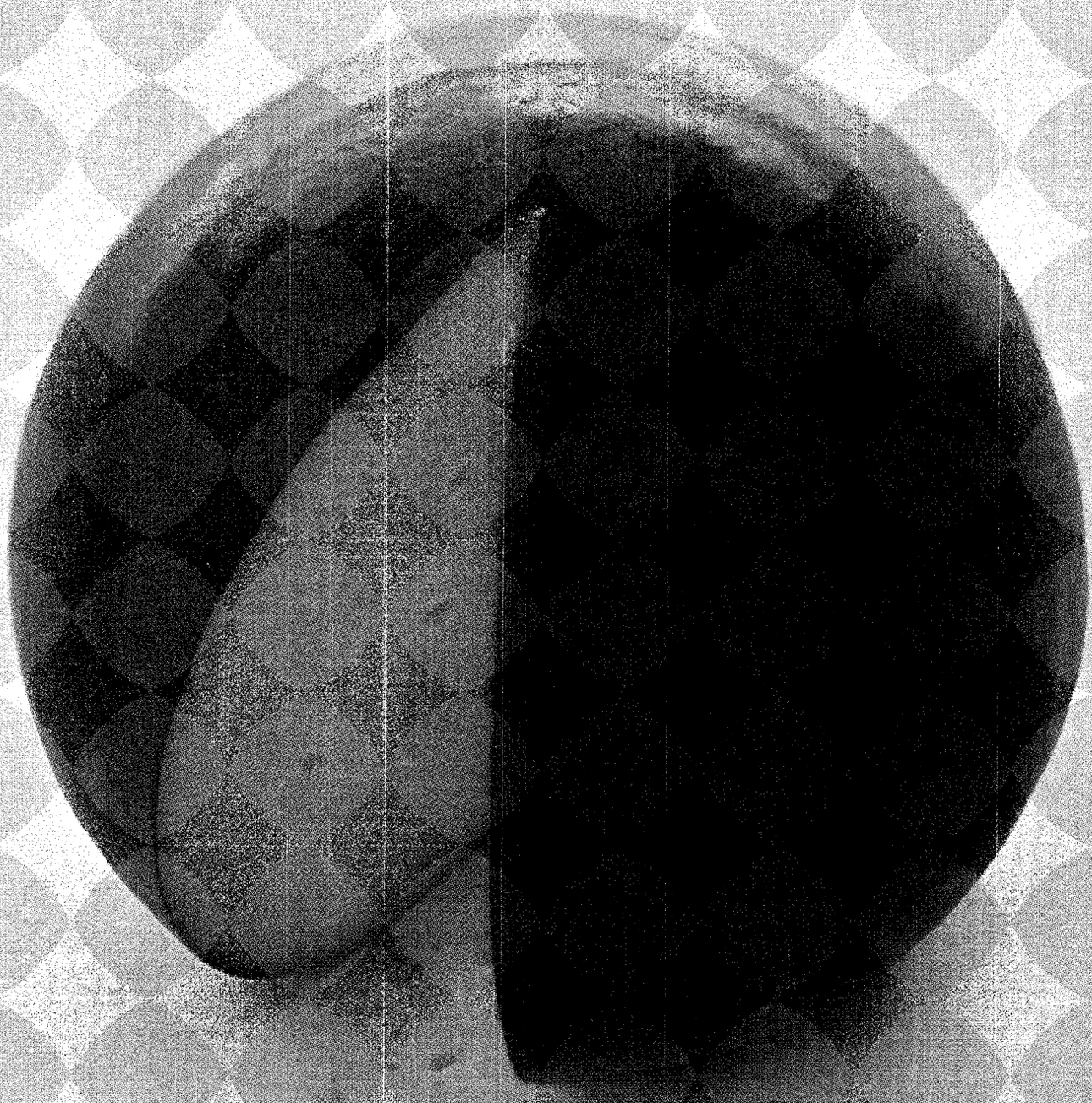

CHEESE OF HOLLAND

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this Russian-born Paris artist; through Nov. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Still-lifes, figures, landscapes, and interiors; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Luis Feito—Abstractions by one of the School of Paris artists; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Léonor Fini—Paintings; through Nov. 23. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adolf Fleischmann—Non-objective paintings by a German-American artist; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Frederick Franck—Paintings of underwater still-life; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)... ¶ Drawings from his new book, "My Eye Is in Love;" through Saturday, Nov. 9. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Maurice Freedman—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Nov. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Landscapes mostly; through Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Abstract paintings, drawings, collages, and lithographs; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Water colors, chiefly of Puerto Rico; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene—Figure paintings and paintings of the sea; through Nov. 30. (Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William Gropper—Figure paintings; through Nov. 23. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Renato Guttuso—Drawings that this Italian artist did for the film "The Condemned of Altona;" through Nov. 23. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Hayward—Street scenes and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—Portraits and landscapes; through Nov. 29. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Jensen—Abstract and figurative paintings; through Dec. 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Jones (1909-63)—Paintings done between 1947 and the time of his death; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Paintings and sculptures; through Nov. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Benjamin Kopman—Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 23. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Irving Marantz—Paintings from Rome, 1962-63; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—A loan exhibition of paintings and two sculptures; through Dec. 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Oils, water colors, and drawings, from the Dutch modernist's own collection; through Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Juan Nickford—Welded-metal sculptures; through Nov. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Abstract panels; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Raymond Parker—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

George Picken—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Anne Poor—Flowers, landscapes, and figures; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Graham, second

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Prendergast (1869-1949)—Water colors, panels, and carvings; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Large silk-screen paintings in color; through Nov. 21. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tetsuro Sawada—Paintings by a Japanese modern; through Nov. 23. (Nihonbashi, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tobias Schneebaum—Landscapes and figure paintings done in Borneo; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Ronald Searle—Pen-and-ink and wash drawings by the English satirist; through Monday, Nov. 11. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

Joseph J. Stefanelli—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Nov. 30. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Théophile-Alexandre Steinlen (1859-1923)—Drawings, pastels, and water colors by the French artist; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Two exhibitions that are running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum—Drawings, silverpoints, pastels, and other works; through Nov. 30. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Abstractions by this Spanish painter; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Van Day Truex—Wash drawings, mainly of French scenes; through Nov. 23. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

Claude Venard—Provence is the theme of a dozen paintings by this School of Paris artist; through Nov. 25. (Romanet-Vercel, 710 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Vaclav Vytlacil—Figurative gouache paintings done in Mexico; through Nov. 23. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Hugo Weber—Abstractions by a Swiss-born artist; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Master Drawings—A benefit loan exhibition from the Art Institute of Chicago, with examples ranging from a 1438 Pisanello to a 1944 Picasso; through Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Art of Tuscany—A showing of paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Dec. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Bragaline Collection—A benefit loan exhibition of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by, among others, Miró, Braque, Picasso, de Staël, and Modigliani, from the collection of Edward A. Bragaline; through Nov. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Sculptors Guild—Their annual exhibit, comprising sixty-seven pieces (by Dorothy Dehner, Ezio Martinelli, Joseph Konzal, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 21. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Soviet Graphic Arts—An exchange display, including about four hundred lithographs, woodcuts, linocuts, etchings, original drawings, and book illustrations; through Nov. 24. (Time & Life Building Exhibition Center, Rockefeller Center. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.)

Sculptures—At the **Emmerich**, 17 E. 64th St.: A showing of the art of ancient Mexico (from the second millennium B.C. to the Aztecs) being held in conjunction with the publication of the book "Art Before Columbus," by André Emmerich; through Nov. 30.... **Segy**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Dec. 31. (Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **Dintenfass**, 18 E. 67th St.: Philip Evergood, Andrew Wyeth, and William King are among the exhibitors in a show called "American Contemporary Still-Life;" through Saturday, Nov. 9. ... **Village Art Center**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings and sculptures by nine 1963 Fulbright artist-grantees, for instance Ray Ciarrochi, Susan Draper, and Raymond Hitchcock; through Friday, Nov. 8. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—George Bellows, J. H. Twachtman, and Gustav Loiseau are three of the artists represented in a show called "Waters, Salt and Sweet;" through Nov. 23. (Schweitzer, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Three French landscapists—Boudin, Corot, and Courbet; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **New School**, 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings by a dozen modern Irish artists, including Barrie Cooke, Louis le Brocquy, and Patrick Scott; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **Niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Van Dongen, Rouault, Segonzac, Appel, and other French artists; through Nov. 30.... **St. Etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: "Panorama of Yugoslav Primitive Art," paintings and sculptures by contemporary peasant artists; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Dec. 1.... ¶ Sculptures in wax, plaster, and bronze by the Italian Impressionist Medardo Rosso (1858-1928); through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Asian art loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation. On view are Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Venetian paintings of the sixteenth century, by Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, and others; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by Francis Bacon, one of Britain's leading painters; through Jan. 12.... ¶ A loan showing of master drawings of this century by such artists as Picasso, Matisse, de Kooning, and Tobey; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Veterans' Day, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Books and manuscripts from the Heineman Collection, including musical manuscripts, French and German literary and historical autographs, first editions and bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 4.... ¶ "William Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job" and "French Mosaic Bindings, 1851-1900;" through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—A retrospective of paintings (interior scenes and portraits) by John Koch; through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays, except Nov. 12, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—The first exhibition in this new museum is made up of paintings, sculptures, and related objects, dating from the early eighteenth century to the late nineteenth, on loan from private collections; through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Joseph Stella, America's leading Futurist; through Dec. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.) Good complements to this

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exhibition are the Stella shows at the Salpeter Gallery, 42 E. 57th St., and the Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Blanche Thebom, Karl Liebl, Otto Edelmann, Giorgio Tozzi, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Paul Schöffler. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2: "La Bohème," with Nicoletta Panni, Janet Pavek, Flaviano Labò, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Manon," with Anna Moffo, George Shirley, Vladimir Ruzdak, and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Faust," with Anna Moffo, Rosalind Elias, Giuseppe Campora, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Lisa Della Casa, Teresa Stich-Randall, Jeanette Scovotti, Giorgio Tozzi, Leopold Simoneau, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Paul Schöffler. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Mary Curtis-Verna, Hans Hopf, Norman Mittelmann, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: "La Bohème," with Nicoletta Panni, Janet Pavek, Carlo Bergonzi, Vladimir Ruzdak, Bonaldo Giaotti, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Mignon Dunn, Flaviano Labò, Cornell MacNeil, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Faust," with Anna Moffo, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Jan Peerce, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call CO 5-6291, Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 to 4.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Friday evening, Nov. 8: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 9: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 9: "Don Giovanni" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 10: "Gentlemen, Be Seated!" . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 10: "The Merry Widow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30: "Il Trovatore." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30: "Rigoletto." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Josef Krips conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 7-9, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3 (all with John Browning, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 15, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3 (no soloists).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Prokofieff program, with Byron Janis, piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30: A Strauss-Wagner program, with Zara Nelsova, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: An all-Schubert program, with Grant Johannesen, piano.

David and Igor Oistrakh and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra—The violinists in three joint concerts (different programs) with the orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Barshai. (Carnegie Hall. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 8-10, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Mariana Sarrica, piano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Sto-

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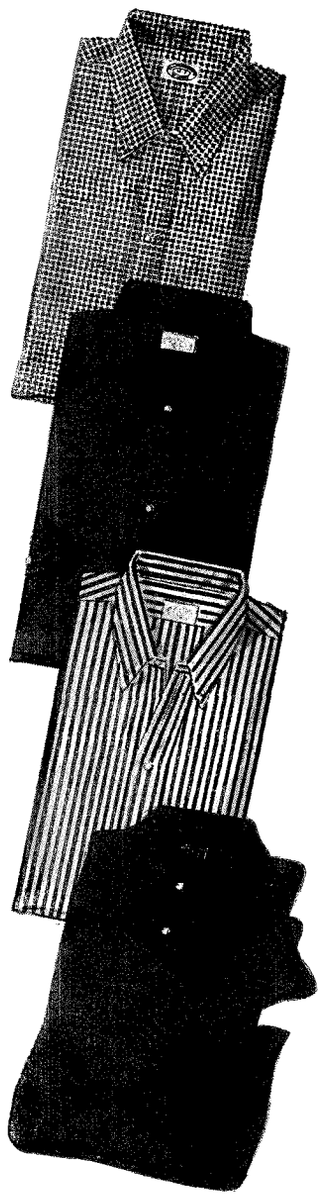

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

kowski conducting, with Amiram Rigai, piano; Bernard Portnoy, clarinet; and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 11, at 8:40.)

Leon Fleisher and the Festival Orchestra—The pianist in a joint benefit concert with the orchestra, conducted by Thomas Dunn. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call WI 7-2225.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Walter Trampler, viola, and Joseph Iadone, lute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16-17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Giuseppe Di Stefano—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Robert Riefling—Piano. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Zara Nelsova—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio of New York—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:40.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Leon Bibb—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:40.)

Shakeh Vartenissian and Levon Gregorian—Soprano and piano, in a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 5:15. For tickets, call MU 8-0281.)

Bach Festival—The New York Chamber Soloists performing "An Evening from the Anna Magdalena Bach Notebook" and excerpts from "The Musical Offering," with Adele Addison, soprano, and Charles Bressler, tenor. The third in a series of five programs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Louise Talma and Robert Russell Bennett, performed by the Phoenix String Quartet; David Sackson, violin; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 11, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30, the first in a series of six all-Mozart programs, this one with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Friends of Live Music—The Lenox Quartet. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Michael Tree—Violin. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Hyman Bress—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Artists' Choice Concert—Sonya Monosoff, violin; Robert Conant, harpsichord; and Janos Scholz, viola da gamba. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Netherlands String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

The Tarriers—Folk singers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office only, on the night of the performance.)

Juan Serrano—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:40.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 6:30: Boston vs. Los Angeles and Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Boxing—Wayne Thornton vs. Gregorio Peralta, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 9: Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Utah, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Lafayette vs. Rutgers, at Easton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Maryland, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . **Saturday, Nov. 16** (all at 1:30): Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 12. Competitions nightly at 7:45, plus Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Tuesday at 2, and Saturday and Sunday at 1:45.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 9.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Weekdays; last day Saturday, Dec. 7. Through Saturday, Nov. 9, post time will be 12:30; after that, it will be noon. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 9; the Vosburgh Handicap, Monday, Nov. 11; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 16. . . . **Garden State Park,** Camden, N.J.: Daily at 12:45; through Saturday, Nov. 9. The Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **Laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Nov. 12. The Selima, Saturday, Nov. 9, and the Washington, D.C., International, Monday, Nov. 11 (for this day only, post time will be 12:20.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Charles Pope Choristers:** "Ruddigore." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:30.). . . **Amato Opera Company:** An abbreviated version of "La Bohème," with an English narration. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 1:30.). . . **Concerts for Young People:** The second in a series of six offerings, this one devoted to the life and works of Mozart, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. Gay Puppets:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.). . . **Gramercy Arts Children's Theatre:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.). . . **Hilltop Productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.). . . **Maximillion Productions:** "Gabriel." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **Merri-Mimes:**

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"Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1100, Ext. 55. Saturdays at 3.)... PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)... PICKWICK PUPPETS: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 1:30 and 3, and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2.)... ELAINE W. REYNOLDS PRODUCTIONS: "The Ransom of Red Chief." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... STAGE 73: "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 9-10, at 1 and 3.)... TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Robin Hood." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Nov. 11, at 11 and 1.)... ¶ "The Wizard of Oz." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Moon." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Veterans' Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Veterans' Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

PROSE AND POETRY READINGS—Howard Moss reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:20. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Mary McCarthy reading from her novel "The Group." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOW—An indoor display entitled "Chrysanthemum Time in Japan." (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Saturday, Nov. 9, through Sunday, Nov. 24. Daily 10 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Nov. 8, at 1:45, and Saturday, Nov. 9, at 1:30: Russian objets d'art belonging to a California private collector, together with French and other furniture, silver, decorative objects, and rugs; the property of Mrs. Ruth Goldman and others.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 1:45 and 8: Incunabula, English literature, rare bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; from the library of the late Robert W. Martin.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 14-15, at 1:45: Jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, Chinese bronzes, and other Oriental art; from several collectors, among them the late Mrs. Christian R. Holmes. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 9.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Nov. 9, showings at 3: "North by Northwest" (1959), with Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint.... ¶ Starting Nov. 10, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Psycho" (1960), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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ATGET—A cunning manipulation (in eleven minutes) of a large number of still photographs by Eugène Atget, whose hushed Paris is very like Proust's. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

CLEOPATRA—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

THE CONJUGAL BED—An account, at once anguished and hilarious, of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

8½—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni plays the part of a famous director who is suddenly unable to go on working; Anouk Aimée is his intellectual wife; and Sandra Milo is his tawdry mistress. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408. . . . ¶ Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 13.)

HEAVENS ABOVE!—Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael play disrespectful but not at all dangerous ducks and drakes with the Church of England. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Nov. 13, tentative.)

KNIFE IN THE WATER—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski, who wrote and directed this comedy, is plainly to be watched. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and many others, all wonderfully directed by David Lean. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

LORD OF THE FLIES—Peter Brook's fine, attacking version of William Golding's overblown allegory. The atmosphere of school brutality is accurately caught and nicely photographed. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Nov. 13.)

THE L-SHAPED ROOM—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell make this sentimental tale of young love in old London seem true. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 12, tentative.)

SANJURO—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 13.)

THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS—From Italy, a mild little comedy about very young love, distinguished by the nervous, alert direction of Ermanno Olmi. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Nov. 10.)

THE SUITOR—A clever young comedian named Pierre Etaix stars in an extremely funny picture that might well have come out of the Keaton studios, circa 1926, but is yet French and 1963. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 12.)

THIS SPORTING LIFE—Professional Rugby is the sport under consideration in this savage English movie about a player who is unlucky in love. Richard Harris is compelling as the tragic hero. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Nov. 12.)

TOM JONES—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, all splendid. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 10.)

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 7, last showing at 4:40.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 11-12.)

DAVID AND LISA (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Nov. 13, tentative.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 12.)

LA DOLCE VITA (1961)—How things are in Rome. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it, and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 13, evening performances only.)

GENEVIEVE (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 13.)

IKIRU (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 12, evening performances only, except on Saturday, Sunday, and Veterans' Day.)

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 13.)

LUST FOR LIFE (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 12.)

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 7.)

THE NIGHT (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 8-11.)

THE SEVENTH SEAL (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Nov. 10.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 8-11.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 13.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 7. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 11-12.)

WILD STRAWBERRIES (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Nov. 10.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Nov. 12.)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 7, last showing at 3:30.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Nov. 12: "The Condemned of Altona," Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.
From Nov. 13: "McLintock!," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays and Veterans' Day at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays and Veterans' Day at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
From Nov. 13: "Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart, Sandra Dee.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"A New Kind of Love." Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Nov. 12: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli.
From Nov. 13: "Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain, Nick Adams.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Chushingura" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Tiara Tahiti," James Mason, John Mills.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 12: **THE SUITOR** (in French).
From Nov. 13: **8½** (in Italian).

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day.)
Through Nov. 12: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
From Nov. 13: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival; and "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Nov. 12: "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
From Nov. 13: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli; and "Carry On Regardless," Kenneth Connor.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 12: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Nov. 13: "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins; and "Love in the Afternoon," revival, Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 12 (tentative): "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.
From Nov. 13 (tentative): **HEAVENS ABOVE!**; and **DAVID AND LISA**, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lilies of the Field." Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and **ATGET.**

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Nov. 12 (tentative): "The Condemned of Altona," Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.
From Nov. 13: **LORD OF THE FLIES.**

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Face of War," a Swedish-Japanese documentary, with an English narration.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"All the Way Home." Robert Preston, Jean Simmons.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 12: "Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles; and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," revival, Kirk Douglas.
From Nov. 13: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli; and "Carry On Regardless," Kenneth Connor.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Muriel" (in French), Delphine Seyrig.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Nov. 12: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, revival.
From Nov. 13: "McLintock!," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Nov. 10: **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian).
From Nov. 11: "Family Diary" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 12: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 12 (tentative): **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Nov. 13 (tentative): "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 12: "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
From Nov. 13: "Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart, Sandra Dee.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 12: "Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles; and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," revival, Kirk Douglas.
From Nov. 13: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli; and "Carry On Regardless," Kenneth Connor.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Nov. 7: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.
Nov. 8-12: "Don't Give Up the Ship," revival, Jerry Lewis, Dina Merrill; and "Rock-A-Bye Baby," revival, Jerry Lewis.
From Nov. 13: "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker; and another feature, to be announced.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 7: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
Nov. 8-11: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.
From Nov. 12: "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers; and "Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 12: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Nov. 13: **SANJURO** (in Japanese); and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), revival, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 12: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Nov. 13: **GENEVIEVE**, revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Wastrel," Van Heflin, Franco Fabrizi.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Nov. 7: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.
Nov. 8-12: "Don't Give Up the Ship," revival, Jerry Lewis, Dina Merrill; and "Rock-A-Bye Baby," revival, Jerry Lewis.
From Nov. 13: "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker; and another feature, to be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 12: "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson; and "3 Feet in a Bed" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
From Nov. 13: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Nov. 12: "Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles; and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," revival, Kirk Douglas.
From Nov. 13: "Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli; and "Carry On Regardless," Kenneth Connor.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 9: "The Householder," Shashi Kapoor.
From Nov. 10: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (both in Swedish and both revivals).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Wastrel," Van Heflin, Franco Fabrizi.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Nov. 12: **8½** (in Italian).
From Nov. 13: "Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain, Nick Adams.

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 12: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Nov. 12: **THIS SPORTING LIFE.**
From Nov. 13: "Naked Autumn" (in French), Simone Signoret.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Music Room" (in Bengali).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Nov. 10: "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French).
From Nov. 11: "Therese Desqueyroux" (in French), Emmanuelle Riva.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Nov. 7: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.
Nov. 8-12: "Don't Give Up the Ship," revival, Jerry Lewis, Dina Merrill; and "Rock-A-Bye Baby," revival, Jerry Lewis.
From Nov. 13: "In the French Style." Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker; and another feature, to be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 7 (last showing at 3:30): **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.
Nov. 7, at 7 and 9:30: "The Idol Dancer," revival, Richard Barthelmess; and two short D. W. Griffith films.
Nov. 8: "The Prince and the Showgirl," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Laurence Olivier; and "Wild River," revival, Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick.
Nov. 9: "Horror of Dracula," revival, Peter Cushing; and "The Body Snatcher," revival, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi.
Nov. 10: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and "Violent Saturday," revival, Victor Mature, Richard Egan.
Nov. 11-12: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **CASABLANCA**, revival.
From Nov. 13: "Peyton Place," revival, Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "The 3rd Voice," revival, Edmond O'Brien, Laraine Day.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 7: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
Nov. 8-11: **THE NIGHT** (in Italian), revival; and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.
From Nov. 12: **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival; and **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 12: "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.
From Nov. 13: "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

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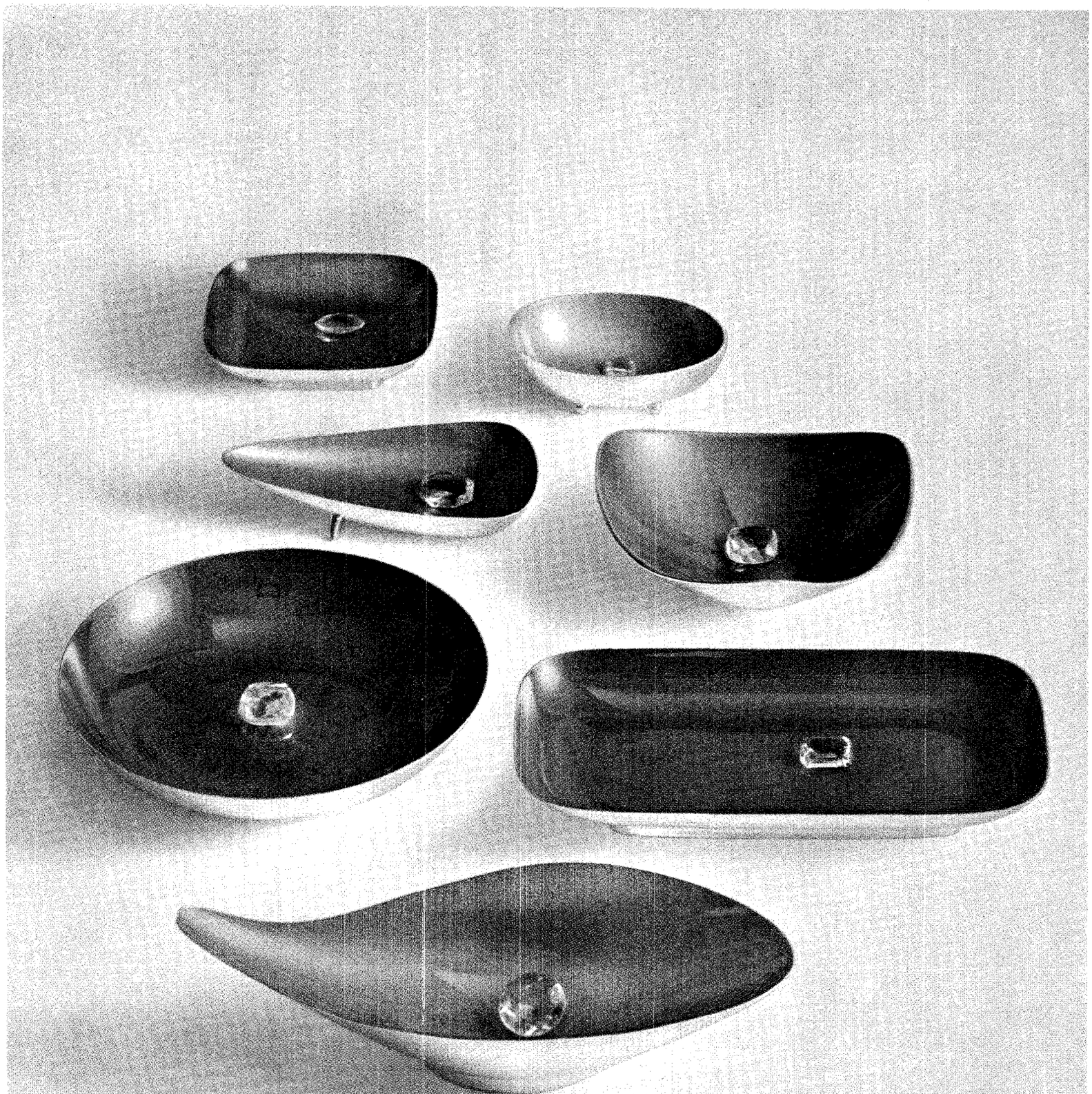

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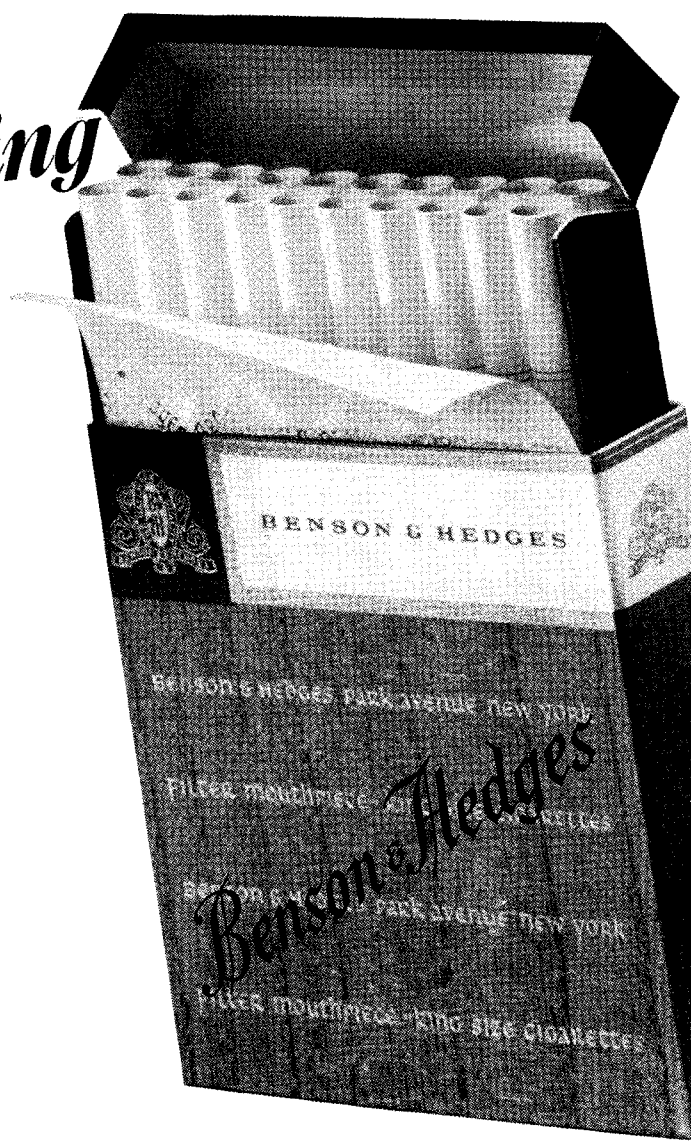
Grand Opening



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RICHARD HEIMANN

(a scenario for MADEMOISELLE the fashion shoe)

The scene is Brock's penthouse apartment/ Gloria speaks to Brock. "I can't go on like this. Hit show after hit show. I'm tired of being a star. I want a life of my own. I'm taking the train home to Waterbury tonight." Gloria reaches to put out her cigarette/ The script of his next play falls to the terrace/ The camera moves down to see the title 'A LIFE OF HER OWN' and we see she is wearing Mademoiselle's Gigi Boot. Gloria rises to leave. "Thank you, Brock (pause) for everything." As she moves toward the door Brock suddenly takes her arm. "You little fool. I can't let you go like this. I love you. We will be married at once." They embrace/ the piano theme is heard/ The camera moves out over the lighted skyscrapers. It is evening/ It is the end.

(Indeed, a fitting climax for Mademoiselle)

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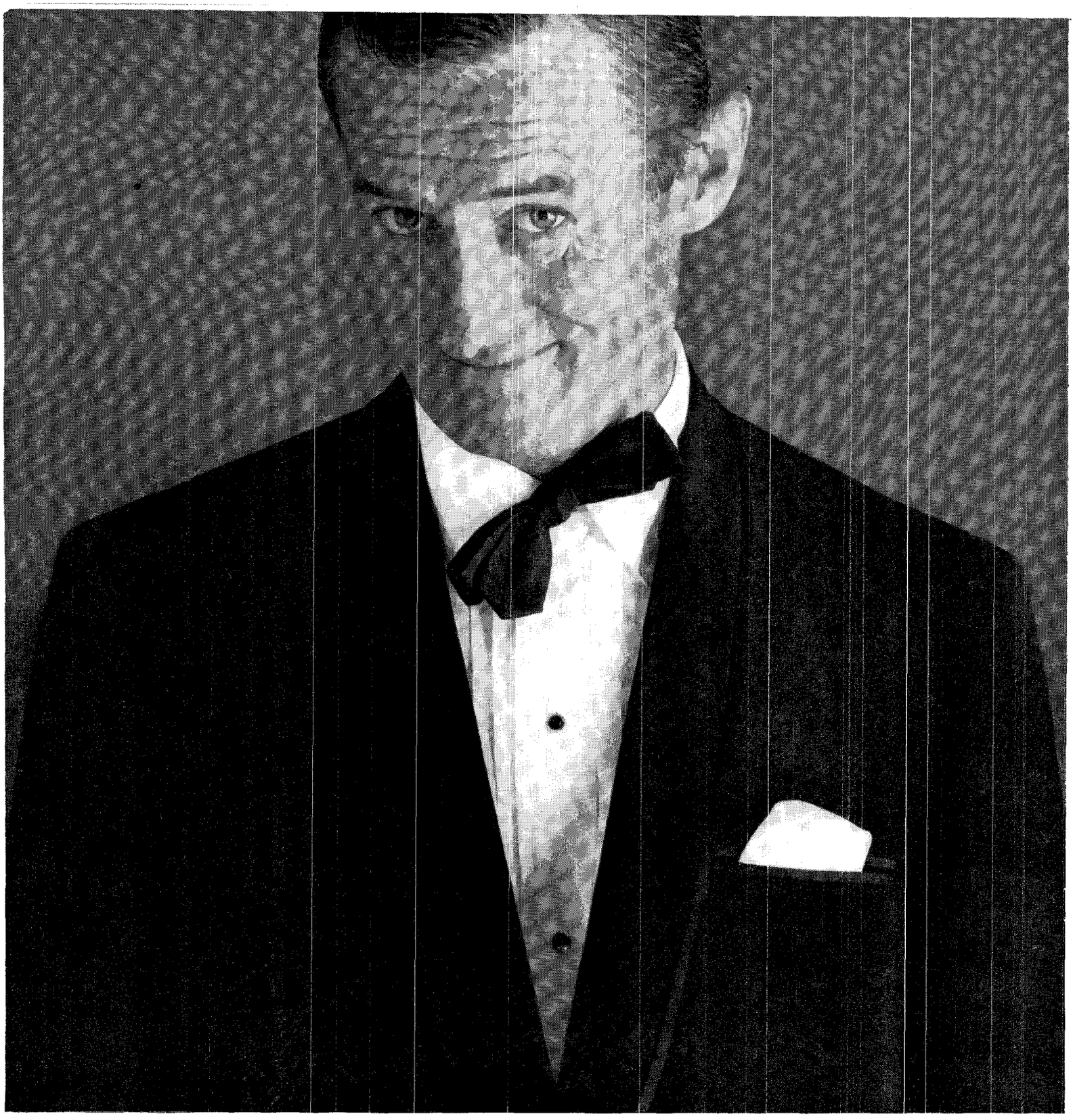

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after Six

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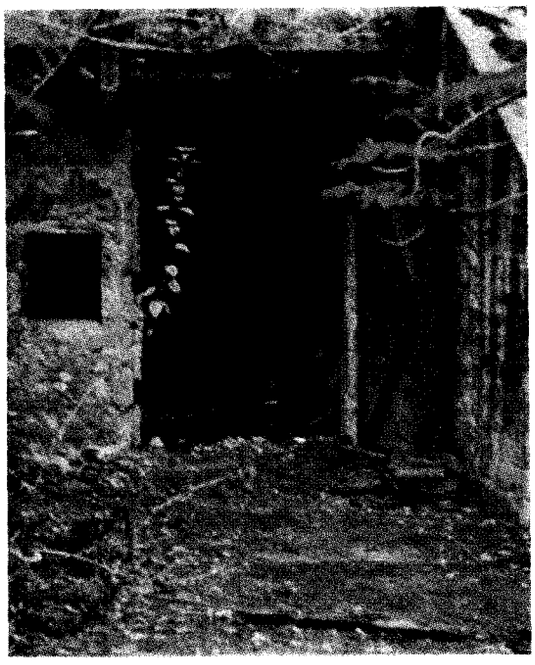

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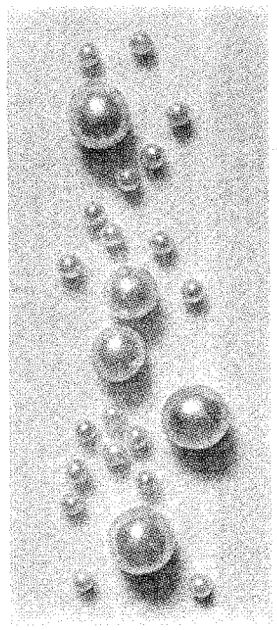

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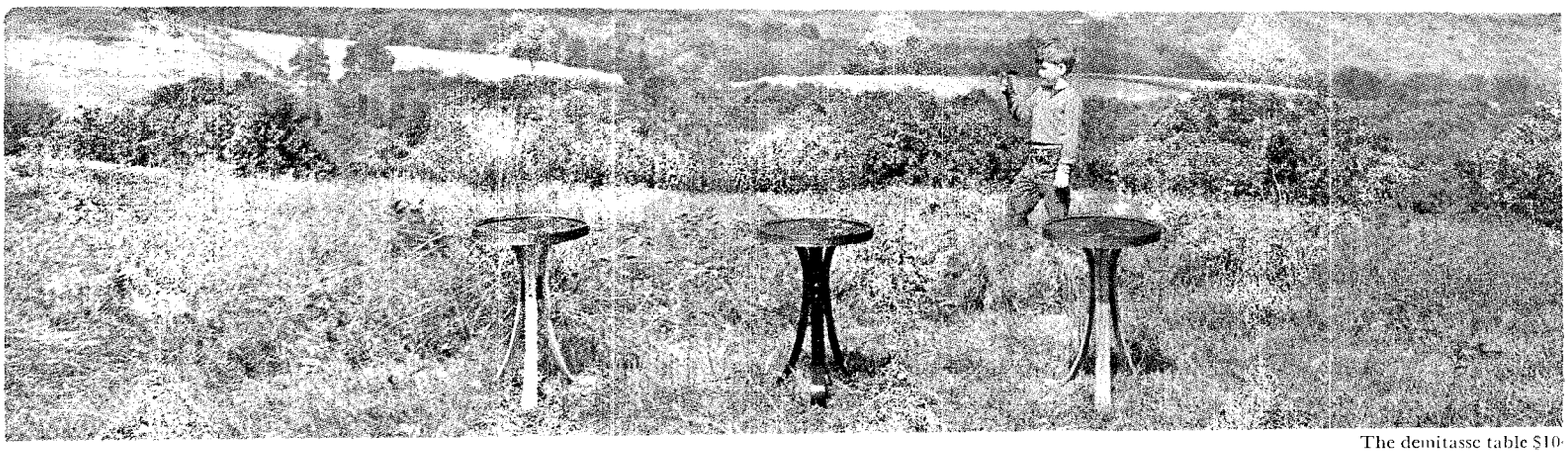
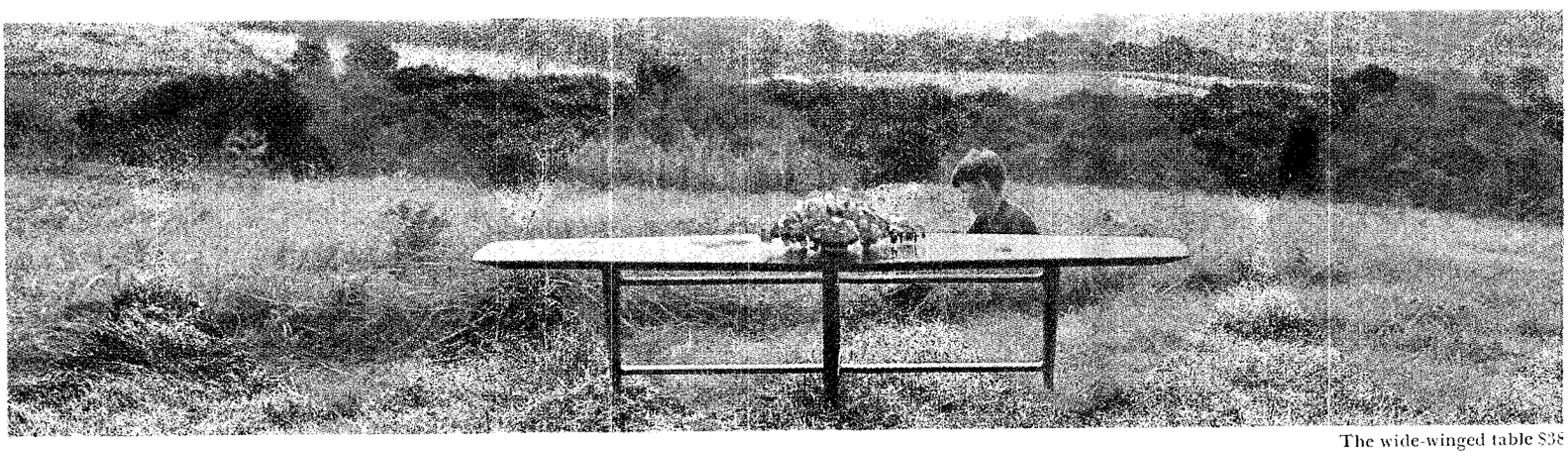
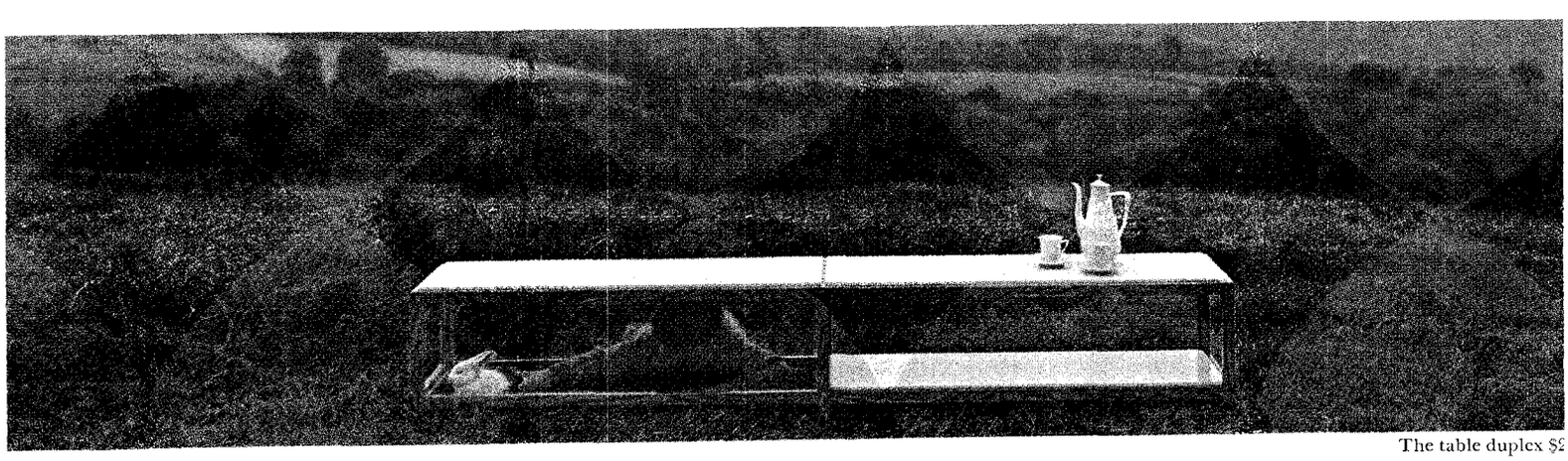


The demitasse table $10



The wide-winged table $38

The Long John table $2



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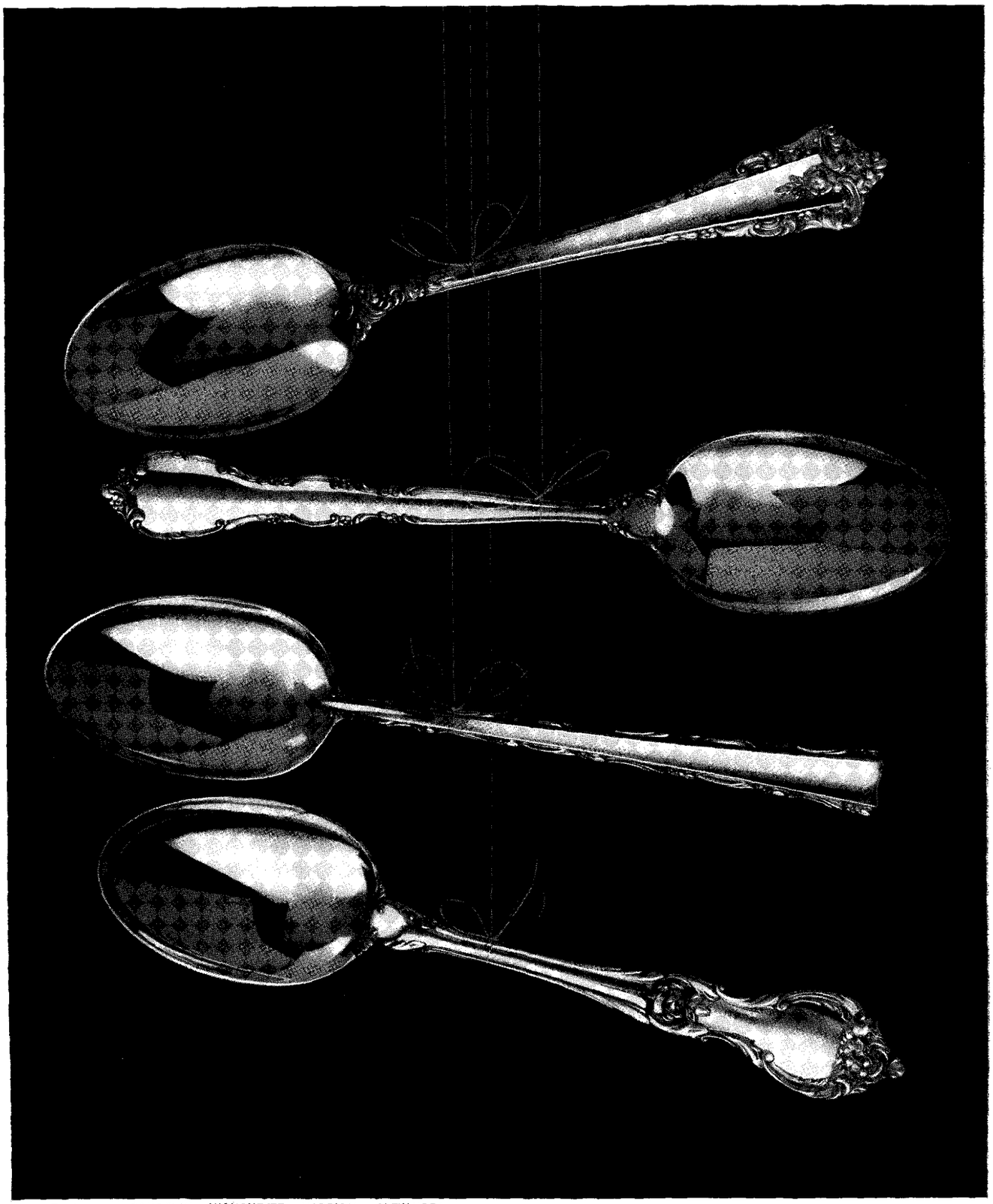

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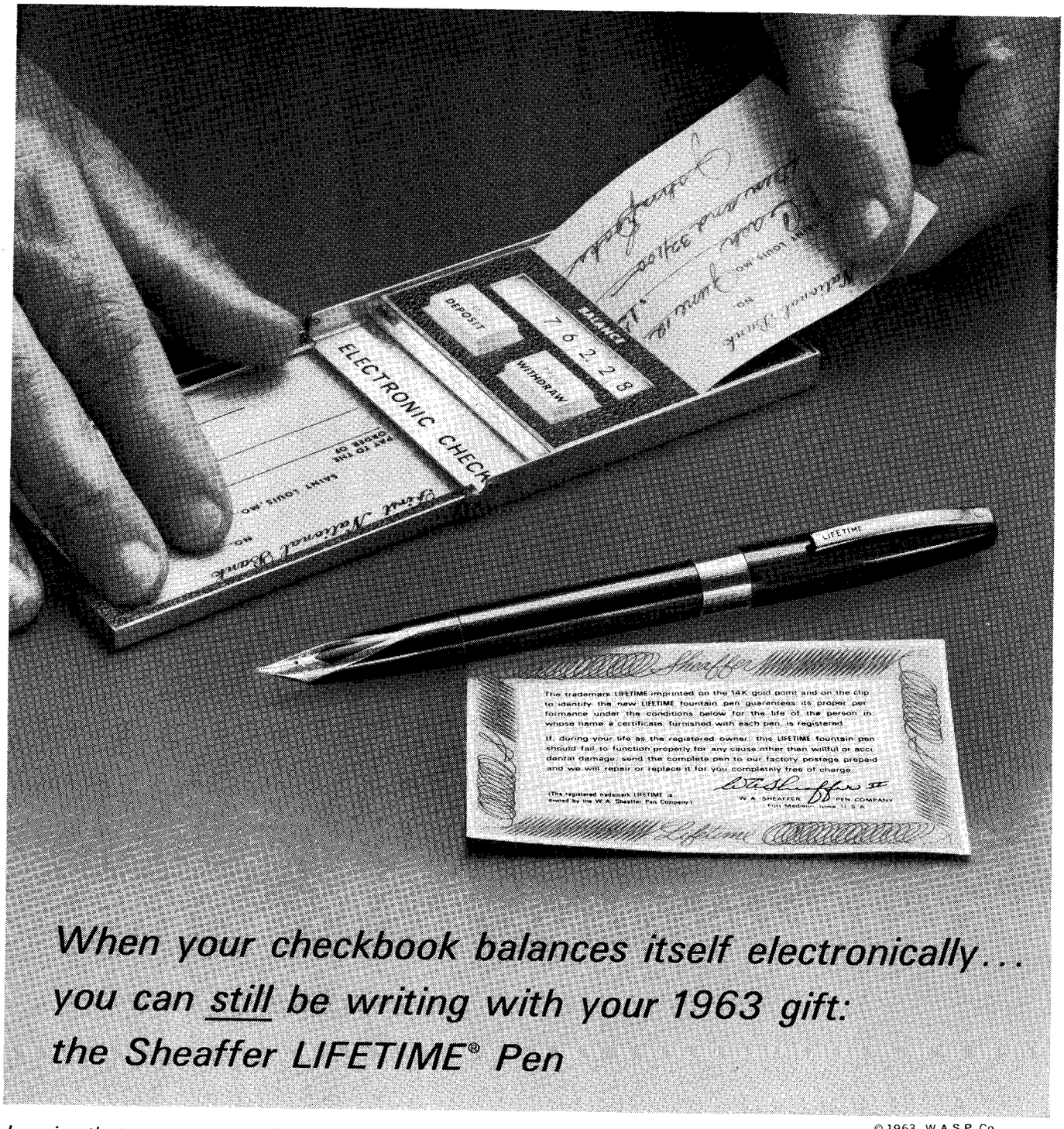

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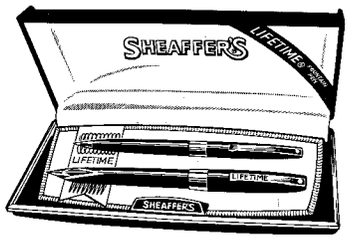

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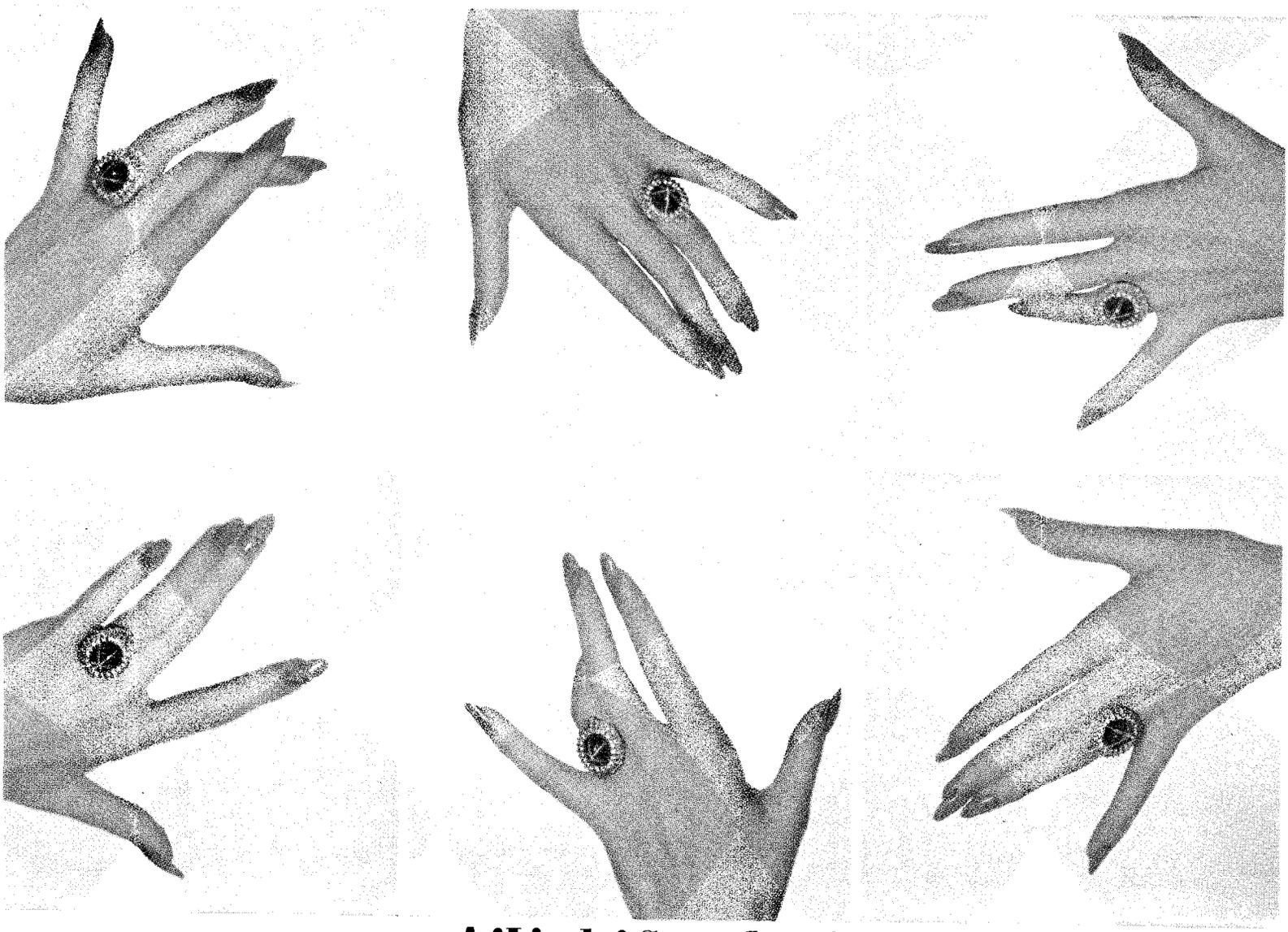

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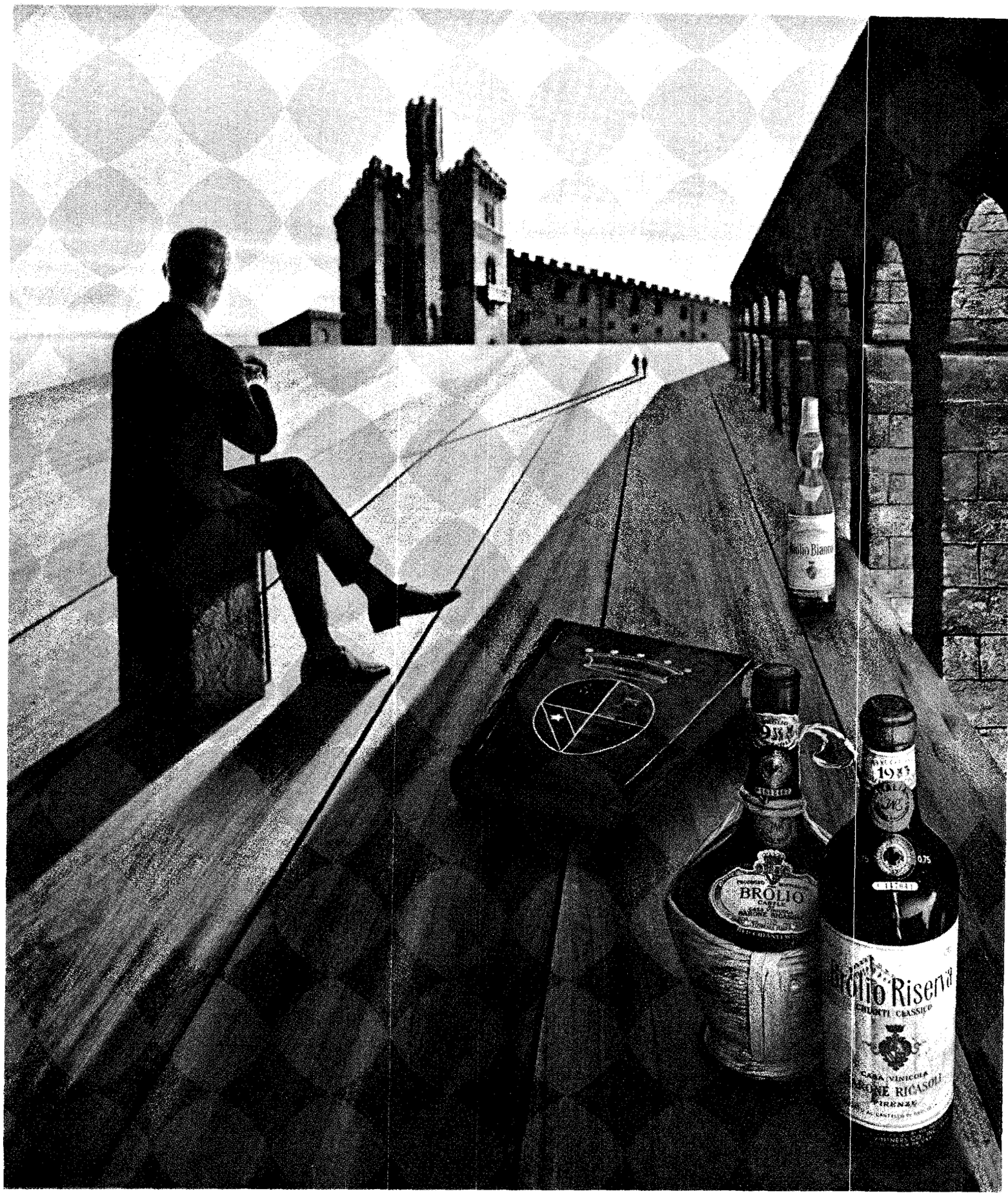

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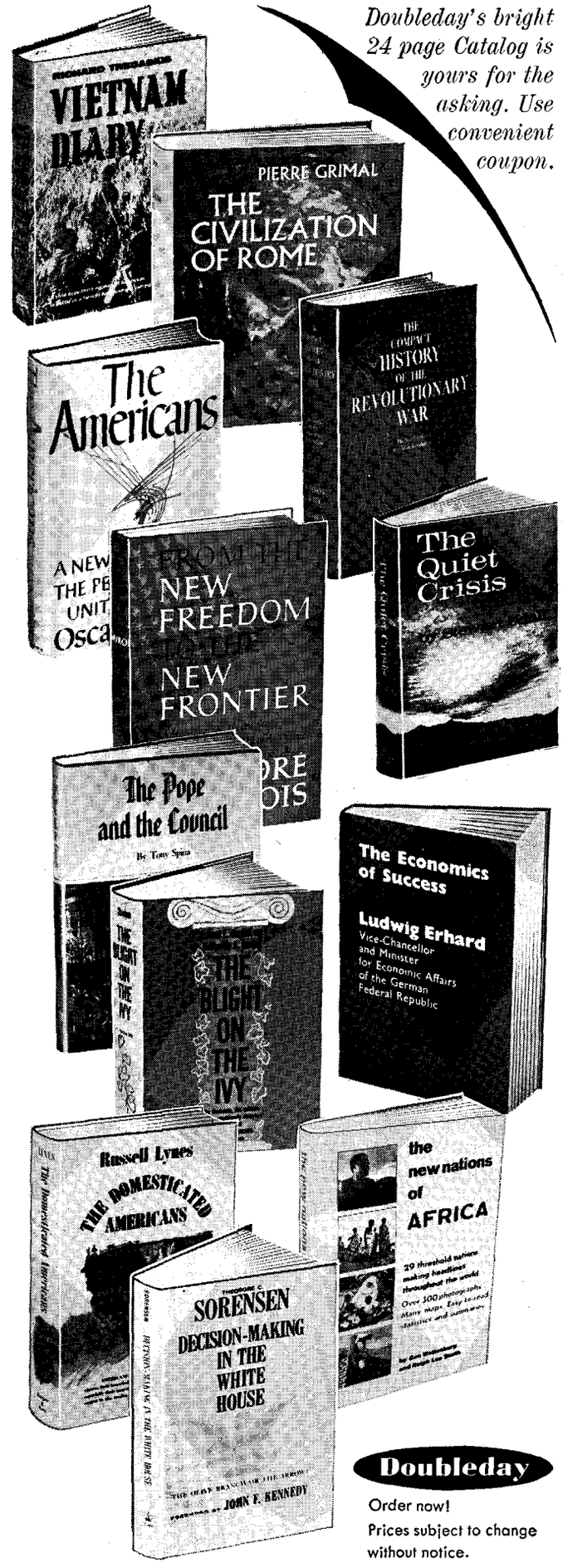

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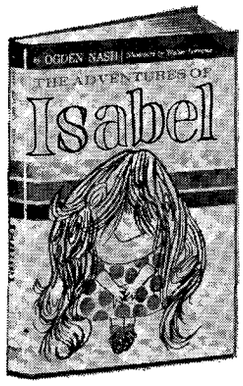

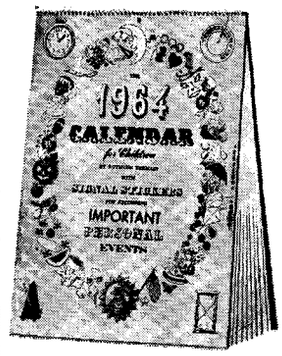

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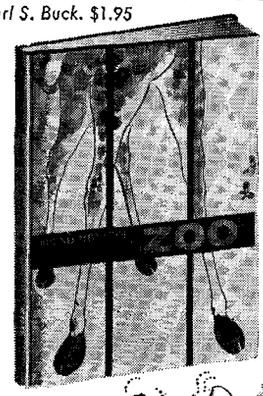

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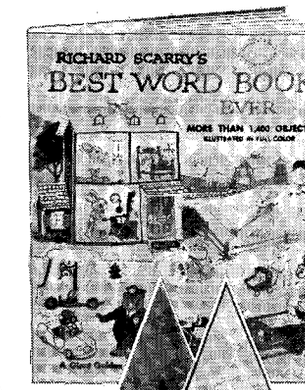

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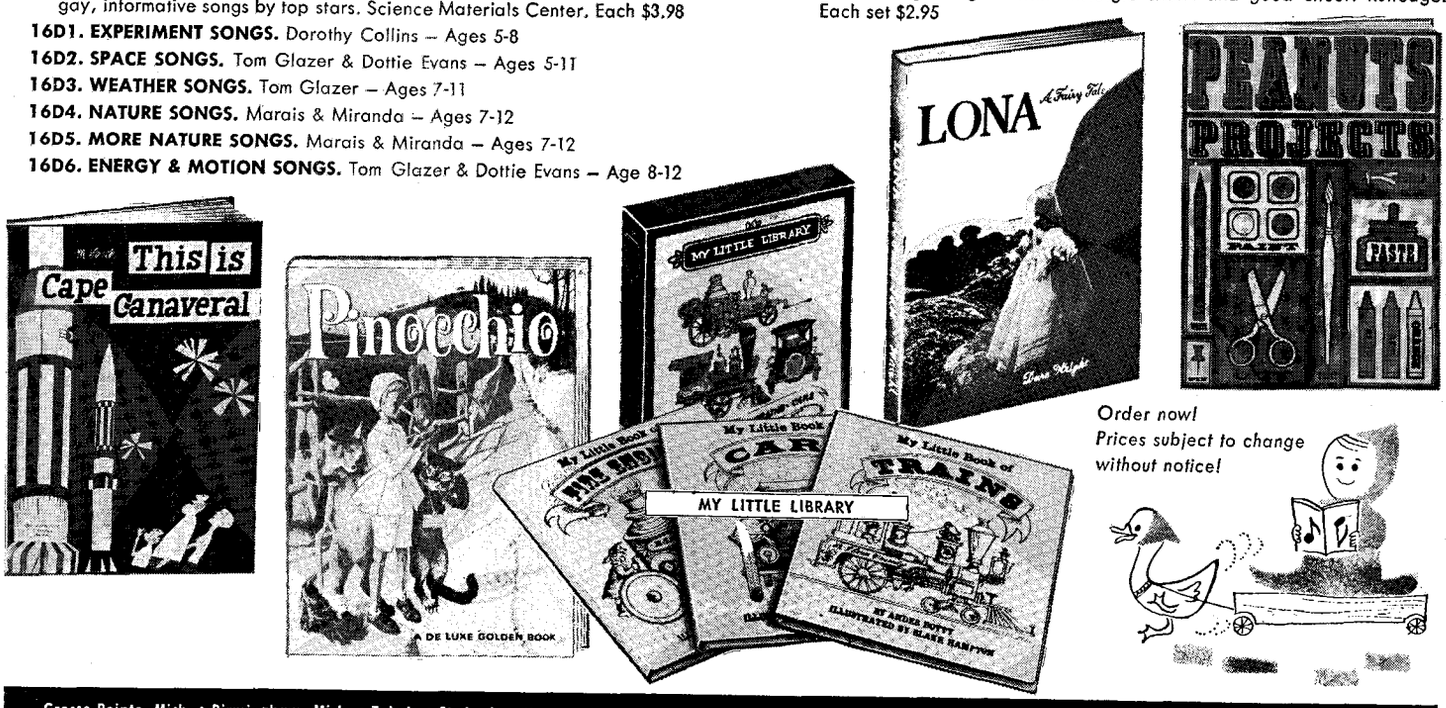

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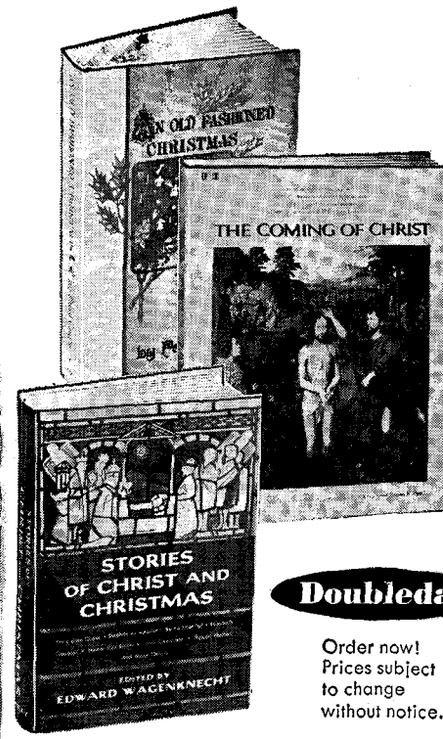

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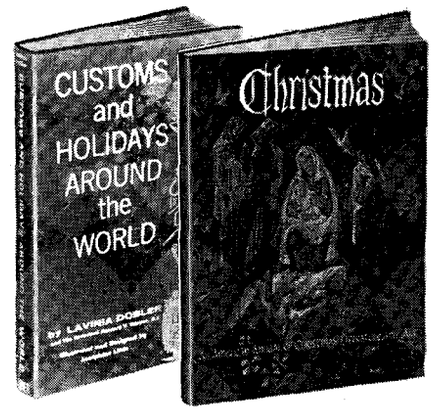

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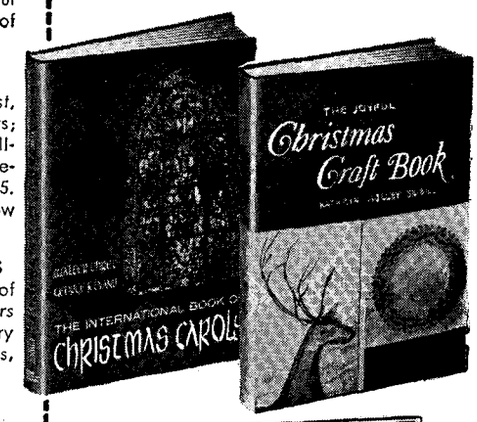

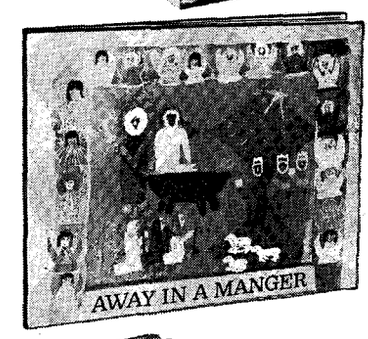

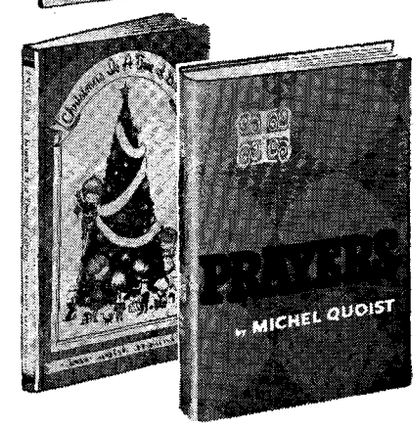

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the many scientific breakthroughs of the nineteen-fifties, we learned from a piece in the real-estate section of a recent Sunday *Times*, was the introduction of injection-molded polyethylene as a coating for artificial plants. The stuff gives them so lifelike an appearance that, along with such other technological advances as the development of weatherproof and heat-resistant glues, rustproof wiring, and non-fading colors, it has brought artificial gardens to a new plateau of popularity among apartment-house builders. (The headline on the first page of the real-estate section read, "ARTIFICIAL GARDENS GAINING POPULARITY," while the continuation of the

story, on page 10, was headed, "FAKE PLANTS GAIN POPULARITY HERE," presenting material for a study of the two faces of the *Times*, the front-page face and the inside-page face.) For example, the N. K. Winston-Holzer Organization, having built a new apartment house, called Riverview East, on East End Avenue, is installing an artificial garden (or a collection of fake plants) that will include simulacra of rhododendron, privet, podocarpus, ivy, pachysandra, azalea, laurel, and yew, and will be one of the largest installations of its kind in the city. It will cost eight thousand dollars, or twice what the bill would be if the plants were real, but, according to an N. K. Winston-Holzer man named Lester Weindling, although the initial cost of artificial plants is more than that of live plants, you get it back in low maintenance costs. Artificial plants, Mr. Weindling pointed out, require no water, fertilizer, topsoil, or pruning, and they never die. On the other hand, he reasoned, being valuable, they create a theft problem, and the major plants at Riverview East—so the *Times* indirectly quoted Mr. Weindling as saying—"are weighted with cement blocks to discourage any passersby who view the plants covetously."

It seems to us that Mr. Weindling has understated his case all around. In the first place, a far worse problem for the city gardener than that of plants' dying is that of plants' almost dying. A soot-choked, frostbitten rhododendron with four curling leaves left is an eyesore, yet a bemused gardener, from whatever obscure motives, may nurse it along for years and develop a disabling nervous tic of checking its survival the last thing each night and the first thing each morning. As for the cement-block problem, it, if not the theft problem, is common to fake *and* live plants. We know a man who has a large privet plant at one corner of his terrace, and he keeps it weighted down with cement blocks to prevent it from being blown over by northeasters. Of course, fake plants don't bloom or sprout in the spring—a failing that some technological advance will probably soon be able to correct. But when it does, pruning will have to come in again, and the march of botanical science will have reached the point of diminishing returns.

Miss Wiley Reaccompanied

HAVING signed up for one of our periodic ambulatory nature-study sessions with Miss Farida A. Wiley, director of the Museum of Natural History's fall and spring outings called Natural Science for the Layman, we found ourself, the other Sunday, at a little after eight in the morning, waiting in front of the Museum for a chartered bus that was to take us to the shorelands of Rye. Our leader, who was immaculate in an olive-green velvet tam-o'-shanter, a white blouse with light-green and dark-er-green stripes, a black-and-brown checked skirt, and tan moccasins, and had a brown leather lunch knapsack and a binocular case slung over her shoulders, was greeting old friends and new acquaintances on the sidewalk. "We missed you on the trip to Slabsides Sun-

day before last," she said to us reprovingly, referring to the rustic cabin up the Hudson where John Burroughs observed and wrote about wildlife. "There were almost three hundred along that day, including members of the Burroughs Natural History Club, of Kingston. I had to turn down at least twenty-five applicants, because of lack of bus space."

"Miss Wiley, I was out at Mount Hope Cemetery last Sunday, and flock after flock of bluebirds flew over," a woman who was wearing a green bandanna said.

"Isn't that amazing? Good news!" Miss Wiley said as our bus drew up and was boarded by some sixty natural-science laymen.

An hour later, we disembarked at Playland, where a number of fishermen were putting out on the Sound, and where we were joined by our co-leader, Mr. Devin A. Garrity, an amateur ornithologist who is president of the Devin Adair publishing house, lives in Rye, and had driven from his place in a blue station wagon. The day was hot and hazy—it was, in fact, the twenty-fourth day of the drought—and as we gazed at a dozen or more Canada geese grazing in a large field along the shore and reflected that they looked as big as sheep, Miss W. said, "Everything will look too big today, because of the effect of the smog."

A languid monarch butterfly, looking as big as a Cecropia moth, flew under

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our nose, two gleaming swans settled on a brackish body of water to the west of the field, and Mr. Garrity said, "This pond attracts various species of migrating duck, because it's mostly fresh. Some ducks spend the winter here. Black ducks and mallards breed here, as do Canada geese and mute swans."

"Swans are supposed to mate for life," Miss Wiley said. "It's almost certain that cardinals mate for life. Ten years of records from banding indicate that. Which is a new idea. It used to be thought that perching birds didn't mate for life."

"What if one dies?" a woman wearing a red bandanna asked.

"A great many herons winter here," Mr. Garrity said. "The black-crowned night heron and the great blue heron are resident birds, but the green heron migrates. Is that a horned grebe out in the middle of the lake?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," Miss Wiley said as she and her cohorts raised their glasses and peered. "Yes, that must be a horned grebe. There's a black-crowned night heron in the tree on that island. Look at that flight of geese!"

The Canada geese had given up grazing for a little trip, and a chorus of "Oh!"s greeted their passage.

"I think you have scaup ducks over there," Miss Wiley said. "The song sparrow is giving his full song. Did you notice how many more chickadees we had this summer than before? I suppose they're getting up to one of their peaks again."

"Birds are my passion," Mr. Garrity told us. "I find them the greatest escape I know. We publish Miss Wiley's books, the American Naturalists series. She has edited John Burroughs, Ernest Thompson Seton, and other naturalists."

"Talking of chickadees, I found a little chickadee on a window ledge, and he built a nest on my roof," a woman wearing a purple bandanna said to Miss Wiley.

"No, he didn't," Miss Wiley said. "Chickadees nest in cavities in rotten stumps. You had better read up."

The terrain selected for the day's walk—to the north of Playland—was fenced off, and the gate to it was padlocked. A Westchester policeman drove up and said that the property was closed to the public because of the drought. Upon the promise of Miss Wiley and Mr. Garrity that none of the laymen would smoke, he smilingly unlocked the gate. We all walked through reed grass and sedge to a rocky beach.

"Three black-bellied plovers in their winter plumage," Miss W. said as we headed north. "I rather think that gull's a Bonaparte. The mantle in back isn't dark enough for a laughing gull. But unless it flies I don't know how we can be sure. The Bonaparte shows a big, broad white line down the wing when it flies."

A man threw a stone at the controversial gull, and it flew off.

"No, it's a laughing gull," Miss Wiley said.

Sandpipers, sanderlings, killdeers, and more plovers were sighted, and Mr. Garrity remarked that there are eighty-two species of sandpiper, thirty-four of which occur in North America.

"He has published a book on them—'A Gathering of Shore Birds,'" Miss Wiley said. "There's a crow. How do you tell a fish crow from a common crow?"

"By the sound," someone said. "It has a more nasal call."

A woman picked up the empty shell of a horseshoe crab, and two determined-looking men were sighted approaching rapidly from the rear. They soon caught up with the group.

"Who's in charge?" said one of them, who bore the legend "State of New York Conservation Law Enforcement" on his sleeve. "You're not supposed to be here. Governor's proclamation."

"The officer let us in," Miss Wiley said.

"That makes no difference," the warden replied. "I can't let you roam around here. If there's a fire, I'll get it in the neck."

"Well, it's time for lunch anyway," Miss Wiley said, and all returned to the pond and whipped out sandwiches.

Every cloud has a silver lining, and, thanks to Mr. Garrity, who led the way in his car, the afternoon was spent at Happy Harbor, the estate of a Garrity friend and neighbor, Colonel Eddie Eagan, who is a former chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. There, several ladies lost the heels of their shoes and fell down as, traversing a treacherous salt marsh, the party gained a tidal island that offered a wealth of barnacles, clams, and mussels, and a commanding view of the Sound.

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"Tide's coming in," Mr. G. said. "We'll have to get back fairly soon. Here's a tidal pool, Farida. Do you know what this bush is?"

"They call it a high-tide bush," Miss Wiley said. Everyone laughed.

The part-time island was a rocky promontory, and Miss Wiley explained that the holes in the outcropping had been formed when minerals in it eroded faster than their bed. Glasses were trained on a Franklin's gull, a mockingbird, and some house finches. "The house finch is one of the birds that have moved East," Miss Wiley said. "It's a Western bird that has extended its range."

"The first colony in the East was in Douglaston, on Long Island," Mr. Garrity said. "This is the second. They nest, like English sparrows, in ivy. They mix in with the English sparrows."

On our way home, via the Post Road, the bus stopped at the Fido Restaurette, in Mamaroneck, where everyone got out for beer or ice cream. "My goodness, I didn't even count them!" Miss Wiley said as the bus filled up again.

We asked her whether she ever lost anyone.

"I once lost a woman way out in the Jamaica Bay Sanctuary," she said.

We asked what happened.

"Well, she turned up the next week at Palisades Park," Miss W. said.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The telephone system in Edinburgh, Scotland, has replaced pure numbers on its dial phones with a combination of letters and numbers.

A while back, we mentioned the Smoked Fish Retirement Fund, which has its offices on Union Square. Now we have discovered that the outfit shares its offices with the Fresh Fish Retirement Fund. We're looking around at the moment for the Frozen Fish Retirement crowd.

Hell Drivers

WE left town one morning last week in a house trailer bound for the grounds of the New York World's Fair, where we had been invited to attend the dedication of an Auto Thrill Stadium and a sample performance by a group called the Hell Drivers, presented by Transportation Productions, Inc. The man sitting next to us in the living room of the trailer was reading a copy of *Variety* and had a housefly circling his head, so we looked out the window at the Grand Central Parkway, and noticed that "Landscaping Will Be Restored" signs were giving way to small pine trees. After encountering some difficulty on the Fair grounds, owing to nonexistent roads and signs of uncertain import, the trailer lumbered into the Transportation Area and we disembarked.

As it turned out, there was no stadium to dedicate—only a banked but as yet unpaved figure-eight track. It was the first track, we were told, designed expressly for automobile stunt driving. The temperature was forty-eight degrees, and the wind was strong. From a platform to one side of the track, Dr. Roberto deMendoza, the Fair's deputy chief of protocol, introduced the director of the Fair's Transportation Section, Mr. Guy F. Tozzoli, who introduced Mr. Stuart Constable, the Fair's vice-president in charge of operations, who said he was cold, and presented World's Fair medallions to Mr. A. Alan Gottlieb and Mr. William Lippert, the president and vice-president of Transportation Productions, Inc. Most of the time, the audience of publicity men, newspapermen, photographers, and friends kept their backs turned to the speakers, in an attempt to defend themselves against the freezing wind.

Finally, four Hell Drivers in white cars swooped down and skidded to a stop in the center of the track, bathing the spectators in dust, and then proceeded to perform reverse spins, crash rolls, and fender-to-fender crisscrosses. When a Hell Driver named Jake Plumstead had ended the show by driving a convertible up a ramp, over a bulldozer, and down another ramp, seventy feet away, the audience hiked briskly to the Port Authority Heliport and rode in automatic elevators to the Top of the Fair, where its members washed the dust from their hands and faces and stepped up to the bar.

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SIGN noted in the window of an optometrist's shop in lower Manhattan:

EYES EXAMINED
WHILE YOU WAIT

Our Man in Helsinki

IT has taken us quite a while to catch up with John Steinbeck to congratulate him on winning the Nobel Prize, but the mission was at last accomplished one recent afternoon, when we encountered him in the lobby of the Palace Hotel, in Helsinki, as he was rounding out the third day of a projected nine-week tour of Finland, Russia, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Germany, undertaken in the interests of the State Department's Cultural Exchange Program.

"Sending me on a cultural tour makes as much sense as a bank advertising that Willie Sutton is one of its cashiers," Mr. Steinbeck said, in a deep, gravelly voice, and smiled broadly as two United States Information Service aides, who were accompanying him, smiled narrowly. "Jayne Mansfield is also in town," he continued. "She's helping judge the Miss Scandinavia contest. You see, we're both spreading culture."

At this point, one of the aides remind-

"So—the Phantom strikes again!"

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ed Mr. Steinbeck that the American Ambassador, Carl Rowan, was waiting for him at the Embassy. The Ambassador and Mr. Steinbeck, we learned, were to pay a call together on F. E. Sillanpää, the only Finn who has won the Nobel Prize for Literature.

"I'm taking him a bottle of brandy," Mr. Steinbeck said. "It's the cultural thing to do." Afterward, he continued, he was scheduled to meet a group of university students and then return to the hotel for a couple of hours before going out again, this time to dine with a group of local writers. "I'll be back in my room about five," he said. "My wife's with me. Come on up, and we'll have some Embassy whiskey."

We thanked him and said we would.

When we arrived at the Steinbecks' suite, which was on the ninth floor and had a magnificent view of the harbor, we were greeted by Mrs. Steinbeck, an attractive, vivacious woman, who told us that her husband had called to say he would be a few minutes late. "The session at the university lasted longer than had been planned," she explained, and invited us in. "Everything seems to take longer than planned," she continued. "John has been busy almost every minute since he stepped off the plane, but I think he's enjoying it, and the reception has been just wonderful." She showed us a batch of newspaper clippings about the visit, one of which was illustrated with a photograph of Mr. Steinbeck wearing a black patch over his left eye. "He had an operation for a detached retina on that eye a few months ago, and he had to protect it from the television lights," Mrs. Steinbeck said.

Presently, there was a vigorous knock on the door, and Mr. Steinbeck walked in. He was dressed, as he had been earlier, in a brown suit with a prominent black stripe, a white shirt, and a bright-green tie, and in the lapel of his jacket we noticed what appeared to be a gold ribbon, which we took to signify a decoration. Confessing our ignorance, we asked if that was what Nobel Prize winners are entitled to wear.

"Oh, no," Mr. S. replied, raising his eyebrows in mock astonishment. "I asked about that in Stockholm, and they told me there's no need for such a thing, because everybody knows." He smiled. "May I tell you what this is in my buttonhole?" he continued. "It is a piece of wrapping string from Bonwit Teller. Nobody has ever asked me before what it represents. All it represents is my revolt against decorations."

Mrs. Steinbeck asked her husband how the afternoon had gone.

"Fine—tiring but fine," he replied. "Mr. Sillanpää must be seventy-five, but he's lively as all hell and full of stories. The students were great. Oh, brother, have they read! They asked me things about my books that I'd forgotten years ago. It keeps you on your toes, and it's rewarding, but it's also pretty rugged. I had a recording session at nine-thirty this morning, and I've been going ever since without stopping. For about five years, I refused to make a tour like this, but finally I gave in to the pressure. It came from a source that in our country I suppose we would consider an order. So I accepted, and said I'd do what I could, but I find I get very tired. The thing is I have no experience at this. I have never lectured. I have never talked to groups of people. The result is I have no ability to hold back any energy. We've been here three days, and it seems like three months."

After Mrs. Steinbeck had mixed a drink for her husband and us, and he had settled back in an easy chair, we asked if he would mind recalling for our benefit the circumstances in which he received the news of his winning the Nobel Prize.

"Not at all," he replied. "Only trouble is that I don't remember too much. I really don't. But my wife does."

"We were in Sag Harbor," Mrs. Steinbeck said. "We have a tiny little cottage out there. I had started to make breakfast and was frying some bacon. It was shortly after eight o'clock. The Cuban crisis was at fever pitch, and John came in and said, 'Let's see if the world's still turning.' He switched on the television, which we normally never do in the morning, and the very first words we heard were 'This morning it was announced in Stockholm that John Steinbeck has been awarded the Nobel Prize.' "

"You know what she did?" Mr. Steinbeck said. "She was so excited she put the pan full of frying bacon into the refrigerator."

"I think it was the most exciting morning of our lives," Mrs. S. continued. "The phone started ringing wildly—newspapers and friends. John won't talk on the phone if he can avoid it, so I answered it, and I didn't find out until later that all I kept saying was 'Please hang up, so we can call our children.' When I got a free line, I put in a call to one of our sons, who was in school in Maine, and when a woman there answered, I said, 'May I speak to my son?' and she said, 'Why, of course not. He's in class.' I said, 'Well, that's all right. Would you please send somebody over and tell him his father has just won the Nobel Prize.' She let out a whoop. Then John's publisher called and said John had better have a press conference."

"By that time, we realized that it meant mounting machine guns on the border of the property or going in to town and getting it over with," Mr. Steinbeck said. "So we drove in, and I promptly got into trouble, because I mumbled. My voice sounds like a cement mixer, and in addition I mumble. They asked how I felt, and I said, 'Wrapped and shellacked.' That caused a great controversy. They didn't understand. Somebody said, 'What does it have to do with?' I said, 'Well, you know, when you're repairing a fishing rod, you wrap it and shellac it, but I'm using the term in a different sense.' "

"It was utterly meaningless, and only John enjoyed it," Mrs. Steinbeck said.

"I enjoyed it thoroughly," he said, "because everybody interpreted it differently, and all I was doing was having a little fun."

"That evening, we went to a very small private victory party given by John's literary agent, Elizabeth Otis, of McIntosh & Otis," Mrs. Steinbeck said. "She's been his agent for more than thirty years, so she's really family."

"They're the only agents I've ever had," Mr. Steinbeck said. "They represented me when I literally didn't have the money for postage. They paid it for me."

"There was just one other guest—John's editor at Viking Press, Pascal Covici, who was the first man ever to publish him," Mrs. Steinbeck continued.

"Not ever," Mr. Steinbeck said. "A lot of people had published me before and gone broke. I once broke three in one year. After that, I began to feel that perhaps I should get out of the field."

"The next morning, we went back

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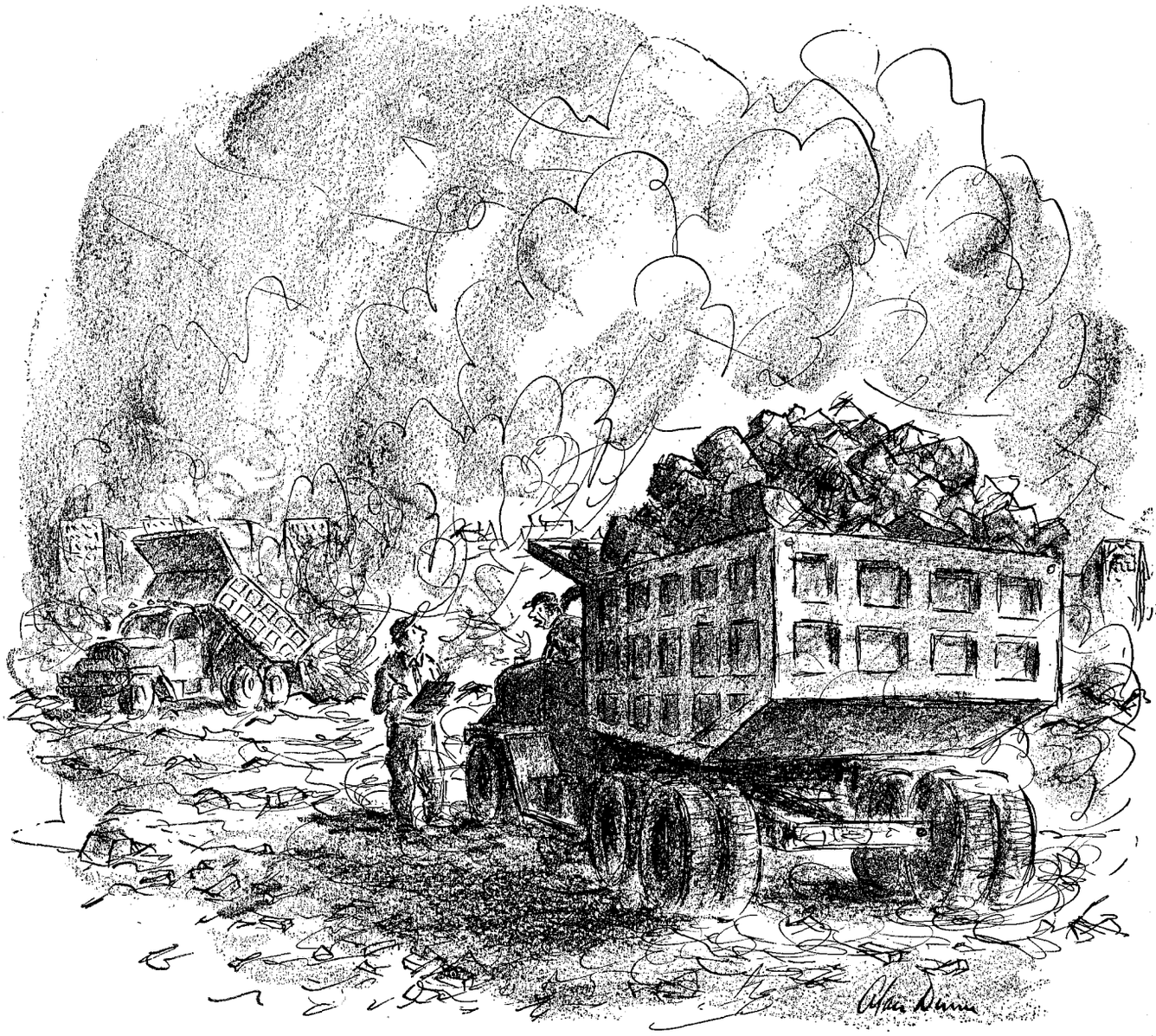

"Where do you want Penn Station?"

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to Sag Harbor," Mrs. Steinbeck said, "and in the next five days John and a local girl and I handled a thousand pieces of mail from readers and friends. Before long, the mail was being delivered to us in sacks, and we decided we'd have to go in to town and get more help. Besides, we had to get ready to go to Stockholm. John said, 'I'm going to rent my tails. I'll just be wearing them twice—once standing up and once lying down.' Elizabeth Otis and I rose up in horror, and he finally went to Saks and bought them. I had to buy quite a trousseau for myself, and then we set out for Stockholm and what I think is the most fabulous ceremony in the world."

"I don't remember it," Mr. Steinbeck said. "It's like childbirth, you know. I remember the fanfare with medieval trumpets—that lifts you right out of your seat—and some other things, but I really don't remember very much. The whole thing has become dreamlike. It was so— almost anesthetizing. I liked the idea of the prize, but I didn't really want it, because it's like an epitaph. It has the effect of making people think you're dead. Of course, a lot of critics have thought that about me for years, but I didn't think I was ready to die. I did have some more work I wanted to do. Well, I've been a newspaperman long enough to know that things like this are over very quickly. Before long, people are saying, 'Oh, yes, didn't he win something once?' "

Mr. Steinbeck took a package of cigarillos from a pocket and lighted one. "Speaking of prizes and literary compliments and so forth," he said, "I had a letter a few weeks ago from a bookseller in one of the outlying districts of Denmark who said, 'I feel you ought to know about this. A woman rowed in an open boat over eight miles to bring two chickens to my store to exchange for one of your paperback books.' Just think! Rowing eight miles there and eight miles back—sixteen miles—to make a trade for one of your books! That is what you write for. That is as good a prize as you can get."

Self-Service

A FELLOW who works in a Fifth Avenue haberdashery tells us that just before the store closed the other night an impressively attired man entered and made a beeline for the toilet-water counter. Without a word or a wasted movement, he uncapped the most expensive bottle on display, doused his face and hands with a good part of the contents, replaced the bottle, and departed as quickly as he came, a passing, elegant cloud of sandalwood.

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LATE SHOW

WHILE his girl friend, Nancy, in wrinkled black Bermudas and a pink sleeveless blouse, goes through her two bedroom closets sorting out her clothes, Paul lies on her double bed watching the "Late Show," an old Dietrich movie. Nancy has been talking about doing her closets since early spring, when Paul met her, and now it is already well into the fall. If there's to be room for her new winter clothes, some things have to be thrown away. Paul, wearing the T shirt and chinos he keeps in Nancy's apartment, is propped up by a mound of throw pillows, orange and gold and purple and pink. Beside him on the white nubbed-cotton bedspread are the clothes Nancy has already thrown away; they're to be given to Alice, her three-day-a-week maid. On the floor at the foot of the bed is a tangle of wire hangers and crumpled pink and white tissue paper, and a second, smaller pile of clothes to be sent to the cleaner's in the morning. Before Paul on the television screen, framed between his bare feet, Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper are having dinner with John Halliday. Halliday draws a gun. Gary Cooper kicks the dining table and the gun flies out of Halliday's hand into a serving dish. Cooper calls a servant. "Pedro," he says. "Take the plate to the kitchen and disarm the fricassee." Paul and Nancy laugh. Thirties movies delight them both.

The bedroom is hot. For the past few days, the temperature has been in the seventies, and Paul and Nancy have gone back to vodka-and-tonic, their summer drink. Since seven-thirty, when Paul came over, they've been drinking and watching television, eating whatever was around the house—liverwurst, barbecued potato chips, sweet pickles, cold chicken. Stephen, Nancy's four-year-old son—she has been divorced for two years and Paul for five—watched with them for a while, but he seemed to be getting a cold, and at eight Nancy put him to bed. After the late news, she decided to do her closets. Now it is nearly one.

As Nancy goes through her things, she models some of them, barefoot, for Paul. While Gary Cooper deals with the man who had the gun, she stands before the full-length mirror on the bedroom door, holding up to herself a pistachio-green sleeveless dress. "Do you still like this one, Paul?" she says, looking at him by way of the mirror. "Should I keep it?"

Paul takes his eyes from the screen for a moment. "Keep it. It looks nice on you," he says.

"I wore it so much this summer, though, and last summer I wore it to death."

"Keep it," Paul says, thinking of the times she must have worn it before he knew her.

"I'll keep it. I'm terrible if I like a thing," Nancy says, and hangs it back in the closet.

For a time, clothes fly. Quickly, holding each dress up to herself for a moment before she drops it on the bed, Nancy throws her things away. Paul gets up and refills their glasses in the kitchen. "I'm getting stoned," he says when he returns, and lies back upon the pillows with one knee bent, pressing the side of the cold glass against his forehead. Except for the thin voices from the television set and the rustle of tissue paper and dresses, the room is quiet. Paul, breathing lightly in the hot air, looks at Nancy through half-open eyes. How pretty she is, lost in her own world, he thinks. How far away! I can never really touch her. . . . He drifts, and a picture comes into his head. He is lying on his mother's bed, too young or too ill to move, and his mother, wearing a brown silk dress and amber beads, bends over him. He sees her round white forehead, the curve of her shoulders, the cleft between her breasts. Why, this is where I have always been happiest, he thinks—in a woman's bedroom, on a bed not my own. Now, there's a Freudian insight for you! Remembered beds and remembered girls float before him. What if Nancy, too, is no more than this—another image, another bed? Paul shivers. "I'm sleepy," he says. "I'd better go home."

"Stay," says Nancy. "Keep me company. I'm almost through."

On the television screen, Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper stand before an official at a table. Marlene Dietrich wears a coat with a high blue fox collar. "Look, Nancy," says Paul. "They're getting married."

"My God," says Nancy. "How I'd like to be married in *that*."

THERE is loud music as the movie ends at last, and Stephen, in the next room, wakes up and calls for his mother. He is thirsty and feverish and he has to go to the bathroom. Nancy takes him, then sits beside him on his

"Say 'please.'"

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bed while he falls asleep. When she comes back, Paul is awake again and watching the "Late Late Show." It is an Abbott and Costello comedy. Paul is not listening to it; he has turned the volume all the way down for Stephen's sake—and because he likes to watch bad old movies without the sound. In the quiet, noises come through the window—mutterings from other television sets, a dog whining, the closing of a refrigerator door. Paul shuts the window and turns on the air-conditioner. The machine shudders; it is old—from the first year of Nancy's marriage.

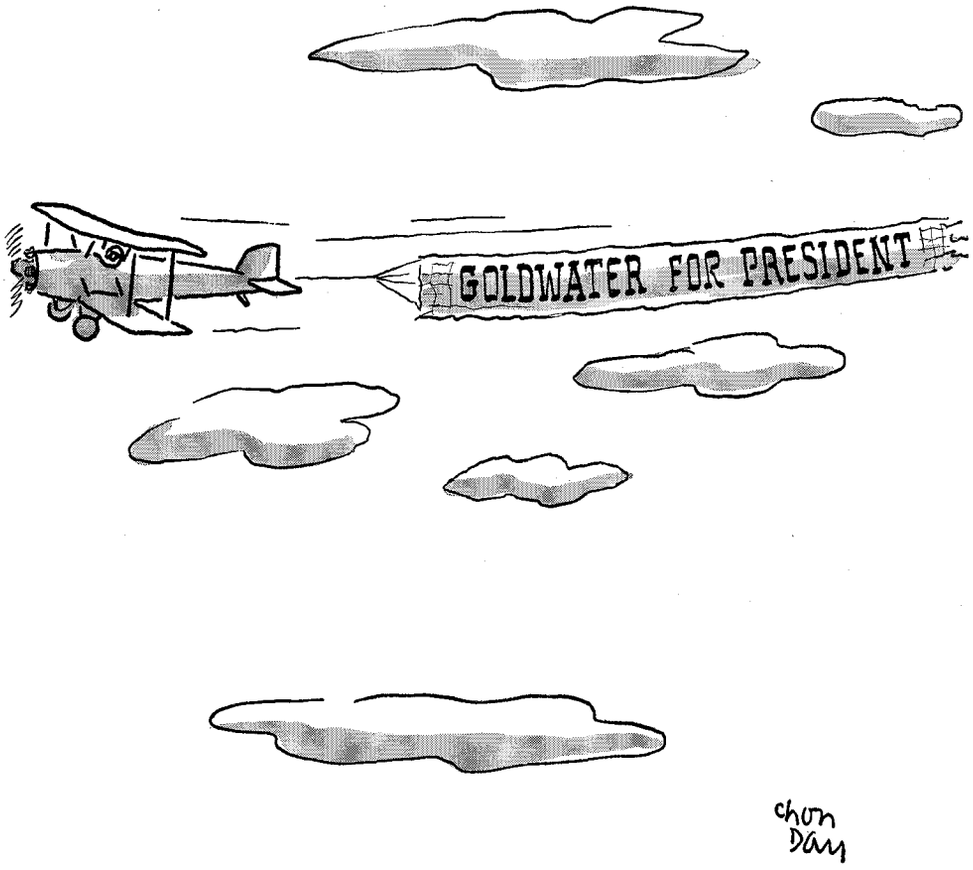
"I haven't had it on since summer," Nancy says. "We'll be breathing straight dust."

In a few minutes, the bedroom becomes cooler and closer, and fills with the smell of unbeaten rugs and vacuum-cleaner bags. The heap of clothes on the bed has grown so high that Paul, lying almost flat on his back, can see no more than Nancy's head and shoulders. Mesmerized by the silent pictures on the television screen, he watches her moving at the edge of his vision. How extravagant she is, he thinks. Look at her—throwing a thousand dollars' worth of clothes away! I can never afford her. I will have to leave her. The prospect is a stone upon his chest; he has walked out on women so many times before. He catches his breath, taking in air that is cold and heavy with dust. He remembers wet places—cisterns, cemetery vaults, privies, open wells, the cellar at home that smelled of vinegar and coal. When he was a child, he would wake shivering, having dreamed of toads swarming out of the toilet bowl in his grandmother's house. The dream comes back to him now, and he sneezes so hard he sits upright.

"God bless," Nancy says. "I told you; it's the dust."

Paul sneezes again and lies back among the pillows. "I've caught Stephen's cold," he says. Nancy turns off the air-conditioner and opens the window. Paul looks at her, seeing her clearly for what seems to him the first time. Her lips are pursed with fatigue and the hair at her temples is stringy and wet. She is older, he thinks. Since I've known her, she's begun to let herself go. He feels sorry for her. "You look tired," he says. "Come lie down for a while."

"Wait," says Nancy. She is wearing a long black velvet theatre coat whose hem touches the floor. She shows Paul the scarlet lining, then takes the coat off and drops it on the bed. "Out," she says. "I've had it six years and I've worn it exactly twice."



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"You see how extravagant she is?" says Paul to himself.

Finally, Nancy lights a cigarette and lies down beside him, and they both stare at her discarded clothes. Most of them are black. "I used to like black," Nancy says. "After Sam and I were separated, that was all I wanted to wear. I had the feeling nobody would notice me if I wore black. I could walk alone into that Longchamps on Fifty-ninth Street, or any place, and I'd be invisible. Boy, was I wrong! I never had so many propositions in my life."

"I know," says Paul, and takes a drag of Nancy's cigarette. "After Barbara and I separated, I moved into a cold-water flat on East Sixth Street. That was *my* black period. I painted the floors black and the walls bone white. I painted the undersides of the sink and the tub in the kitchen black. I had a flush door for a table and a flush door for a bed, with a foam-rubber mattress covered in red sailcloth—for color. The place looked like a botched Franz Kline. I bought black chinos and a black sports jacket with thin red stripes and I lay there reading 'Le Rouge et Le Noir.' No kidding. I'd heard someplace it was a guidebook to success. I never finished the thing, though; I couldn't concentrate. After a month, I was drinking and picking up girls."

"It all sounds so bleak."

"It wasn't, really. Hell, I felt free. Anything was possible, even if nothing much happened. And then, you know, the color comes back. After a few months, I moved in with a girl on Barrow Street who had blue walls and white woodwork and yellow straw rugs. Framed Swedish travel posters, papier-mâché Mexican roosters, gilt-framed mirrors. And a lot of old French clocks, all ticking. We'd make love, and then I'd hear all the clocks. I lay around there for a summer while she cooked dishes out of old *Vogues* in her yellow Belgian pots and played Orff and Vivaldi on her hi-fi."

"What happened?" says Nancy, getting up to go back to her closets. "I'm listening."

"She had spells. She used to throw me out on Sunday nights. I was so demoralized at that point in my life that I'd call her on Mondays and come right back. I would sit in her bathtub looking at the skin shrivel on my hands and tell myself I had to get out, I had to get out. Then I went to Cape May alone for two weeks in September and made up my mind to leave her. When I got back, all ready to tell her, I found her running a fever of a hundred and two. Virus pneumonia. I stayed with her through that—for two and a half weeks—and when her temperature had been normal for twenty-four hours, I

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BREATH

It is on my face when the cloudy sun
Is on my neck;
By it, the dangers of water are carefully
Kept, kept back;

This is done with your father again
In memory, it says.
Let me kneel on the boards of the rowboat,
Father, where it sways

Among the fins and shovel heads
Of surfaced sharks,
And remember how I saw come shaping up
Through lightening darks

Of the bay another thing that rose
From the depths on air
And opened the green of its skull to breathe
What we breathed there.

A porpoise circled around where I
Lay in your hands
And felt my fear apportioned to the sharks,
Which fell to sands

Two hundred feet down within cold.
Looking over the side,
I saw that beak rise up beneath my face,
And a hole in the head

Open greenly, and then show living pink,
And breath come out
In a mild, unhurried, unfathomable sigh
That raised the boat

And left us all but singing in midair.
Have you not seen,
Father, in Heaven, the eye of earthly things
Open and breathe green,

Bestowing comfort on the mortal soul
In deadly doubt,
Sustaining the spirit moving on the waters
In hopeless light?

We arched and plunged with that beast to land.
Amazing, that unsealed lung
Come up from the dark; that breath, controlled,
Greater than song;

That huge body, raised from the sea,
Secretly smiling,
And shaped by the air it had carried
Through the stark sailing

And changeless ignorance of brutes,
So that a dream
Began, in my closed head, of the curves and rolling
Powers of seraphim

That lift the good man's coffin on their breath
And bear it up,
A rowboat, from the son's depleting grief
That will not stop—

Those that hide within time till its dark
Is wholly right,
Then come to us slowly, as out of deep nothingness risen,
Unlooked for, bright.

—James Dickey

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left. 'No wonder you've been so goddam nice to me,' was all she said."

"Was she worth it?"

"Everything's *worth* it, one way or another."

Nancy sits down beside Paul. "With me, it was different," she says. "After Sam and I were separated, I got so I couldn't go out at all. I finally just sat at home and went to pieces, eating tuna fish out of cans and whatever Stephen left—puréed lamb and prunes. Now, though, when I break up with somebody, I make myself go out again right away. It's like getting back on the horse. I start out by giving a party."

"Every time I used to break up with a girl, I'd move and fix up a new place," Paul says. "But not any more. I haven't got it in me."

"I'm tired of all of it," Nancy says. "I don't want to go through it again. I'm too old. I'm tired of telling guys about the time I impaled my lip on a fence spike the year I was eight, which accounts for the scar, and why I won't eat cheese. I'm tired of being sexy and charming, and the whole routine. I want to settle down. You don't know how I want to settle down. I'm *thirty*."

"I'm tired, too," Paul says. "Hell, I'm thirty-six. I've been at it longer than you."

"Excuse me," Nancy says. "I've got to finish my clothes."

"We're in a goddam cage. All we have to do is break out."

"You should know. You're the expert," says Nancy from a closet.

"I'll ignore that," says Paul, but he cannot. He finds himself growing angry; watching Nancy at her closets again, he sees the enormity of her extravagance and is outraged. How can he afford her? "Good lord!" he cries. "Is that all you care about—*clothes*?"

"Sh-h-h," Nancy says. "You'll wake Stephen again."

Paul rises to his elbows, whispering, "You're acting like a child. My God. How can I afford you? How can I ever afford you?"

"You can afford me if you want me," Nancy says, as if she were indifferent. "I'm adjustable."

"I'd better go home," says Paul. "We can't talk about it now."

"Don't go home—not yet," Nancy says, and turns toward him. "I don't want you to *leave*. Just think about it."

"What the hell do you think I think about? We're in an impossible situation."

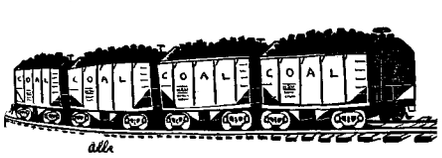
"Do you love me?"

"Oh, for God's sake," Paul says. "Yes."

"Then what's all the fuss? I told you I'm adjustable."

"You're so extravagant," Paul says, and sinks down on the pillows.

"All *right*," says Nancy. "I'll have to reform."



"THIS is the last one," Nancy says. She has changed in the bathroom and she comes back wearing a red organdie party dress with a puffed-out skirt

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"Others are after your money, but they won't get very far."

and cummerbund waist. It is past three, and the Abbott and Costello movie is nearly over. Paul dozes, flat upon the bed now, with an old blue bathrobe of Nancy's covering his legs. The room is cooler, the air fresh. "Wake up," says Nancy.

Paul opens his eyes. "Turn around," he says. The dress is too tight; he can see a fold of flesh pinched under her arm.

"It's too young for me," Nancy says, standing flat-footed before the mirror. "I can't wear full skirts any more." There are tears in her eyes. "I'm so sad, Paul," she says, and lies down on the bed next to him, giving him her hand. "It's silly. This was the first good dress I bought after I was married." She lets herself weep. "I never thought I would have to grow old," she says. "I didn't think I'd reach thirty. I'm not *ready*."

"People never are," Paul says, and turns to stroke the hair back from her temple, knowing it will soothe her.

"All I ask out of life now is a sudden, quiet death," Nancy says.

"Hush," says Paul. "Don't."

"There's something I want to tell you," Nancy says. "When I was first married, before things began to erode, I was very much in love. We had a reception after the wedding, and there was a minute when Sam and I just sat in a corner talking and people left us alone. I was so happy. I knew I could tell him anything and he could tell me, and we didn't have to say very much, because if we wanted to we could say anything. I knew we were going to be happy, and it was such fun."

"Yes."

"I haven't had that feeling with anyone since, and I have it with you. I can talk to you. We have such *fun*. I don't want to lose that again."

Paul lies down and draws Nancy to him, and they kiss.

"Let's get married, Paul," Nancy says. "Let's get married soon."

She asks too much, Paul thinks. She is asking too much again.

The door to the bedroom opens and Stephen walks in. He wears no pants, only a faded knit pajama top, and he moves stiffly, like an infant who has just learned to walk. "I dreamed about you, Mommy," he says, and stares at the television set. "That's Bud and Lou," he says. "What're you watching *them* for?"

Paul and Nancy sit up, and Stephen looks at them. "Were you kissing?" he says to Paul.

"We were hugging," says Paul. "Besides, it's the middle of the night." He gets up and begins to move Nancy's clothes from the bed to the chaise longue in the corner of the room. Nancy takes Stephen and holds him to her. "He's burning up," she says.

Paul feels his forehead.

"Don't touch me," Stephen says.

"It's nothing," says Nancy. "It's his tonsils. It happens all the time. We're trying to keep them until he's seven."

"I'm hungry," Stephen says.

Paul goes to the kitchen and brings Stephen a dish of ice cream. Nancy moves the rest of the clothes from the bed, and Stephen sits next to Paul, eating and watching the last of Bud and Lou. He falls asleep, finally, leaning against Paul and breathing heavily. Soon Paul eases him down upon the bed. "Don't touch me," Stephen says, and is asleep again.

"Would you carry him?" Nancy says, and Paul lifts Stephen up in his arms. Carrying him into his bedroom, Paul feels awkward, as if he were playing a part. I would become his father, he thinks, and Stephen would be my son. How is that possible? The child is burning, and Paul drops him upon the bed, his head at the foot, as if he were too painful a burden. Stephen whimpers but does not wake; Nancy turns him around and slips him under the sheets.

"God, Nancy, I'm dead," says Paul as they go out of Stephen's room. "I can't talk any more tonight."

"Stay anyway," says Nancy. "Go to bed."

Paul takes off his chinos and his T shirt and drops them on the pile of Nancy's clothes. Then, hurrying as if he were late to a meeting, he tosses the colored pillows from the bed to the floor, pulls back the spread, and, still wearing his shorts, eases his way between the tightly drawn sheets.

"I'll be in in a minute," says Nancy. "I just want to finish my drink." She leans down and kisses him, then turns out the light.

The bed is comfortable. Paul settles into it, turning on his side and locking a pillow in the crook of his arm. I'm getting older, he thinks. I can't leave things in the air much longer. I've got to make up my mind. . . . But soon sleep bends over him, and Paul, drawing the pillow to his breast, submits to her. Something is bound to happen, he thinks. Something will happen soon, and then I will decide. —ROBERT HEMENWAY

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He swarmed through, skirted right end and romped all the way to the Spartan five before being hauled down from behind.

Two days later, Jensen squirmed through the line for the tally.—*Iowa City Press-Citizen.*

Daydreamer, probably.

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"I couldn't help noticing we seem to be evenly matched. Would you care to step outside?"

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SOME EFFECTS OF A HAT

ABOVE the porch of the Wesleyan chapel at St. Petrock was a marble tablet: "REBUILT, 1910." The graveyard was much older. It sloped uphill, and Lennie Soper, a child given to strange ideas, wouldn't go past it at dusk, alleging that it was like people at the cinema. Perhaps the ranked headstones, rising one behind another, did have a certain resemblance to a sombre audience, attentively motionless. It was many years since anyone had been buried there. But it was kept neat. The grass was scythed at regular intervals, and for the rest, Miss Mary Daker weeded the paths, sheared the mounds, and scraped the moss off the headstones. She did this the more willingly since it absolved her from taking part in livelier activities—Bright Hours and Ladies' Committees. Her father, twenty years dead, had been Minister, and she had lived on in the place of her birth, at first with her mother, afterward alone. The Dakers were Derbyshire stock, and after forty years Mary was still looked on as a foreigner, and imperfectly chapel. John Wesley had visited St. Petrock on his way to Cornwall and made many converts there; no one in St. Petrock had ever heard tell of his going to Derbyshire. That she was imperfectly chapel no one knew better than Mary herself. That she was a foreigner would have surprised her. Having spent her best days in St. Petrock, she supposed she would age and die there, living in No. 3 Chapel Row, and earning a livelihood by the hand-woven tweeds and woollen scarves she supplied to a firm in Torquay.

The stranger heard the clack of her loom as he let himself into the graveyard, and wondered what the noise was. The noise ceased. She had paused to put in a fresh bobbin and seen him from her window. A mist was drifting off the moor, and it enlarged and darkened his form; moving slowly along the brow of the graveyard, he seemed portentously tall, tall beyond human stature. He was going systematically from one stone to another. Plainly, he was looking for a particular name, a particular grave. It would be only right to help him—and on such a dismal afternoon, too. Carrying her weeding basket as a pretext, she walked up the center path toward him. As she approached, he dwindled. By the time she neared him, he was no more than a rather tall man, who lifted his hat and said, "Good afternoon." He spoke with an American accent.

"Good afternoon. Are you looking for someone?"

"Why, yes. That's just what I am doing. I'm looking for my great-great-grandfather. And it's quite an undertaking, for I don't even know if he lived in St. Petrock. But it was someplace in this locality, some place between Totnes and Moreton Hampstead."

"What was his name?"

"Prosser. Ezekiel Prosser."

"Also Susan Amelia, wife of the above. Yes, they're along here."

"Well," he said admiringly. "You know more about them than I do. I'd been told she was a Susan, but I never knew she was Amelia. Say, are we related? Are you a Prosser, too?"

She shook her head, and stood back to give him an uninterrupted view of the tall stone with its deep-cut, dogmatic lettering.

He copied the inscription into a notebook. Then he produced a pocket camera and took several photographs. That done, he looked attentively round him.

"And did Ezekiel and Susan Amelia worship in that chapel?"

"No—not exactly. In an earlier one, pulled down fifty years ago. But it stood in the same place."

He put back his camera.

"I've got a photograph of the old chapel, if you'd like to see it."

"I certainly would."

"It won't take you a minute. That's my house there, with the blue door."

She was proud of the blue paint; she had laid it on herself. But hearing him stumble over her Wellington boots and dislodge a pile of books as he tried to find somewhere to put down his hat, she wished she had carried out her intention to make the narrow entry rather less like a burrow by whitewashing it. The photograph of the old chapel hung in the parlor, above her father's desk. She unhooked it, and carried it to the light of the window. There was little to be said about it, but what there was he said, and thanked her, and repeated how fortunate he had been to meet her in the graveyard. "By the way, didn't you have a basket?"

"So I did. I must have put it down somewhere. Never mind. It's quite used to being forgotten."

He looked for a moment as if some revelation, some light from Heaven, had flashed on him. But it could not have been her small joke that he found so enlivening, for his answering laugh was quite perfunctory. Perhaps he had realized that he could now go away—for he did so, rather hurriedly, though thanking her to the last.

She replaced the photograph, and lit a cigarette, thinking about her father, and the bitter romanticism with which he cherished this relic of a building he had never seen and delighted in every malfunctioning of the amenities of its successor. Then she remembered the weeding basket and went out to fetch it. The mist had thickened into a small rain. It was no weather to whitewash in. But for all that, this very evening she would clear and sweep that deplorable burrow, and tomorrow she would lay on the first coat. Entering, she switched on the light and looked round at the scene of action. On the table lay the American gentleman's hat.

Its color was a rich, muddy green, and its felt had been surfaced into close, lustreless mossiness. Round the crown was a band of fanciful braid, and into the braid was tucked a wad of partridge breast feathers. It was obviously a very grand and superior hat. She took it up, cautiously, with the feeling that anything so grand must also be fragile, and was astonished at its combination of lightness with solidity, and at the unassaultable curve of its brim. A hat for all time, a hat like a monument. Turning it over, she gave a cry of pleasure. The crown was lined with pale-blue satin, smooth and blue as a duck's egg. The inner band was of fine leather, and stamped on it in gold was the name of the maker and an address in Piccadilly. Moreover, there was no trace of wear. The hat appeared to be perfectly, impersonally new.

And yet, in the elation of finding

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Ezekiel and Susan Amelia, he had left such a hat behind! But by now, or at any rate before long, he would realize his loss, turn his car, no doubt as grand as the hat, and come pelting back for it. This was no time to prepare for whitewashing. Instead, she would lay out a tea tray with two cups, give a lick and a promise to her parlor, and sit down to await the American gentleman and the pleasure of bestowing. Strictly speaking, the hat was his, and not for her to bestow. The pleasure of reuniting. But she thought of it as a pleasure of bestowing, because bestowing, except in the restricted shape of giving to the collection, or to the jumble sale, was a pleasure that rarely came her way.

But the American gentleman did not come back.

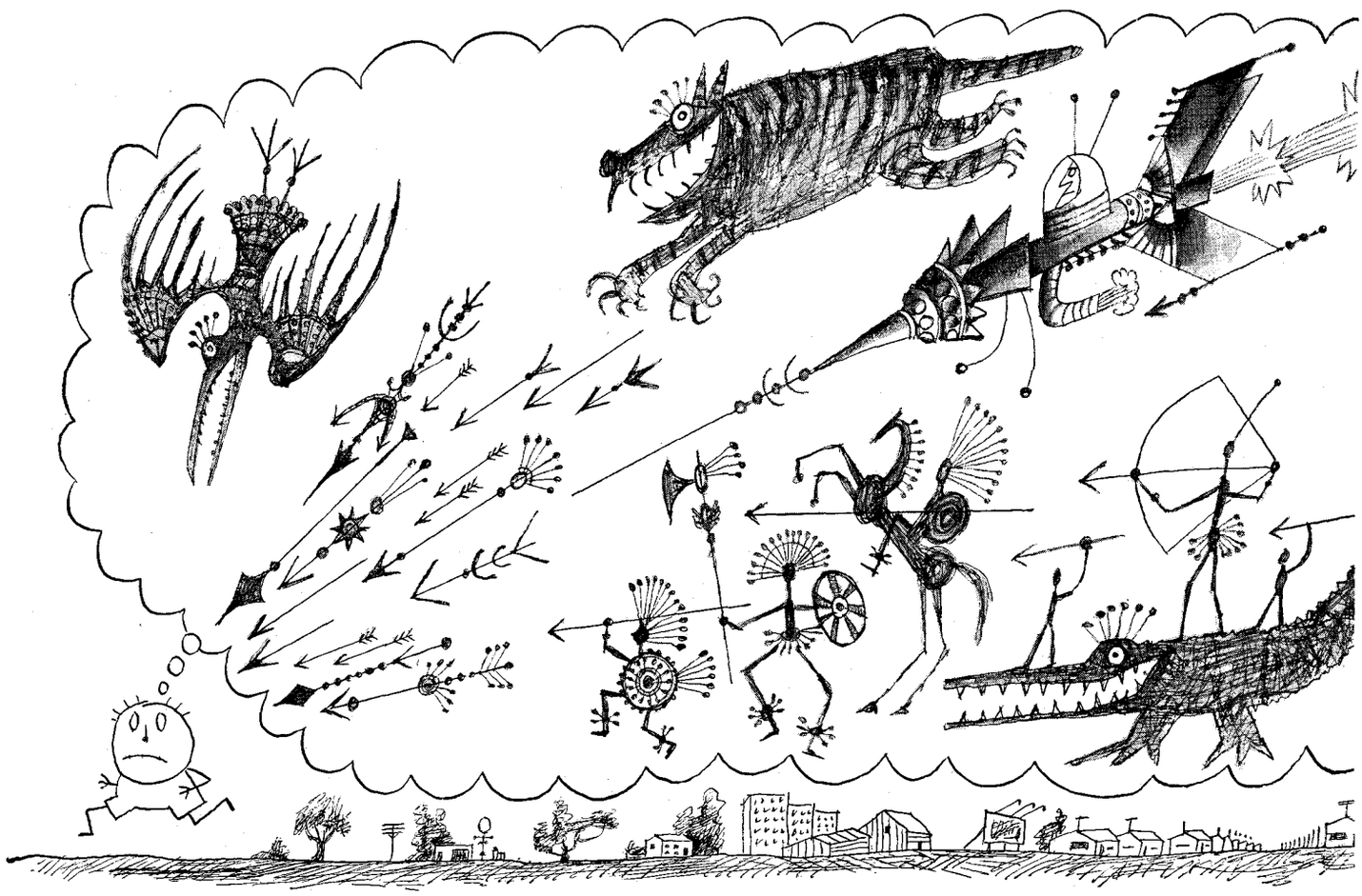
Perhaps he would ring up the police. Or the post office—though by now it would be shut. Or Mr. Woodward, the Minister. He could scarcely write or telegraph to her, since he did not know her name. Though she presumed his to be Prosser, there was no immediate help in that. During the evening, she thought of a great many expedients which might or might not occur to him when the loss of his hat burst—as sooner or later it was bound to—upon him. By far the simplest and most practical would be to come back for it, and she had little doubt that this was what he would do, for he had struck her as a practical-minded man. Practical-minded, and also determined; not a man to relinquish his purpose. If he had set himself to visit every village between Totnes and Moreton Hampstead in search of a great-great-grandfather, and had already, as he mentioned, visited seven before trying St. Petrock—if he could do all that for a name on a headstone, he would not abandon a substantial hat. And such a hat, lined with such blue satin and bought at heaven knows what a price in Piccadilly. He would certainly come tomorrow.

He did not. But it was a Sunday. A true-blue Prosser, he might repudiate Sunday travelling. So he would certainly come tomorrow. She got up early, in case he came at cockcrow.

He had not even come by noonday. And this was a first Monday in the month, when she was due to deliver her month's work to Homecrafts, Ltd., and bring away the yarn for the next order. She waited till the last moment, wondering what to do and doing nothing. Finally, she carried a chair out onto the doorstep and placed the hat on it, under a light veiling of tissue paper. It was a fine windless afternoon. No harm could come to it.

When she arrived home, no harm had come to it. The fear which had seized her the moment after the bus started, that a cat would come and lie on it, was unfounded. No one had come. She hurried the hat withindoors before the dews of night could get at it, and as an expression of her sense of guardianship she locked the door. Mrs. Raiment, arriving half an hour later, had to knock for some time before Mary distinguished her knockings from the noise of the loom. Mrs. Raiment had called round, she explained, because, not having heard a sound all day from Mary's side of their common wall, she was afraid something might have happened to her. She brought some rock cakes, too, as she had been busy baking all that afternoon.

Still the American gentleman did not come. Still his hat remained on the table in the passage. Mary had brought back an unusual amount of work; it allowed no time for the whitewashing project, for speculation, for remorse. Remorse set in two Sundays later. Returning from the morning service, Mary realized that for some time she had been walking past the hat without even being aware of its presence. She stopped dead. This was shocking. This was fatal. It meant that already the hat was joining the dull mass of things that were where they were because they had



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got there somehow and somehow had never been dealt with. Squatters. Like the inexplicable key on the bathroom window sill, the dog-eared packet of wallflower seed behind the parlor clock. But the hat was a different matter. She had not even the excuse of having bought it at a bazaar. Full of remorse, she carried it up to her bedroom, to give it a good brush. Poor thing, it needed it! Having still some energy in hand, she removed her own hat, considered it, and with a fine sense of turning over a new leaf threw it into the wastepaper basket. So much for that! But meanwhile here was the American gentleman's hat, snatched from oblivion but still unloved. She put it on. A transformed Mary looked back at her from the mirror. The hat swallowed up her high forehead; it shadowed her eyes and contained her untidy wisps of hair. She looked jaunty, challenging, and slightly rakish. Instead of resembling a sheep, she resembled a goat. She took it off. Back, mild and forgiving, came the sheep. She put it on again. There was the goat; and looked at her as much as to say, "Aha!" It did not come from Piccadilly for nothing, that hat. She longed to wear it, and to experience the new character it would give her, a character that could sit at ease in a public house instead of growing flyblown in a teashop, that could reject flabby fish and sleepy pears, and command attention at Woolworth's, and never call out those abhorred words "What I like about Miss Daker, she's always just the same." Perhaps, one day, if its owner never reclaimed it, and if instead of selling her tweeds she had a length made up by a proper tailor, she could wear the hat in Torquay; or, better, in London, revisiting its birthplace. But not in St. Petrock, where people would look at her queerly. Meanwhile, she must buy it a hatbox. Meanwhile, she carried it downstairs and put it back on the table in the passage.

SHE had not noticed that people were already looking at her queerly. If she noticed anything, it was just that they were even more than seasonably inclined to bring her vegetable marrows.

"And is it still there?" they asked one another.

Mrs. Raiment nodded and looked charitable. "Yes, poor soul! It's a thing I've heard tell of, more'n once—that old single maidens keep a man's hat inside the door, to scare off thieves and murderers. Well, let's hope it's some comfort to her."

Not everyone accepted this hypothesis.

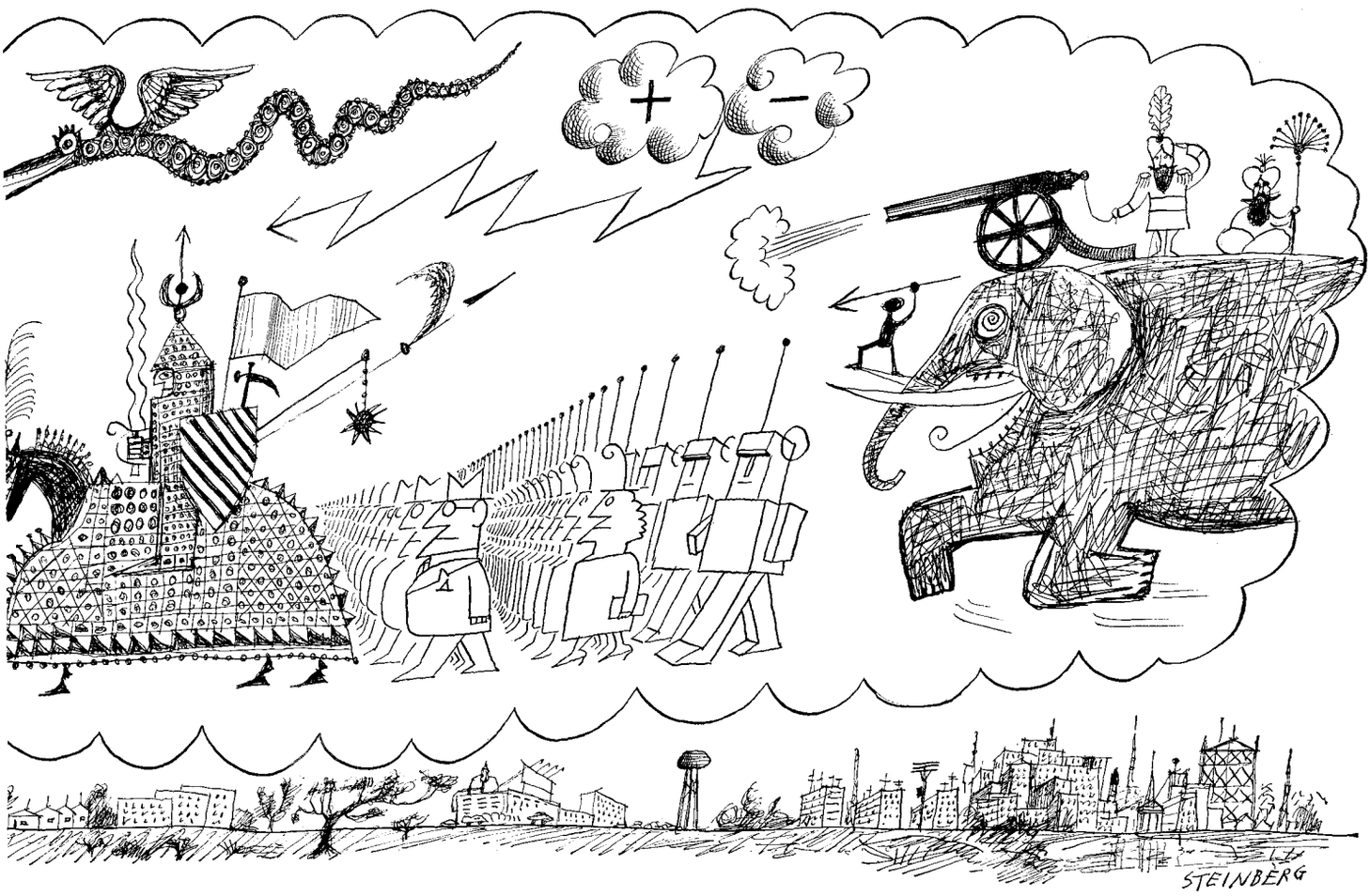
"And is Mary Daker's hat still keeping off burglars?"

Mrs. Soper pursed her lips and looked knowing. "Well, if that's what she says it's for, it's not for me to deny it. But from what I've read in those scientific bits in the Sunday paper, it isn't only to scare off burglars that old maids like to keep a man's hat about."

"Never! You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeyball, not very certain what in fact Mrs. Soper implied, but sure it was something one wouldn't want to believe about a friend; and, having called to present a pot of apple jelly, came away saying, "You know what Mrs. Soper said about that hat, and I could hardly credit it? Well, I won't go so far as to say whether 'tis so or 'tisn't. But this I can swear to. The hat's still there. And what's more, it's been moved a good inch to the right since I saw it last Tuesday."

"That doesn't surprise me," said the fishmonger's wife. "I reckon Mary Daker does more with that hat than keep it as an ornament—that is, if you ask me."

"Yes, but a man's hat wouldn't walk into a house on its own," said her sister-in-law. "How did she come by it, that's what I want to know. She never bought it; she's too near to spend all that money. And it must have cost



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a packet, for it comes from a shop in Piccadilly."

"In Piccadilly? You don't say so. How do you know it does?"

"I looked inside it."

"You've got a nerve! Suppose she'd caught you?"

"And the dust on that table, I could have written my name in it. Any man who took up with her and her old curiosity shop . . . Well, he wouldn't be very choice."

"True, true. Still, there's no accounting for tastes. And some sort of man there must be, for how'd the hat get there otherwise?"

"If you ask me, she must have stole it. I'm sure no one's ever seen her about with a man."

"I have! I have!" piped Lily Soper.

"Lily!" said Mrs. Soper sternly. "You oughtn't to be listening, let alone knowing about such things. Where were they?"

"In among the graves."

"Among the graves! Outrageous! What were they doing, child?"

"He was taking photographs of her."

When they had worn out the hat, they still had plenty to fall back on: her penuriousness—which ballooned out into immense secret riches; her reserve—she was so stuck up, she'd barely speak to you; her nonattendance at Bright Hours and social occasions—she didn't dare look people in the face, and no wonder; her activities in the graveyard—and we all knew the reason for them. In a small community, a topic for scandal can grow into a subjugating obsession that gathers impetus from itself, like a fire or a pestilence. All through October, St. Petrock was swept by the scandal of Mary Daker, and could think of nothing else. She alone escaped.

She had had so much weaving to do that on the first Monday of November there was more than she could easily carry to the bus stop, and she asked young Peter Raiment to lend her a hand. Rather to her surprise, he hesitated; and though he complied, he walked at some distance behind her and whistled loudly all the way. It was November 5th. As she was getting into the bus she noticed the bonfire heaped and ready in Mr. Puddock's field nearby. It occurred to her that this must be the first year she had not been asked to contribute fuel to it; she had seen the boys going round with their barrow, but for some reason they had not come to her. It was a huge bonfire, and finishing touches were still being added, for Lennie and Alan Soper were rolling tires toward it, and out from the fishmonger's yard door came his errand boy carrying an old washstand.

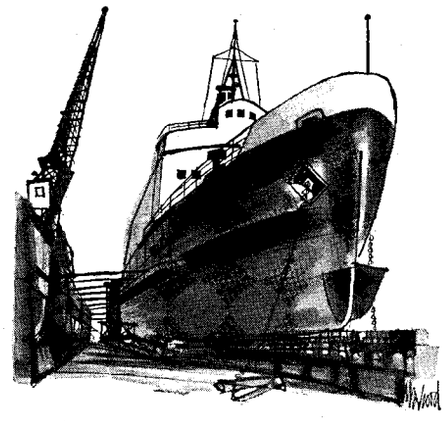
"When are you going to light it?" she asked Peter.

Compelled into speech, he said, "You'll be in plenty of time." A look of greed, triumph, and apprehension suddenly lit his face, and was as suddenly gone.

"Even then," she said, talking it over with Bill, a couple of months later, "even then, I didn't suspect anything. I suppose I was very stupid."

"You weren't very bright, love."

In fact, she had sat in the return bus feeling childishly elated, pleased to be bringing back such a large check, and looking forward to the rockets. At the turn of the road, she saw that the bonfire was newly lit. Sluggish, uncertain flames staggered about in clouds of smoke. The fire hadn't yet taken hold, was feeding here and there on appetizers of brushwood and oily rags. The crowd was so dense that the bus could scarcely make its way to the stopping place. Because of her bale of yarn, she stood back to let the other passengers alight. A voice in the crowd said, "Isn't she come?" A hand steadied her as she descended. Dazzled by the flames, now leaping out in all directions, she could not recognize whose friendly hand it was. Then she heard Mrs. Soper's loud "Good evening, Miss Daker," and Mrs. Raiment's fat voice. "Here you be, my de-urr! Don't 'ee go home-along yet. You bide here with me, and zee the vun." Mrs. Raiment had put on her most exaggerated Devon accent; it was as though she were addressing a stranger from whom she hoped for a tip. But a salvo of rockets went up, and with her consciousness hanging on their scatter of fiery pollen Mary disregarded the oddness of Mrs. Raiment's greeting. Other voices were greeting her, too, all telling her she must stay, must stay and see the fun. She was so thronged about that even if she had intended to go home she would not have been able to. Elbowed, encompassed, she was propelled forward till she stood in the front row of the crowd, with the heat and glare of the flames on her face. By now, the bonfire was fully alight. It burned with a grinding roar, and the shouts and wolf whistles and yelling voices of children seemed merely a fringe of sound waving in its wind. Suddenly, a movement went through the crowd, as though a tide stirred in it. Everyone began looking to the left. Lennie Soper's screech went up like a rocket: "Here comes the guy!" Out of the fishmonger's yard and down Fore



SOME FRENCHMEN

Monsieur Etienne de Silhouette*
  Was slim and uniformly black;
His profile was superb, and yet
  He vanished when he turned his back.

Humane and gaunt, precise and tall
  Was Docteur J. I. Guillotin;†
He had one tooth, diagonal
  And loose, which, when it fell, spelled *fin*.

André Marie Ampère,‡ a spark,
  Would visit other people's homes
And gobble volts until the dark
  Was lit by his resisting ohms.

Another type, Daguerre (Louis),§
  In silver salts would soak his head,
Expose himself to light, and be
  Developed just in time for bed.

—John Updike

*1709-1767
†1738-1814
‡1775-1836
§1789-1851

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"Having the whitest wash on the block, week after week—surely there must be more to life than that."

• •

Street came a procession of boys clashing saucepan lids together, beating on tin trays, rattling petrol cans with pebbles in them. They had blackened their faces, and trails of black crêpe paper hung from them like mourning scarves. The crowd had fallen silent, so completely silent that a cow in a distant field could be heard lowing. After the band came the men carrying the guy. They, too, had blackened their faces, and wore overcoats hind part before. The guy, strapped to a chair, was borne on a platform supported on their shoulders. As it came into the light of the bonfire, there was another outburst of wolf whistles. Mrs. Raiment's clasp tightened on Mary's right arm, Mrs. Honeyball's on her left. "Why, I do believe . . . Oh, the impertinence!" exclaimed Mrs. Raiment. The guy was Mary, and it was crowned with the American gentleman's hat. The hat was fixed on the back of the wobbling head, the brim like a halo above the high sheep's forehead and wisps of tow hair. They set down the platform. The guy in its chair was lifted on a couple of pitchforks, displayed this way and that, then dumped on the summit of the bonfire. Little tongues of fire licked up it, its limbs began to writhe, the locks of tow blazed and vanished, squibs packed in the straw stuffing exploded in a volley of belches, and as the flames sprang up, the chair tilted sideways and the hat fell off.

"It was the hat that saved me," continued Mary. "I was so furious about the hat that I could think of nothing else. As if I should ever wear a hat at the back of my head like the village idiot!"

Cold and impassive in her fury, she stood like a stone till the crowd gave way from around her—and then she walked home. The lock had been forced, but her door had a bolt; she bolted herself in, and with a mind as clear as ice she began her night's work. Before dawn, everything was done: the house swept and bared, her loom dismantled, her suitcase packed, the necessary letters written, the few things she wished to keep locked into her father's desk, the rest burned in the kitchen fire or crammed into the dustbin. She thought from one immediate act to another, certain that she was going away and of nothing beyond, thankful that in her loveless life there was no animal dependent on her. Once or twice, she caught herself wishing, and with great reality, that she had got the hat; for now she could have worn it, in its startling becomingness. Earlier in the night, she had laid out a meal for herself. When everything was done, she ate it, washed up, set her alarm clock, and lay down in her clothes. The bank didn't open

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"Listen to this! It says, 'Proceed at once to assemble a male and a female of every living creature. When these are gathered together . . .'"

• •

till ten; she could have four hours sleep.

She slept like a log, and when she woke, a further stretch of her future had been decided for her. To begin with, she would go to Torquay, return the yarn to Homecrafts, and buy herself some decent new clothes. From Torquay she would go to London, from London to Derbyshire. As the American gentleman had sought his stony Prossers she would seek flesh-and-blood Dakers. She was better circumstanced than he—with only a hearsay locality to guide him. She had the name of a town: Chapel-en-le-Frith. One way or another, she seemed to be doomed to chapels; but this couldn't be helped.

At ten o'clock, she was at the bank, cashing her check, drawing out her balance, and arranging for the withdrawal of some shares in a Housing Society. The bank manager was red in the face, and flinched from looking at her. At ten-twenty, she was with Mr. Prudlock, the solicitor. The law is a hardening profession; he neither reddened nor flinched. But he was sufficiently unmanned to find himself consenting to do several things outside his capacity, such as getting a padlock fixed to her door and seeing that the electricity meter was read, the cistern drained, and the water supply turned off. At ten-forty-five, she was drinking coffee and eating a ham sandwich at the Devonia Café. At eleven, she caught the Torquay bus. It is the habitualness of life, tying one down as the Lilliputians tied Gulliver, that impedes action. Like a knife cutting butter, Mary bought new clothes, slept in strange beds. Four days later, she was looking at Derbyshire from a coach.

The coach took her as far as Buxton, where she dined and spent the night in a temperance hotel. The hotel was very warm, with enormous coal fires. Outside, it was very cold, with a dry air and a nipping wind—a variety of cold she had never experienced before. Several times, listening to people in the street, she could have sworn she heard her father speaking. But one can't interrupt a conversing stranger and say, "Are you a Daker?" In that respect, the American gentleman, with tombstones abiding his question, had the easier part. Next morning, it was so dominatingly cold that she went out the moment the shops were open, bought a woollen vest, and changed into it before leaving the hotel. Immediately, she was filled with confidence. The bus to Chapel-en-le-Frith twirled her along a road of dramatically sharp bends through a landscape of dramatically steep contours, and set her down in a town which was larger than she had expected, and quite singularly prosaic. But, supported by the vest, she told herself it looked sensible. After a lifetime of the Devonshire climate this dry, unequivocal atmosphere made her feel a different being. In fact, though she was unaware of this, its effect on her was that of a double gin. Feeling clearheaded and capable, she explored Chapel-en-le-Frith with a brisk step and almost total inattention, from time to time smiling idiotically because over a row of slate roofs or at the end of a street a steep bare hillside had caught her eye. Having made an early breakfast, she was now growing hungrier and hungrier. Nothing if not practical, since she was hungry she would eat; and as her new life had begun, she would walk into the first public house instead of wandering in search of a bun shop. The first public house was called The Plume of Feathers. It had a solid stone front, sash windows, and no garnishments whatever. Stepping over its whitened doorstep, she happened to glance up. There, above her head, neatly painted in italic on an oval label, were the words, "William Wilfred Daker, Licensed to sell Wines, Spirits, Beer and Tobacco." She read them between one step and the next, and was into the house before she had time to think it a coincidence.

William Wilfred Daker—she had no doubt about him—was sitting behind the bar, reading a newspaper. Hearing her step, he got up.

"Half pint of bitter, please," she said, as to the manner born.

"Draught or bottle?"

"Draught."

He filled a tankard, and handed it across the bar.

"And I should like something to eat—something solid."

"What about a fresh cut of pork pie, Miss?"

It was strange. Just as she knew he was William Wilfred, he knew she was Miss.

Returning from a sort of pantry with

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a napkined, furnished tray, he said, "Come into the snug, Miss. You'll be warmer in there."

In the snug was another of those great coal fires, an upright piano, and an array of potted geraniums. He saw her look at them, looked toward them himself, gave a sigh. "They want watering again," he murmured. On the window sill was a glittering brass hot-water can. He took it up, found it was empty, shook his head, and went away with it. Presently, he came back and watered each geranium with exact care. His look was full of melancholy and self-blame.

"I've never seen such splendid geraniums," said Mary.

"Yes, they're fine specimens. This is Guardsman. This is Queen of the Pinks. But they take looking after. They're nesh."

Nesh. Her father's word, meaning "delicate." *The girl looks nesh.*

He had turned back to her, with a resumption of his former expression. "Is the pork pie to your liking?"

She could only nod, for her mouth was full. As soon as she could speak, she spoke.

" 'Nesh.' That's a word my father used. He was born here—in this town. His name was Daker. Like yours."

He came up and grasped her hand. "I'm very glad to meet you, Miss Daker. There's a fair lot of us—all the better for another one." There was real pleasure in his face.

Customers had come into the bar, and were calling, "Bill!"

"I'll be back in a minute," he said.

She sat disentangling the sound of his voice from theirs. It was lower-pitched than her father's and gentler. Though he spoke to the same tune, his accent was not so marked. When he came in again, he drew up a chair to the table and looked at her with frank curiosity. "You're like a Daker, too, now that I come to study you. But not in your speech."

"I was born in Devonshire, and I've lived there all my life. My father was in the Wesleyan ministry."

"And now you've come back," he said, brushing the rest aside. "Excuse me. I'm wanted." He was gone again.

That's all he thinks of, she reflected; that I've come back. I don't suppose he'd even wonder why. She liked him very much—only it was a pity he had such an interrupting profession. On his third appearance, he brought two glasses of cherry brandy. On his fourth, an album of photographs of the Peak. The bar kept him busy. Presently, he darted in to put more coals on the fire. "My trouble is, I'm singlehanded. Here's all this time gone, and I don't know your Christian name."

"Mary. And I mustn't keep you from your work. I've been thinking. I'll go for a walk round the town and come back this afternoon, after you've closed—if I may."

She unclasped her bag. He caught back her wrist. "None of that, Cousin Mary Daker. But you're right, we'll be more comfortable between hours. I'll let you out by the house door; you needn't go through the bar. It will be to this door you come back. Mind and be punctual."

She was punctual. But the first freedom was gone; they were not so easy with each other. Thinking to help out conversation, she asked if there were other Dakers in the town. It was as if his glance had said, "I was waiting for this." Flushing and frowning, he said, "There's quite a few. But there's more in Glossop."

"I might go on there then. Is there a hotel in Glossop?" For apparently she had outstayed her welcome.

His look of constraint deepened to anguish. He stared at the geraniums, and then at his feet, and then at the geraniums again. "I'm ashamed that I can't ask you to stay here. It's what I'd like to do, and ought to do. And there's a room, with a view of the church and all. But it wouldn't be fit for you. It wouldn't be what you're accustomed to. I'm singlehanded, like I said. My wife died, a matter of six weeks ago—"

"I'm so sorry."

"—and everything's been at sixes and sevens ever since. I manage to keep the downstairs clean, and fend for Lucy and Simmy—they're my two daughters, eight and ten—but the rest of the place

"Aw, Lefty, we should have hung around till they yelled, 'We know you guys are in there!' "

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has got beyond me. All I can say for myself is that I know it."

"But don't you know anyone who'd help you manage? Can't you get some sensible woman to cook and clean for you?"

"There isn't a woman in the place—not one that I'd have here—who'd come near the house."

"But—" She stopped herself.

He saw her confusion, and laughed. "My wife. She'd fallen out with every woman in Chapel-en-le-Frith, God rest her! I should say that at one time or another, they've all sworn their Bible oaths never to cross this doorstone again. And we're a stiff-necked lot, up here. When we've said a thing, we stand by it. You see—she was a terrible cleaner." He turned back the keyboard lid of the piano. "Just look at those brass hinges! She was like that all through. Thorough! And if people didn't come up to her ideas, she'd tell them so. She'd got a polishing tongue."

So that's why he didn't take up my question about the other Dakers, Mary thought.

"So that accounts for the flowerpots!" she exclaimed.

"Damp-flannelled every morning. Mind you, though, I won't have a word said against her. She was a very kind woman in the house, whatever she was outside it."

"And not double-faced," said Mary, thinking back to St. Petrock.

He got up, saying he must get tea for the children. Mary remained sitting, and so he had to ask her to stay for it. She accepted without a blush, remarking that she would like to meet two more Dakers. They came in, two ramping, stamping little girls, sparkling with the cold, and were introduced to their Cousin Mary from Devonshire. Tea was substantial but brisk. Just before opening time, Mary rose. "I've remembered my suitcase. I left it at the bus depot. I must go and fetch it."

He accompanied her to the door. "Where are you spending the night?" he asked.

"Here. At The Plume of Feathers."

"You can't, Mary, you can't! It's not fit for you. The bed isn't even aired."

"I'll make it. And air it. I'm over forty, I ought to know how to air a bed by now. I'm your Cousin Mary, and I've come up from Devonshire to keep house for you till you can find someone local. And as good, of course. And a Daker."

To assert his manly authority, he called back into the house, "Lucy! Simmy! Get your coats on and go down to the depot with your cousin, to help carry her traps."

Six months later—and as in that moment she had ordained—he married her.

By then, in Rhode Island, Mrs. Eldred Prosser had given up reproaching her husband for his carelessness in mislaying the splendid British hat she had bought him. But she still could not understand why he had done nothing to retrieve it, however often and however patiently he pointed out that he had visited nearly a dozen places between Totnes and Moreton Hampstead in the search for his great-great-grandfather, and might have left it at any one of them. As, indeed, he might have done; though it happened to be at St. Petrock that the expedient had been vouchsafed to him how to get rid of that deplorable, that frightful hat.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

"I've said it before and I'll say it again. There's only one way to stop sucking your thumb—will power."

•

This tree was among the few survivors of a planting of 10,000 supplied by the Soil Conservation Service in the spring of 1940. By 1948 the loblolly pine was abandoned in favor of exotic trees, especially Japanese red and black pines supplied by the Delaware Forestry Department.

If this tree, said Mr. Wilkes, saved the dune that saved the house, some credit must also be given to the thousands of trees and grasses in front it with their 100,000 yards of sand and rough that broke the force of the storm and left the place in good shape, high and dry, until it was bulldozed by mistake by the Engineers' contractor.—*Selbyville (Del.) Delmarva News.*

That butterfingers!

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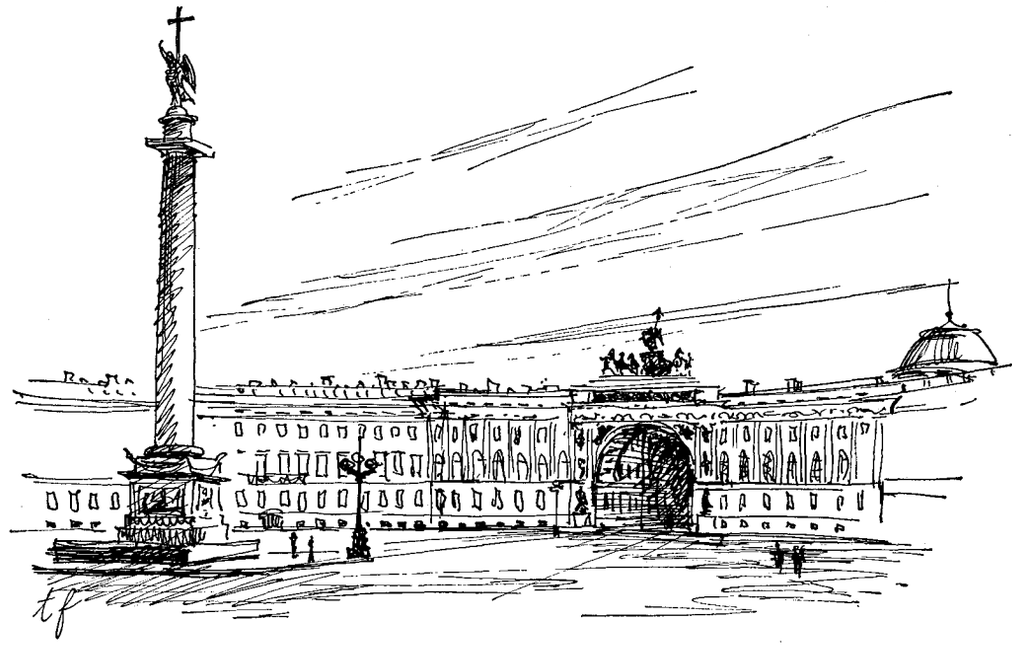
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

II—LENINGRAD



SEVERAL weeks after I attended a first reading of Ernest Hemingway's "The Fifth Column—A Play in Three Acts" by members of the Sovremennik (Contemporary) Theatre company, late in December in Moscow, I began to sit in regularly on rehearsals. On Broadway, a play would have gone from first reading through opening night in that time. But in Moscow, the cast had not yet begun rehearsals onstage. In the second week in February, the Contemporary Theatre company went to Leningrad—where I was staying at the time—for a twelve-day tour, taking with them only two of the plays in their repertory—Konstantin Simonov's "The Fourth," and a Czech comedy, by Vratislav Blažek, called "The Third Wish." The performances were given at the Palace of Culture of the First Five Year Plan, at No. 34 Street of the Decembrists (while they were in Leningrad, a touring theatre company from Leningrad was using their theatre in Moscow), and the tickets for all performances were snapped up almost as soon as they went on sale. When I complimented one member of the company on this, he said, "Listen, even Mickey Mouse—your little capitalist Mickey Mouse—would be a sellout if he came here on tour." Throughout Russia, he told me, theatres are packed for all but the very worst plays and the most amateurish performances. Almost everything—play or film—sells out.

The company was lodged at the Hotel Oktyabraskaya, and most of the rehearsals took place in the hotel—either in the room of the company's chief director and one of its leading actors, Oleg Nikolaevich Efremov, or in the room of Gigo Lodkipanidze, a Georgian from Tbilisi, who was on loan to the Contemporary to direct "The Fifth Column." The hotel is enormous, and has a nineteen-thirties style of décor that reminded me of the second-class section of the old French Line Normandie. There are clocks everywhere in the hotel—all of them stopped, and all of them showing different hours. One evening soon after the company arrived in Leningrad, I went to a rehearsal of "The Fifth Column" that was held in Efremov's room, No. 667. (No. 667, contrary to expectations, was not on the sixth floor. It was on the fourth. The 600s are meant to be on the fourth floor, while the 500s are on the third, but it turned out that there were also 600s on the third, which made Efremov's room something of a problem to locate.) There I found Gigo ready to direct an entirely different cast from the one that had participated in the first reading; because the Contemporary's company is relatively small and its repertory relatively large, the complications of scheduling rehearsals and performances are such that at least two actors must be prepared to act each role in each play presented. This time, Efremov would be playing the role of Philip Rawlings, the American hero of "The Fifth Column;" a handsome young actor named Misha Kozakov was to play Preston, an English journalist; a bald, morose actor named Zhenya Evstigneev would be the manager of the Hotel Florida, in Madrid; and Marina Dobrovolskaya would take the part of Dorothy, the heroine. As I entered, Gigo, who had a game right leg, was walking around the room slowly and with visible effort. He was describing to Kozakov life in a town called Kutaisi, in western Georgia. "A splendid town! A terrible town!" said Gigo proudly. "Once, I went into a restaurant there at eight in the morning, to have breakfast. I ordered *khashi*." For my benefit, he explained, "That is a Georgian soup, made with lamb, lemon, and onions. Very good for a hangover," and went on, "Of course, they had none. Well, then, I asked, why is it listed on the menu in your window? The waiter pointed to the portrait of Stalin on the wall, and said, 'Stalin still hangs there, but there ain't no more of him, either.' A mad town! What do they do in Kutaisi? They drink. Everyone drinks. In the morning, they dress, tie their ties, shake off the dust, and go out to drink. For them it is like going to work."

Gigo turned to me and introduced Marina, whom I had not met in Moscow. A tall, attractive blonde, she was wearing a red wool dress, black woollen stockings, and, wrapped about her arms and shoulders, a wide black *rebozo*. When she sat down on a couch, the *rebozo* came up around her chin and lips. She had a way of peering over it, intent on what others were saying. She was very much my idea of Hemingway's Dorothy.

The room was large. On one window sill stood milk bottles and open cans of sardines and preserves; on another there were two empty vodka bottles. There appeared to be only one ashtray, and it was full. A pile of scripts lay on a table beside a telephone; I noticed that the top one was John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger."

The rehearsal began with the second

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scene of the play, in which Preston, Dorothy, the Hotel Manager, and Philip are all in Dorothy's room, and in which it becomes apparent that Dorothy has fallen in love with Philip and will leave Preston for him. By means of his stiff bearing and wry face, Kozakov conveyed very well the feeling of Preston's stodginess. I was smoking a pipe as I watched, and presently Kozakov came over and asked me for it. "I will use a pipe for this role. Yours has the right shape," he said. They read through to where a bombardment begins, and Preston and the Manager go to the shelter below. Dorothy and Philip, left alone, kiss for the first time. Then Efremov began to discuss the speech style of the Hotel Manager. Gigo seemed to step aside temporarily, deferring to Efremov as the company's chief director.

EFREMOV: Almost from the first word, we know what he'll say. You've met his sort before. A long, monotonous speech, when what he's driving at was clear in the first seconds—yes?

KOZAKOV: That's one of the lovely things about Hemingway. Take "The Bell." [The Russians who are familiar with Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" always speak of it simply as "The Bell." In the same fashion, they tend, when speaking of Hemingway, to refer to him familiarly as "Hem."] Pablo, Pilar—each character has special attributes, special mannerisms of speech.

GIGO: You see it even in the dialogue between Dorothy and Petra, the maid. "Good morning, Petra." "*Buenas dias, Señorita.*" It must not be rushed together. Even "good morning"s should have the special taste and flavor of a character.

EFREMOV: There is a precision in the way the relations between Dorothy and the two men are brought out.

KOZAKOV: I think that if Philip weren't in the picture, Dorothy and Preston would separate in any case, but they would do it without bitterness. It really ruins Preston's ego this way. Of course, she is a bitch. He is thinking it, and she is being one. But all that is internal.

EFREMOV: Since she already loves Philip, she cannot hide it from herself, so she really cannot hide it from Preston.

KOZAKOV: You see, Preston is the type who, after he returns to England, will write a book about Spain, and he will belittle the revolution.

EFREMOV: No. He is a solid, respectable correspondent. And he is dumb.

KOZAKOV: But he knows a lot.

EFREMOV: All the same, look at the way he comes in (*getting up and acting it out*) and goes to the map and starts using his fat finger. He is standing at the map being solid.

KOZAKOV (*getting up, with my pipe, and going to map*): This way.

EFREMOV: Remember, he is English. All right, take it from Preston's entrance.

They ran through the scene again, until Efremov stopped them.

EFREMOV: No. Look. Like this. (*He walks through it—pretentious, with almost fraudulent dignity.*)

GIGO (*who up to now has been silent, amused, and, it appears, essentially satisfied with what Efremov is doing*): Good, solid English humor.

EFREMOV: It is as though Preston were saying, "You see, even here they do not understand what a genial fellow I am." Main point: Preston must be correct. He is the Communist, the functionary. Preston is not really in Madrid for humanitarian reasons, like Philip. Here in Spain he has found a use for himself. I am sure Hemingway hates Preston—hates the type of man he is. You remember Marty, the French commissar in "The Bell"? The type who gives up his country? The kind of man who in time of revolution is doing his political business?

GIGO: But Preston is not a political man, primarily. He is a correspondent. Still, with Hemingway, not one character exists without his load, his burden.

EFREMOV: What does it mean to Preston when he goes to the map and gets very serious there? He holds the destiny of the world in his humorless hands.

GIGO: You know, I remember a poster: Stalin, brightly lit and huge in the foreground. And around his shoulders, and snuggled in under his arm, the Politburo. And then lesser figures in the background, growing smaller and smaller until they become a mass of antlike forms—the people!

EFREMOV (*to Kozakov*): I think maybe you can play it the way Stalin played to the Politburo. He enters. He shuts the door—meaningfully. Already, it is a *big* thing, shutting the door. (*Efremov walks to the map. Kozakov throws him my pipe.*) Here, Stalin is at it, thinking. Oh, how hard he is working! (*Pipe between lips, he slowly, slowly sits down.*) Now, there's real solidity for you. Very nice.

GIGO (*rising*): Stalin would pace this

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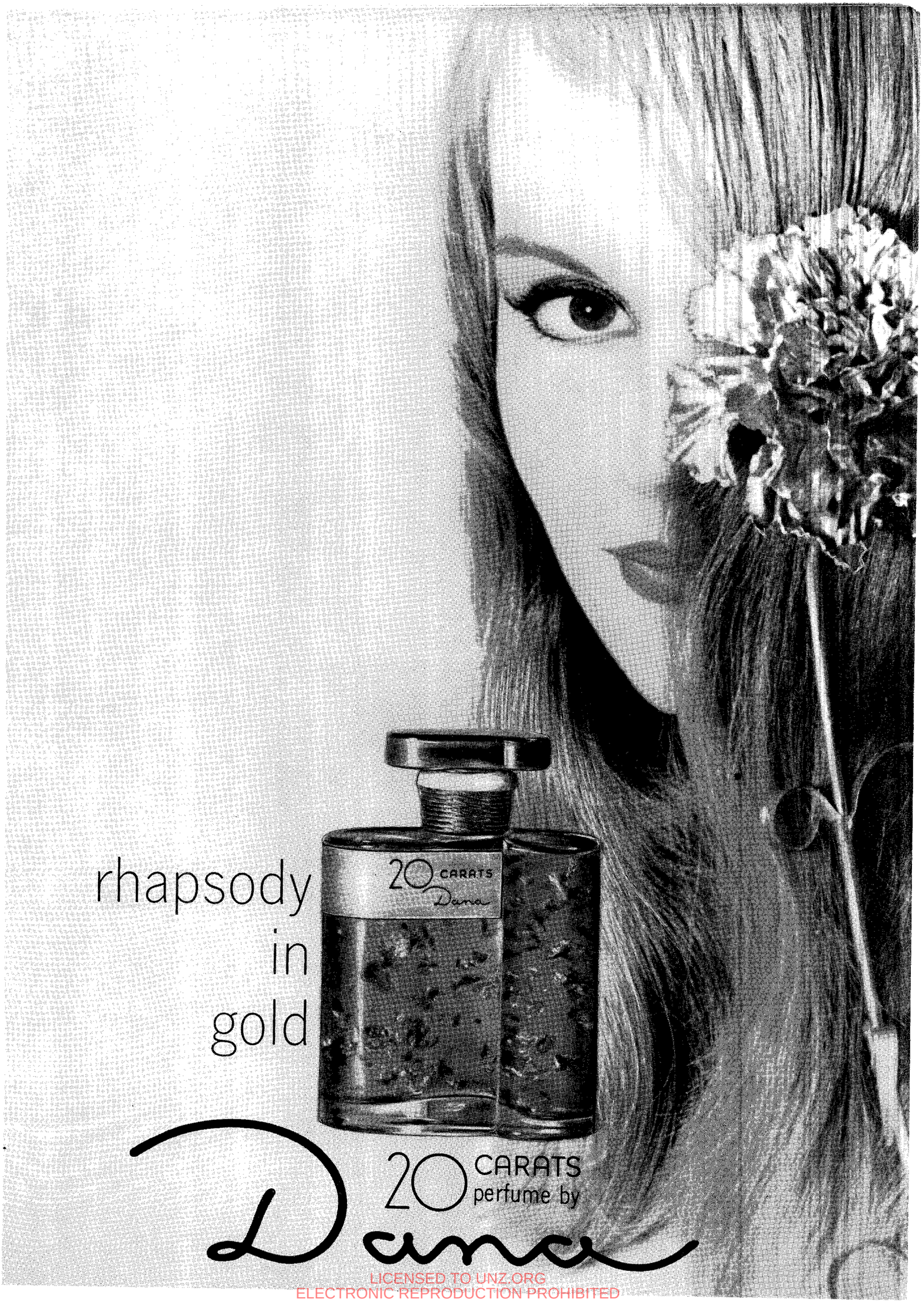

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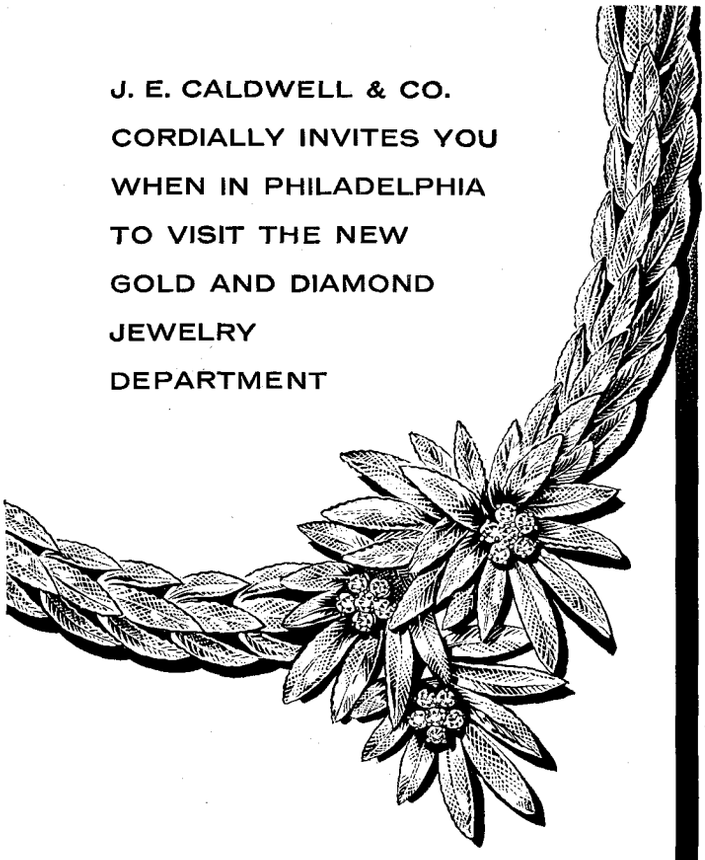

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way. (*Very stately, he starts toward the door. Suddenly, his face changes, and he wheels around and hurries back the way he came.*) You see, he remembers: They may shoot through that door!

EFREMOV: Do you realize, he was a man who had his appendix taken out with no anesthetic! That's the sort of strength Stalin had.

GIGO: Preston's characterization is essential. It must be absolutely sure.

KOZAKOV: Can we read the scene where Preston comes for his things? There is the same mood. But extended. I'd like to try it along with this.

EFREMOV (*to Gigo*): May we?

GIGO: Of course.

A certain amount of stage business followed. There were several telephone calls from Preston. Philip, who has decided to take over Preston's room, does not want to see Preston, but finally lets him come for his clothes. Preston enters with his face all banged up from the previous night, when Philip, drunk, threw him out. Marina hid in her *rebozo*, her eyes just visible above it, watching intently. Evstigneev (the Hotel Manager), who until then had sat slumped in his chair in the corner and scowling, rose and delivered a long speech, in a Russian version of broken English, berating Preston for having so many canned goods.

MANAGER: Listen, Mr. Preston, has my mother-in-law—that luxury—now in her head one tooth remaining. You understand. Only one tooth. With this eats all and enjoys. When this goes must I buy entire apparatus of teeth both higher and lower, and is fit for eating higher things. Is fit for the *beef*steak, is fit for the chops, is fit for the what you call it, the salomillo. Every night I tell you, Mr. Preston, I ask her how is the tooth old woman? Every night I think if that goes where are *we*? Given entire new up and down teeth would not be enough horses left in Madrid for the army. I tell you, Mr. Preston, you never saw such a woman. Such a luxury. Mr. Preston, you unable spare one small can of any sort that superates?

Everyone in the room was delighted by this long monologue, which Evstigneev delivered with comic earnestness and with no trace of his characteristic gloominess.

Philip gives the manager one of Preston's cans.

MANAGER: Oh, Mr. Philip. You have heart bigger than the hotel.

PRESTON: And twice as dirty.

EFREMOV: Your Preston is a man without any humor, really.

GIGO: But with pretensions to humor.

EFREMOV: You know, Preston reminds me of a director in Moscow who

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always uses everybody's first name and patronymic at all rehearsals. "Olivian Ivanovich!" he will say. (*He rises, goes out on make-believe stage.*) "Not that way, Olivian Ivanovich. Not that way. You must look at her with passionate, desirous eyes." Olivian Ivanovich, by the way, is bandaged up to his brow. "But, Dimitri Panteleimonovich, I'm blind!" (*He strikes own forehead and speaks in a melancholy voice.*) "Ah! Ah! Daaa!"

EVSTIGNEEV: Now I'm beginning to understand! This is a political piece, after all. And if a Russian had written it, there would be a disagreement over every character.

EFREMOV: Preston—he is a man without ideas. The type who is in the Party, sits around for a long time at some desk. Then he gets a post, is sent there, and has importance for the first time. So he starts to *be* important.

There was then a discussion of Preston's physical appearance. Kozakov had a photograph of himself with a Chekhovian actor's beard, and showed it to Efremov, who said it was no good. They began to argue about movements and facial expressions.

EFREMOV (*tapping his chin very pretentiously*): But you understand *noth*ing. You return to the room. You have been at the front. And you come in with *such* a weight. Dirty, tired, behaving as if you had actually been wounded. All day you've suffered. Oh, what a heavy-handed fellow you are! And you go to your goddam map.

EVSTIGNEEV: Yes, but how do you transpose all that from Spain into the Russian theatre? We had no idea in those days what Madrid was like, what the war in Spain was like. It was all so far away.

EFREMOV: And at the same time so near. For us, too, that was a bad time. A time of arrests and great fear. But I remember the excitement, the attention we all paid to the events in Spain. Did Madrid fall? Was the Republic doomed? For us, the suspense was awful. And then, the seventh of November, the holiday of *our* Revolution, and all we could talk about was the fighting there. The lifeblood of another revolution was draining away. (*There wasn't a sound in the room. He nodded slowly, as if finding some new verification in the memory. Then he sat up straight.*) In this play, Hemingway is concerned with duty—above all! While in "The Bell," already he is disillusioned. Marty and the Falange and those Communists who were killing vengefully—that was too much for Hemingway. And the duty *he* had felt, seen clearly,

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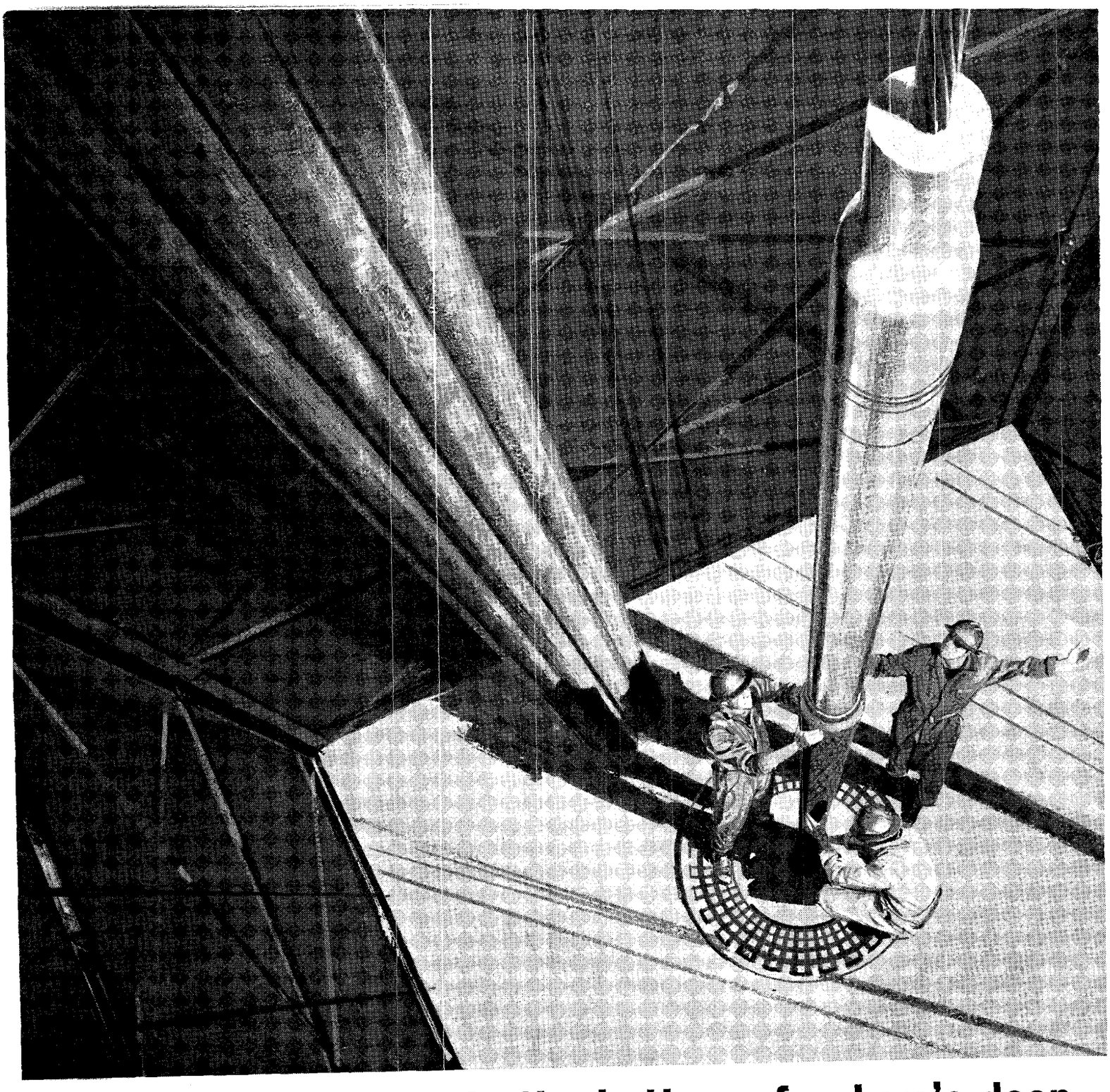

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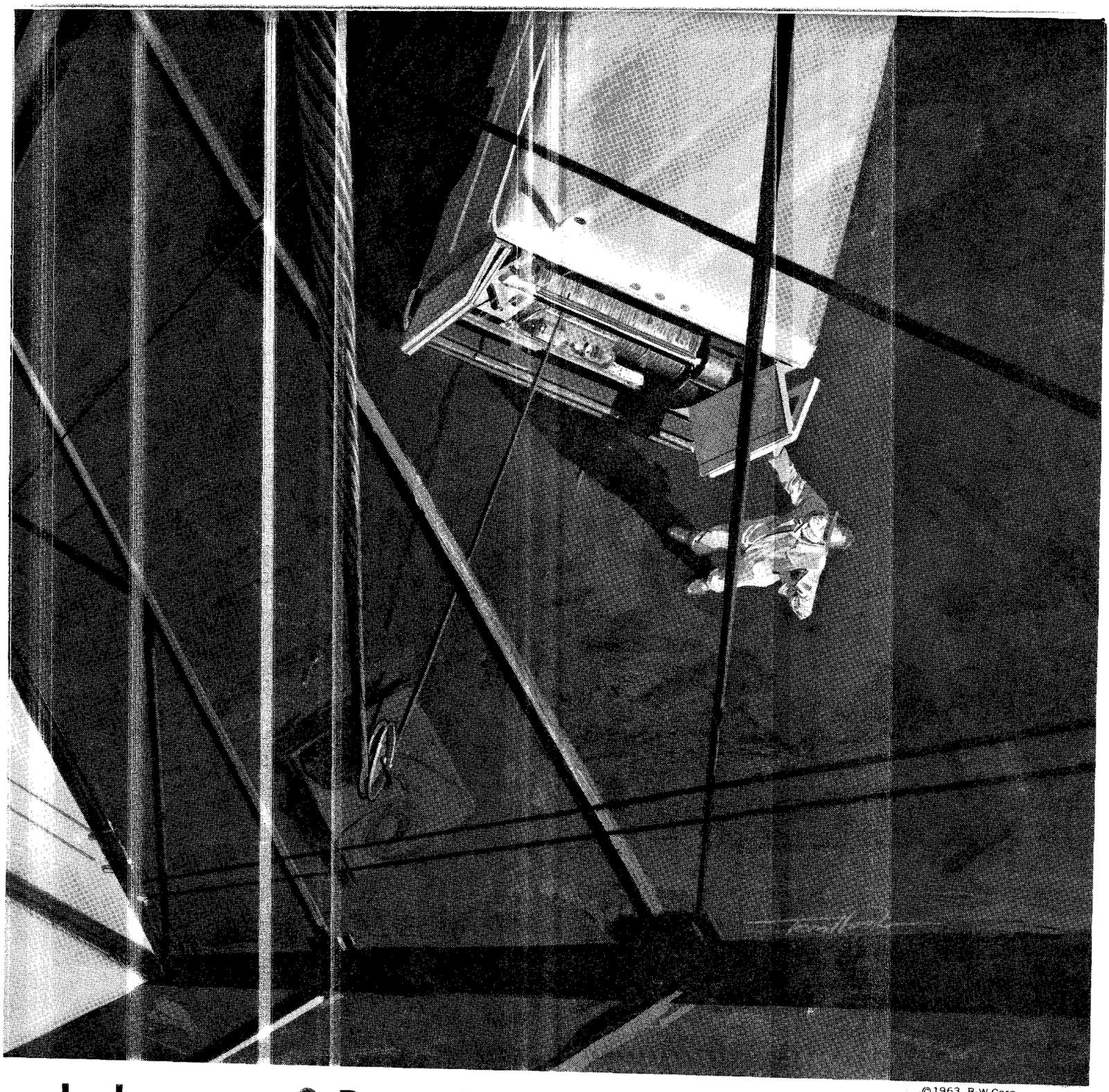

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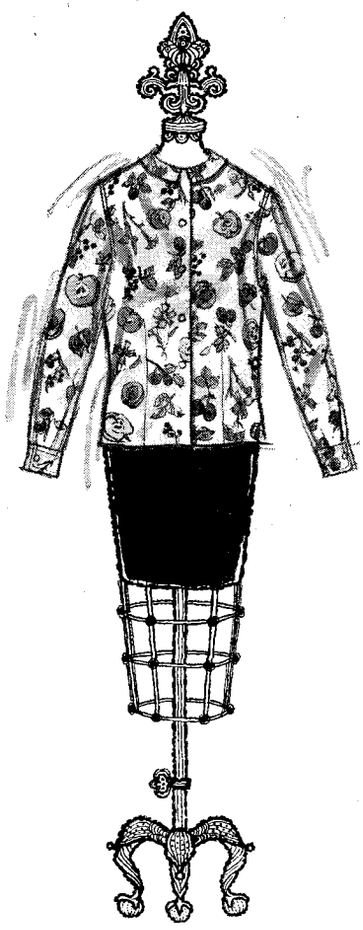

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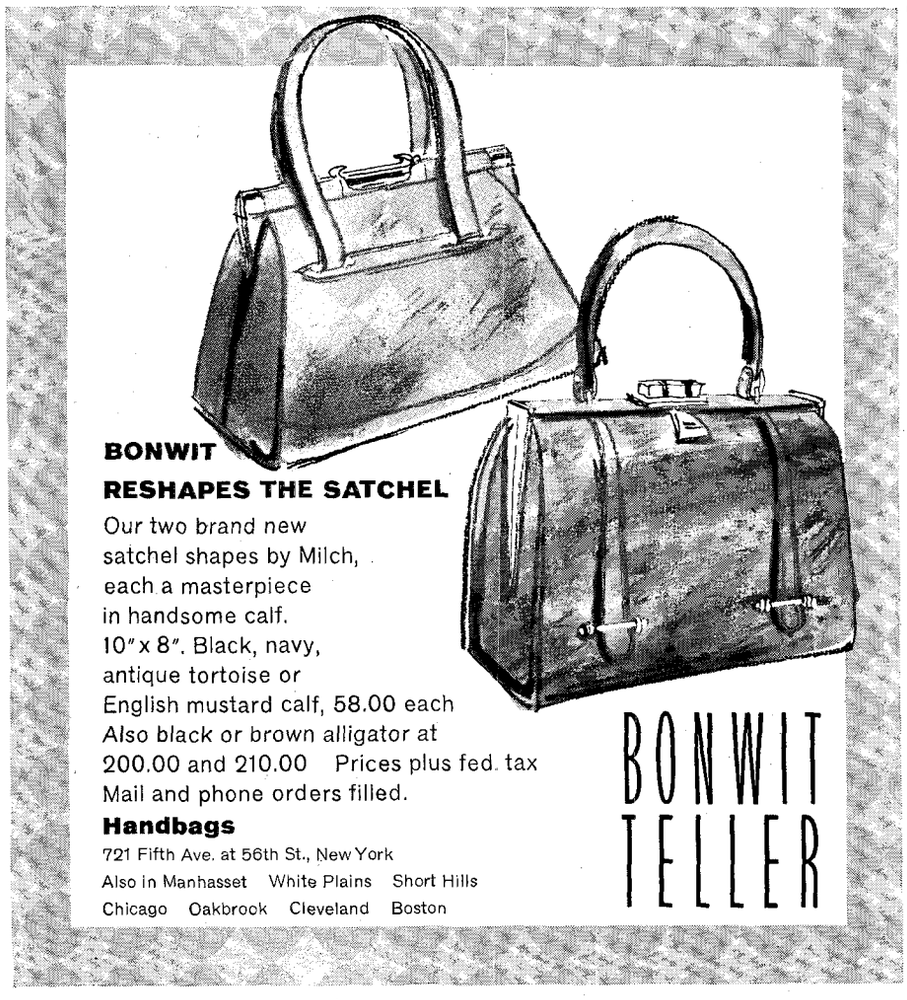

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as a man sees his duty before too many contradicting issues cloud it—that ceased to be as it was. In this play, it is still clear. That's what this play means to me.

After they had read through the scene once more, Gigo suggested that the cast meet at ten the next morning. The rehearsal was over.

WHEN I arrived in Gigo's room in the morning, I found him and Evstigneev just finishing breakfast. Pyotr Gorin, the alternate actor in the role of Philip, sat waiting for rehearsal to begin. He was about thirty—lean, handsome in the style of Tyrone Power, with dark hair and eyes, and pale skin. Evstigneev, not much older than Gigo (who is thirty-six), even though quite bald, tends to fret a great deal when he is learning a new role. "Sure, he yelps and complains and swears he doesn't understand," Efremov said once, "but then when you're ready to go onstage, he always has it." Evstigneev was not needed for this rehearsal, so when he had finished licking the cheesy part off a Russian Danish pastry, he rose and left. In the doorway, he passed Marina. She was dressed as she had been the day before. Gigo, sprawled behind the breakfast table, his game leg outstretched, told Gorin and Marina to take Act I, Scene 3—a scene in which Philip arrives in the morning and finds Dorothy in bed.

GIGO: What matters most here is this: there is no overcoming the difficulty. For her, it is impossible to grasp, to follow where his mind is darting. Lie down, Marina.

Marina curled up on the couch, Gorin made his entrance, and they played through to a point at which Dorothy imagines what it will be like in Saint-Tropez—when Philip will be writing about the war, politics, anything he likes.

GIGO: For Philip, the problem of duty is uppermost, while for her all that matters is to be with Philip. . . . You know, Marina, what Efremov said is right. Try different methods. Don't be afraid of stupidities. They are necessary to Dorothy. They are what a woman in love, as she is, will be full of. "You can write books. . . . Dear, we will even have ham and eggs, and (*Gigo's florid face is alight with foolish love*) if you like, you can have the *Morning Post* at breakfast. And everyone will say—"

GORIN (*interrupting Gigo as he would Dorothy, and reading Philip's next line*): "The *Morning Post*'s just stopped publishing."

MARINA (*reading Dorothy's next*

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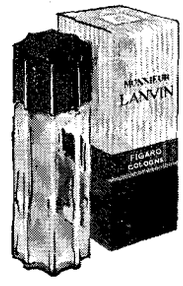

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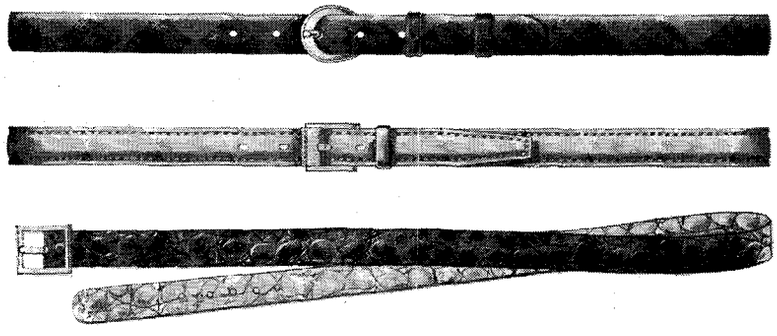

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line): "Oh, Philip, you're so depressing. I wanted us to have *such* a happy life."

GIGO: Yes. You, Dorothy, your developing way of life, your way of handling Philip—as time passes, it is made more and more of compromises. Maybe you are already afraid he is growing bored with you. . . . So (*showing how upset Dorothy is*) "I'll drink with you. You need a drink. . . ." But that doesn't bridge the gap. What does she try in their next scene together? "All right"—very softly—"then *after*, come to me. . . . Even if it is three in the morning, come to me. . . ." And as the play goes on, it gets to be more and more Dorothy giving in, trying to find what it is he demands of her. It seems that for their women all Americans are forced to give up something they enjoy doing. This is her burden. And she says, "I am not as silly as you think. I am not as bad as you think."

MARINA: No, she was no fool. I can see that much. She was a real woman, wasn't she? (*She pulls her black* rebozo *up around her face, looks out the window.*) What happened to her?

GIGO: Who? The real Dorothy? In the end, she went off with an Italian. And, you know, when she walked out with him, Hemingway was there. In that bar. He just sat there smoking. Didn't look. Or say anything or do anything. And when she came back, still he did nothing. She was a brighter woman than Hemingway makes her out to be.

Gigo suggested that Gorin and Marina rehearse a scene in which Philip asks Dorothy to return to America.

GORIN (*to me*): What does Philip mean when he says, "You know, I'm a very extraordinary fellow. I can talk either English or American. Was brought up in one country, raised in the other. That's what I make my living at." Does he mean two languages?

GIGO: I think it is the figurative sense, no?

I said yes, I thought so, too—that Philip is saying he understands the character of both countries.

GORIN: Yes, I see.

MARINA: Really? Or is it just Philip's idea of himself.

GIGO: No, he really isn't that way, is he? All right, again.

Gorin goes out, knocks on the door, comes in.

DOROTHY: Come in, Philip.

PHILIP: Mind if I have a drink in here for a moment?

DOROTHY: No. Please do.

PHILIP: Two things I'd like to ask you to do.

DOROTHY: What are they, Philip?

PHILIP: One is move out of this hotel,

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and the other is go back to America.

DOROTHY: Philip, you're just a bore. You're even worse than Preston.

PHILIP: I mean them both. This hotel's no place for you now. I mean it.

They read the scene through, ending with Philip's line "You're hopeless. But you're very beautiful. I'll just have you moved out."

GIGO: He has already had so many conversations—difficult ones—with workers, soldiers, commissars. Now, damn it all, he has to convince her! When a man is in doubt about his own strength, what does he do? (*Gigo unbuttons his shirt collar, wrenches his tie loose.*) And Dorothy—what about her? At night, last night, he was one way, and now, a few hours later, morning, quite another. Here she is, delighted to see him. She doesn't expect this serious face. Again, he has come to her still full of his own problems. They weigh on him. It is this seriousness, the situation in Madrid, last night's dead—all that is in his mind when he begs her to go. (*Gets up, paces to the door and back, face red, big hands flying about.*) And while they are in her room, Wilkinson [a young recruit in the Lincoln Battalion] comes in next door to wait. And the Fifth Column kills him!

GORIN: Yes, the crazy way the kid is killed.

GIGO: That makes it so much harder for Philip.

MARINA: You mean, feeling guilt because of the chance that saved him?

GIGO: More than that! Where *was* he when the gunmen came? Where?

MARINA: With me . . . with me . . .

GIGO: That's the real guilt. Remember, again, she is no fool. Do you have to be political-minded to be smart? Think, when he says to her, "You are an object—and too expensive for me." And she roars back (*Gigo turns on us, points, inflamed*), "*You*, you yourself are an object." Meaning, "Look how you are being used. And used up!" Oh, she understands. She understands it all. Now let's do the scene again.

They started to go through the scene but stopped, worried over a line of Philip's: "I mean them both."

MARINA: No, this doesn't feel right.

GIGO: When it's this hard, when following his moods is so difficult, maybe there should be something more.

Gigo took Gorin's place beside her, and as he delivered the line, he grasped her wrist hard. There was a look of pain on Marina's face. It was as if the physical pain was the pain of realization—that everything was wrong with

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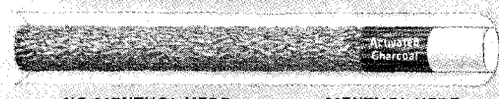

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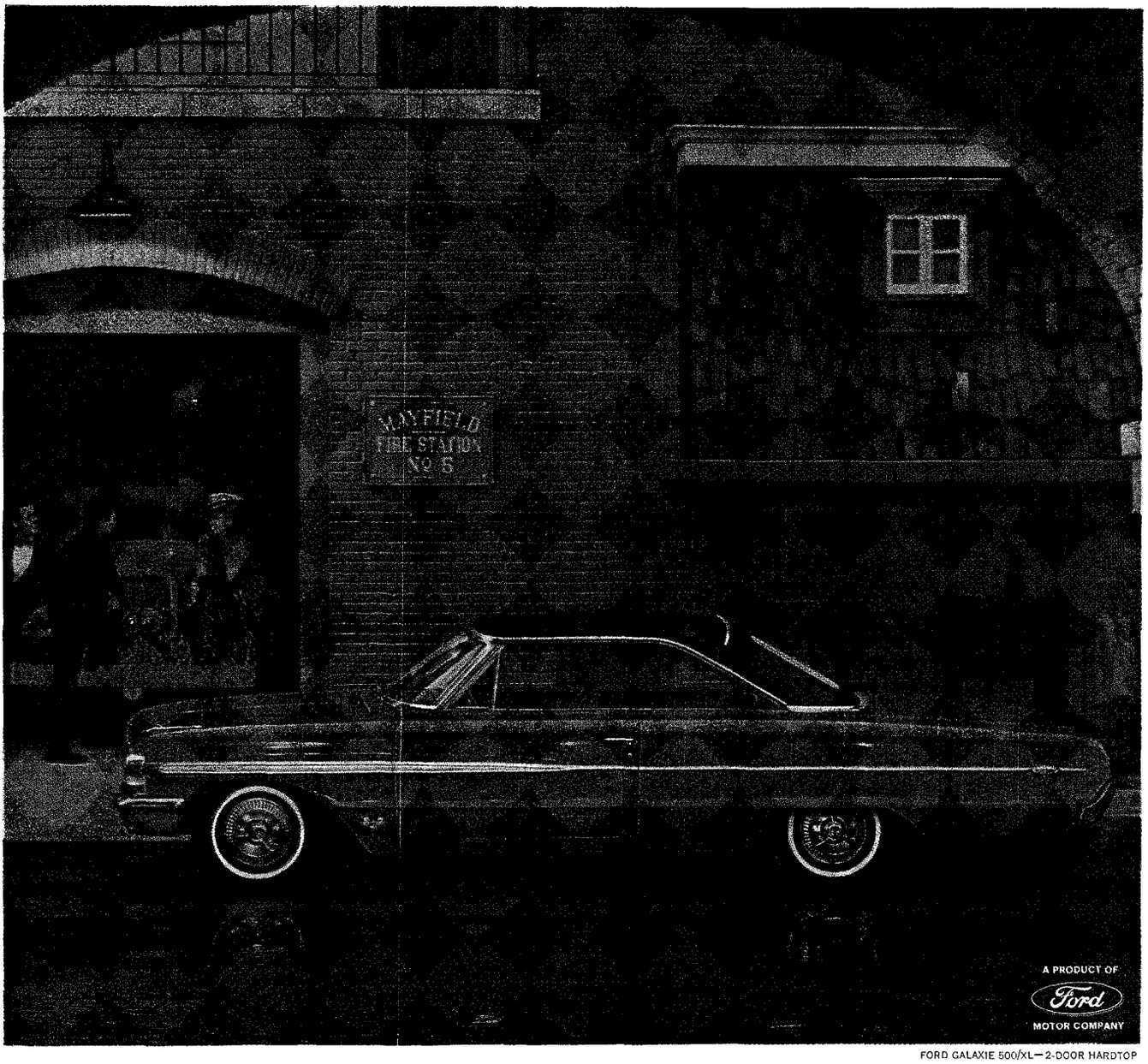

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Philip this morning, that nothing was as she had assumed it would be.

MARINA: Yes, that's it.

They went on to the end.

MARINA (*grinning at Gorin*): You made me skip my nice line "Don't you like me? I'd like to make you very happy here."

GORIN: Sorry.

GIGO: The idea is so simple. Politics interferes with people's lives. How do different people respond to that interference? That's something for each of us to think about.

After they had run through that scene once more, we sat around talking for a while about old films. Gigo said, "Some things just fade out, date themselves," and then turned to me. "But what about her—your Garbo? Always, always she is glorious! 'La Dame aux Camélias'!" He stood up. "How weak she was! Remember? Always had to lean"—he supported himself against the wall—"or slouch down when she sat. As if there just wasn't strength in that lovely body. Every time I saw it, I bawled like a sturgeon! And remember 'Casablanca'! What a film!"

I asked Gigo if he remembered the song from "Casablanca," and he hummed "As Time Goes By" from start to finish. "That lovely Negro at the piano," he said. Then, getting more and more worked up, he explained the plot to the others—how Casablanca was an open city, and the Fascists and the Free French all met in Humphrey Bogart's café. "And when the Germans are drinking and singing their marching songs, this old Frenchman starts in, in his quavery old voice, '*Allons, enfants de la patrie, le jour de gloire . . .*' The others join in. Drowning out the Germans. And the camera pans from face to face—all these old characters who guzzle in Bogart's café. Singing, and tears streaming down the men's faces! Oh! Terrible! Lovely!"

For a few seconds, we sat silent. Then Gigo continued, "You know who else I will never forget? Wallace Beery! Oh! A delight! You can't imagine—that big, ugly mug." He raked his face with his flexed fingers. "A face like an Indian's hatchet. I remember a film where he played a bandit. A cowboy, but a bad one. Oh! There is a train robbery, and Beery takes the wallet of this young sheriff. The local sheriff. And then says, 'And your watch!' But the sheriff says, 'No, not the watch.' Bonk! Beery lets him have it on the head and takes the watch anyway. O.K. Now the scene is a café. Beery is sit-

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ting at the card table, say. And in comes this same young sheriff. The whole café is crammed with these cowboys—all of them bandits. And in comes this young sheriff. 'I recognize you,' he says to Beery. 'And that watch was given me by my mother. I want it back!' Well! You know that the kid is already dead. Beery winks at one of the gang. But, still, he likes the kid's nerve. He reaches into his pocket"—Gigo played it all in pantomime—"and comes up with the watch. The sheriff opens it. The picture inside! It's Beery's wife! Sure, the sheriff's his own son!"

"Uuuuugh!" said Gorin, and made a face. Marina just laughed.

"But wait!" Gigo cried. "There was wonderful stuff in that film. Never mind how it seems when I tell it." He stood, and walked over to an imaginary bar. " 'Gimme whiskey!' By then the kid has walked out, see? Well, one of the tough cowboys comes up and sneers at Beery. 'Losing your nerve, huh?' Not a word from Beery." Gigo drew an imaginary revolver from his belt. "Shoots this cowboy down! Without even turning away from his drink!"

Both Gorin and Marina looked impressed.

"Well, that's a long way from Hemingway," Gigo said. "Tonight at eight o'clock. In Oleg's room." Gorin stood up and put on his overcoat. Marina wound her *rebozo* closer around her shoulders. This rehearsal was over.

THE rehearsal that night, which took place in Efremov's room, was attended by Efremov himself, Gigo, and Tanya Lavrova, the first Dorothy. Tanya had been sick in bed for three days, and when she arrived she looked very pale and restless. She sat down beside Efremov on a sofa in front of which stood a round table. Gigo sat on a hard chair to one side. I sat opposite the group and watched. As usual, there was only one ashtray. Tanya handed me an empty wooden matchbox, the cover of which carried an ad for the state lottery: "You can win from forty to ten thousand rubles." They were running through the third and fourth scenes of the second act. Things went along rather quietly until Efremov set out to explain the progression of compromises that Dorothy has to make.

EFREMOV: At first, she only asks, "Where are you going?" And then it's "Come when you can . . . even at three in the morning." And finally, completely giving up (*His voice has been growing softer and more beseechingly desperate*), she says, "Dearest, I *know* how hard it is for you. . . . I'll go where

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you like. . . . I'll learn. . . . I'll be worthy of you." (*He turns to Tanya.*) You have to *more* than understand the point of view of this woman. The way she begins with the elementary banalities of a woman who loves. Then you can build the role to her tragedy—which is that she doesn't ever manage to understand him.

GIGO: Fine, but—

EFREMOV: No, Gigo. *This* we'll fight over—the question of her adoration. Look! (*He recites the lines of both Dorothy and Philip.*) Philip says, "You love me?" "I adore you." "Remember, I'm a Communist!" And then, in bed, each demands from the other what is impossible—what the other cannot give.

GIGO: What?

EFREMOV: She only demands that he put her before everything else. His demand is much more difficult: that she understand how he feels—about everything. About Spain, the war, politics. Of the two, his demand somehow seems more vulgar.

TANYA: But vulgar in what way?

EFREMOV: In the outrageousness of it. Like "Romeo and Juliet." "I love you!" "I love you *more.*" And then you have conflict.

GIGO: All right, if you love her more than she can love you—

EFREMOV: Right.

GIGO (*to Tanya*): And that is what she cannot grasp. About herself.

EFREMOV (*turning to Tanya*): Is it clear to you?

TANYA: No.

EFREMOV (*mussing her hair*): Such a grandma you are! (*He gets up.*) Here is the eternal conflict. For both man and woman. Remember O. Henry? "The Gift of the Magi"? He sells his watch to buy combs for her hair. She cuts off her hair to— Get it? (*No response from Tanya, who is looking very down-in-the-mouth.*) Like this: I come to you. Trembling. Full of the troubles of Madrid—the shootings, the problems I have to deal with. You want to sleep. "We'll live together this way . . . that way. . . ." But two days from now I may be dead! And I know you'll go off with someone. (*Stops, stares at Tanya. No response. Gigo is nodding his approval. Efremov throws up his hands, turns to Gigo in mock disgust.*) *I* get it. *You* get it. Only Beauty, here, doesn't get it. (*He sits down again, puts his arm around her, speaks gently.*) Try to open up. You slept. . . . For days you slept. Now, try to see it. (*He speaks almost in a whisper. She leans against his shoulder.*) Now sleep again—this is the bed. (*He is whispering hypnotical-*

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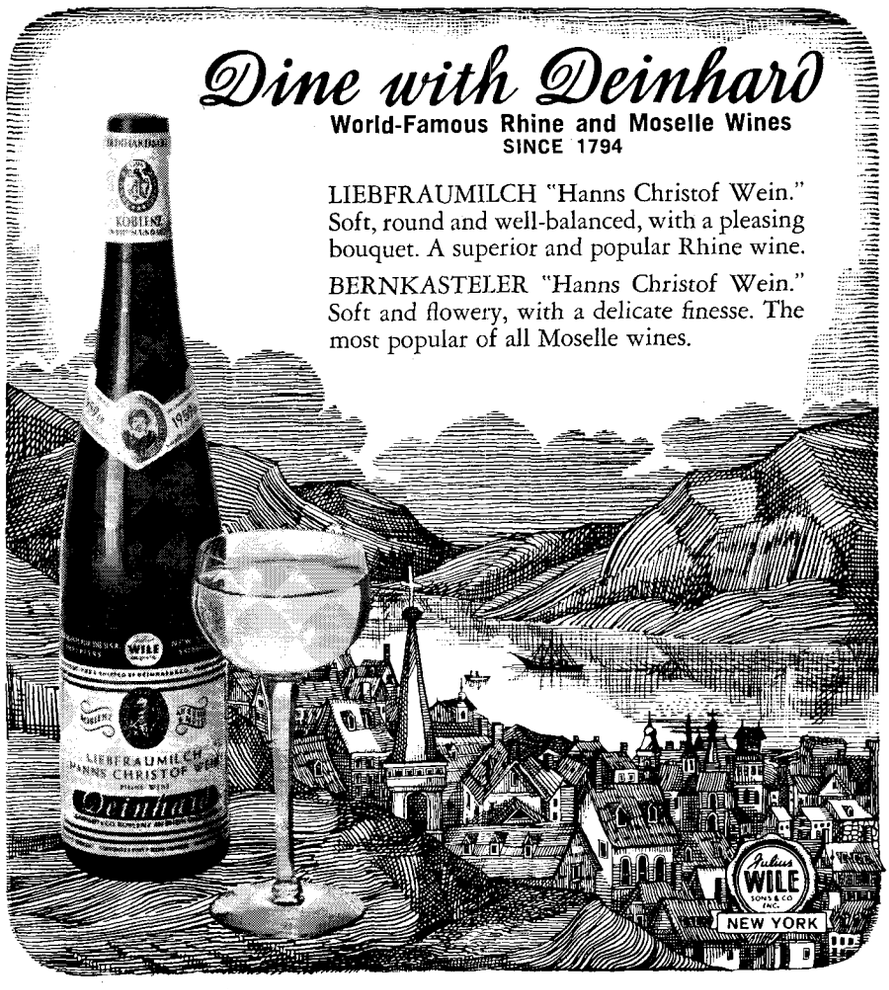

ly.) Get in. He's coming. He will lie beside you. . . . "Where were you?" she asks. . . . And all the atmosphere, pillows . . . the warm, cozy bed. And he is there. He loves you and he has come to you. . . . That's what I want. . . . So sleep.

TANYA (*petulant*): Can't sleep.

EFREMOV (*still whispering*): You sleep. He comes. . . .

TANYA (*speaking Dorothy's line*): "Darling, is it late?" (*Very sleepy.*)

Philip tells Dorothy, all in an anguished whisper, that he has "the horrors" and that he loves her. Tanya and Efremov created a moment of real and believable intimacy. The scene went well.

EFREMOV: That's the way. All the intimacy. The warmth. Your scent. Your little paw. (*He holds one of his own hands against his cheek, head back in rapture. Then he snaps out of it.*) Of course I exaggerate. But, in principle, that's the woman.

TANYA: You don't understand . . . women.

EFREMOV (*again in the whispering, warm, intimate voice*): I have all the experience in the world.

TANYA: No.

EFREMOV: Lie down.

GIGO: You don't mind if *we* watch.

EFREMOV (*going right on*): The spirit of Ernest Hemingway is very . . . very . . . sleepy here. Again, now.

PHILIP: Are you asleep?
DOROTHY: No, darling. Not if—

EFREMOV: The "if"—here it is, her conflict, her willingness. "If . . ." There! You're an actress. (*Tanya seems embarrassed. Efremov is speaking like a mother to a child. Then he is Philip again.*) "There are two things I want to tell you . . ." et cetera, et cetera. Poor Philip! He's got the goddam horrors.

GIGO: And they are lying side by side. . . .

EFREMOV (*all in a whispering, passionate voice, almost to himself*): "Two things". . . And the second, "I love you." Do you hear the truth there?

GIGO: The position is right. Only, let's not have any pedagogy here.

TANYA: Yes, Oleg Nikolaevich, *I'd* appreciate it, too, if you'd get your results without pedagogy.

EFREMOV (*grinning*): Silly girl. Let's take it again from the top. (*He tries to make her lay her head on his shoulder.*)

TANYA (*pulling away*): I can't.

EFREMOV: Do . . . do.

TANYA (*struggling free*): I can't. Not now.

Efremov insisted. In spite of Tanya's

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protest, they played the scene through from the point where Philip, returning to the hotel late at night after an unsuccessful mission, enters Dorothy's room. They read the scene in tense and sleepy whispers.

DOROTHY (*very sleepily, but anxious to impart news*): There wasn't any shelling, darling.

PHILIP: Good!

DOROTHY: Good night, darling.

PHILIP: Good night! (*You hear a machine-gun go pop-pop-pop a long way away through the open window. They lie very quietly in the bed and then we hear Philip speak.*) Are you asleep?

DOROTHY (*really asleep*): No, darling. Not if—

PHILIP: I want to tell you something.

DOROTHY (*sleepily*): Yes, my very dear.

PHILIP: I want to tell you two things. I've got the horrors, and I love you.

DOROTHY: Oh, you poor Philip.

PHILIP: I never tell anybody when I get the horrors, and I never tell anybody I love them. But I love you, see? Do you hear me? Do you feel me? Do you hear me say it?

Efremov, who had his eyes closed most of the time, really seemed to suffer as Philip. Gigo sat by, concentrating on their faces. His left hand was in his pocket; in the right he had a cigarette, and his right wrist was against his cheek. At the end, the three of them were quiet a moment.

EFREMOV: You read the first half right. Yes, you did. You are not a woman but an actress. And you must *play* a woman!

GIGO (*following this quickly*): She has to act—*not* understand.

After a pause, they read through the scene in the third act where Dorothy shows him the furs she has bought. Philip reckons up the value of the furs as four months' pay for a man in the Brigades, and goes on angrily to say that in that length of time not one man will escape being wounded or killed.

DOROTHY: But aren't we going to go and live together and have a lovely time and be happy? The way you say always in the night?

PHILIP: Never believe what I say in the night. I lie like hell at night.

EFREMOV (*breaking out of character and addressing Tanya*): You don't have to be brazen. Just be a crazy dame. (*To Gigo*) But did I read it right?

GIGO: I have a few comments. You're a bad Communist, if she's such a bourgeoise—

EFREMOV: Those are nuances. (*To Tanya*) Remember . . . when you loved someone. . . . You ever love anyone? Never mind. I will be handsome in makeup. You'll love me. This part must be played by the most feminine of women. So that's you—go on and

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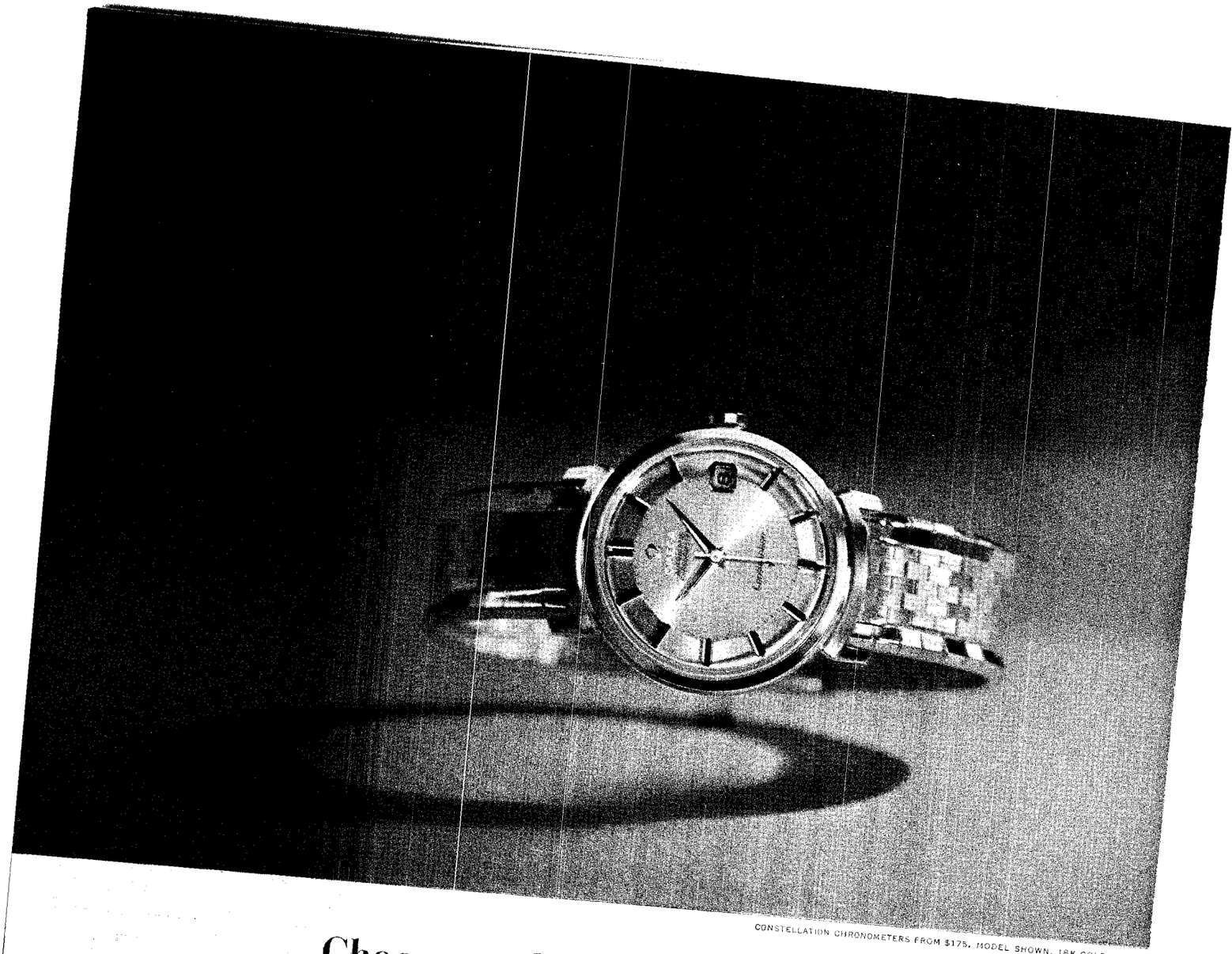

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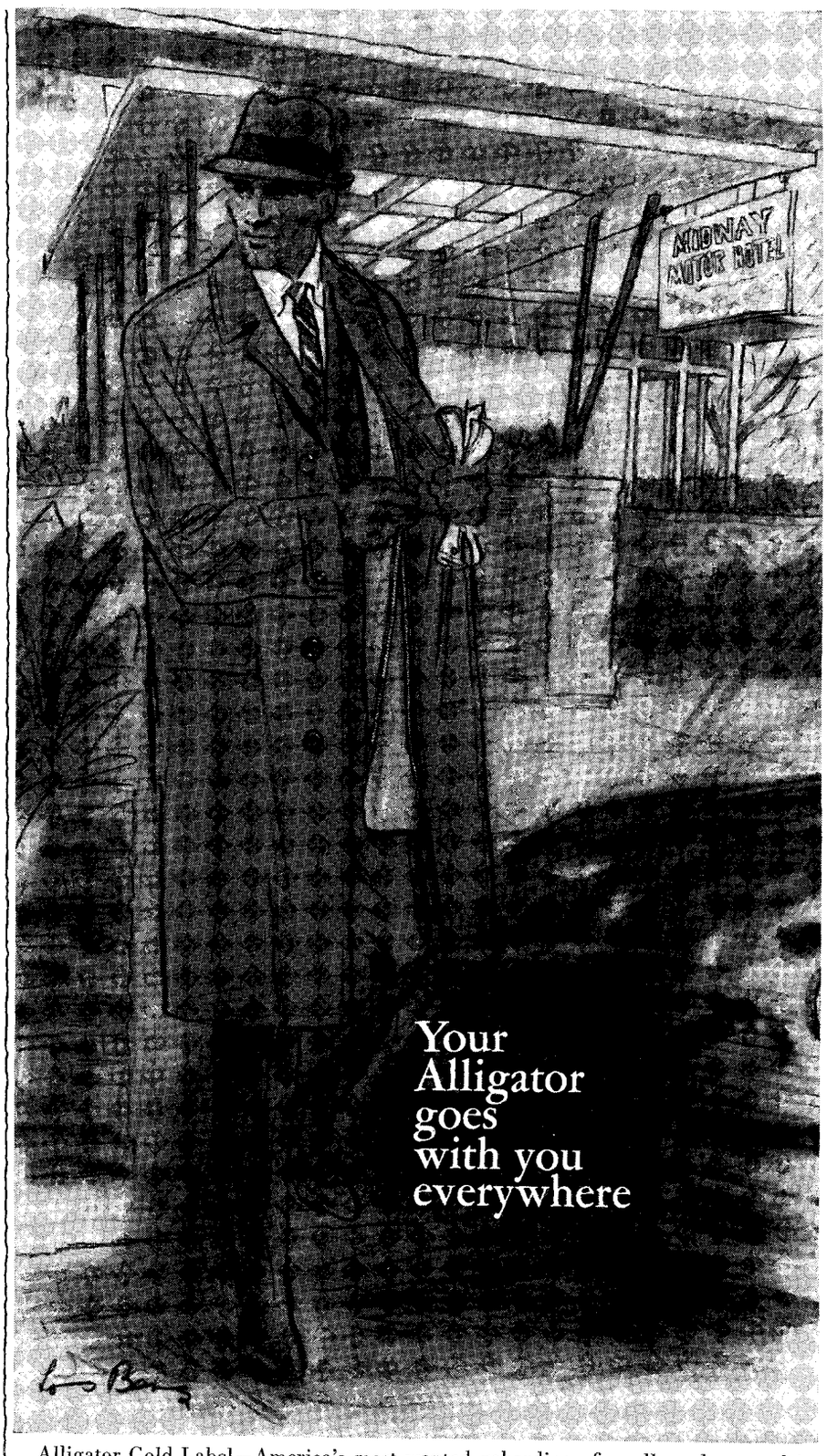
play. . . . She is more than sure of herself as she starts the scene. All instinct from there on. And don't look at me with tragic eyes. She has love within her reach, and you continue with that tragic face! No! But if you keep on and play it *your* way, it will culminate in a tragic effect, all right, but not the one we're after. . . . Seriously, Tanya, until you can pierce through to this, you won't have a role. Or a character. (*He gets up, begins to describe Dorothy's moods during the play.*) First scene: Philip comes. Second: "Get to the shelter!" "No! I'm Joan of Arc. I'm not afraid of bombs." Now, all day, she waits. "Philip, where the devil were you? Muzhiks could have come and licked my feet, and where were you?" And then (*agonized, pleading*), "Don't go . . . don't go." And at last she sleeps. . . . He comes. He says et cetera, et cetera. "Yes, yes . . ." And et cetera, et cetera. And she says, "Philip, my darling Philip . . ." And he says, "Give me a glass of Vat 69. . . ." Then she blows it: "Look at the lovely furs I bought." (*Now Efremov roars.*) "You're garbage! You're a speculator! A whore!" (*For a moment, Efremov stares at her. Now Tanya cannot help looking at him. Efremov turns to me.*) Hemingway is a clear writer—on our level. He writes about life the way life is. Here is a chance to create real life. We're not imitating MXAT [the Moscow Art Theatre]! (*He turns to Gigo.*) This is a new type of theatre, this theatre of ours. The theatre that you and I are constructing. We are all engineers. You're right. Enough pedagogy! (*To Tanya*) With us you must play sincerely, without affectation. You, the great lady who played "The Sea Gull" at MXAT! Well, we have taken you away from all that. . . . No, I am serious. (*To the rest*) She left MXAT to come to us. I love her for that. With her talent and ability—it is a clear declaration. (*He turns again to Tanya.*) Let's play! I'm an artist. So are you. Come, let's kiss. You love! That's all! There can be nothing else in your eyes. (*Throughout this long speech, Efremov continually shifts mood and tone in an almost acrobatic fashion that is often startling and is certainly effective. Now, suddenly, he is full of brightness, almost gaiety.*) Philip comes in the morning. Tanya, love, you're a happy woman! Not an American—a happy Russian *baba!* You have a man of genius! A great man—get it? You tell the maid, "Petra, he's this way and that way! Aren't I lucky?" And he comes. You scold him. You adore. But you scold. Then, "You're my darling." And he says,



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They're the best and cost you less. From $11.95 to $71.75 at better stores everywhere.

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Tell me a story

Fill it with pirates and Indians and end it happily ever after. Here, in much of its programming for children, television's ability to tell a story is classically demonstrated. It entertains and it informs.

TV Guide magazine also combines entertainment with information. And that makes it one of the most valuable advertising channels in American publishing.

Stated in a few words, TV Guide magazine is a commentary on things interested people see on television and want to know more about, which is just about everything.

It treats the light parts lightly and speaks with authority about the more serious side of television. Its opinions are its own, for TV Guide magazine is anything but a house organ for television.

This is why it is such a valuable medium for your mass-market advertising. People, nearly 20 million primary readers each week, buy it to read. They read it, according to readership studies, from cover to cover. They read the advertisements. They respond. This has been proven time after time to the satisfaction of our growing list of advertisers.

You can reach this vast market for half the cost per thousand of any other mass weekly or biweekly, through TV Guide magazine.

We have a story to tell you—an important media story.

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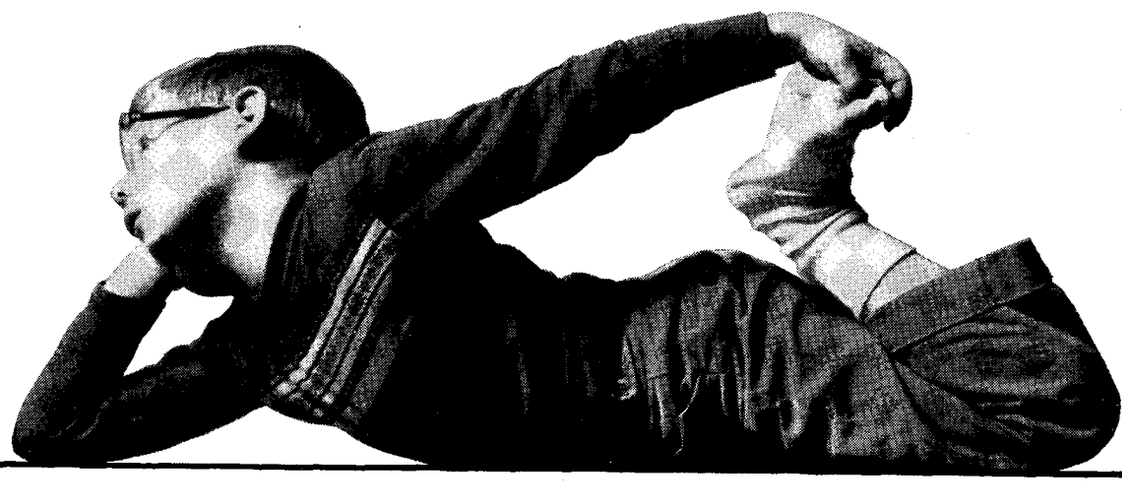
SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT OUR MAGAZINE: TV GUIDE magazine delivers a guaranteed circulation of 8½ million households. 19½ million primary readers. TV GUIDE reaches well over five million young married readers—more than any other magazine published. Compared with Look, Life, and Post, TV GUIDE reaches the most families who own their own homes, families who own their own automobiles, and families with children. The median income of TV GUIDE households is $7503. TV GUIDE offers two to three times more primary readers per advertising dollar than any other mass weekly or biweekly.
Source: Starch Consumer Magazine Report, 1963

TV GUIDE

America's Biggest Selling Weekly Magazine



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There's a quality about a home with Henredon

60" wide, 19" deep, 30½" high

Shown, from our new Custom Folio One: A buffet design totally new to this century, totally compatible with today's decorating. Louis XVI-inspired, magnificently carved. Azur Antique or Provincial Fruitwood finish.

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For booklets showing living room, dining room and bedroom collections, send $2.00 to Henredon, Dept. NY-11-9, Morganton, North Carolina.

Full name, Santa Gertrudis. Famous Texas breed of bull. Now immortalized in fine bone china figurine collection by Royal Worcester of England. (What won't they do next?) Royal Worcester wanted Gert as example of "Only true American Bull." Sent famous sculptress Doris Lindner from London to King Ranch in Texas. Miss Lindner transferred every wrinkle and thorny scar to delicate bone china. Got Gertrude in the mood by tickling his ears. No record of Gertrude's reaction but stop by Neiman-Marcus or other fine stores and see for yourself. Hurry. Limited edition of 500. And that's no bull. See our lovely collection of dinnerware patterns while you're there. (Tell them Gertrude sent you.)

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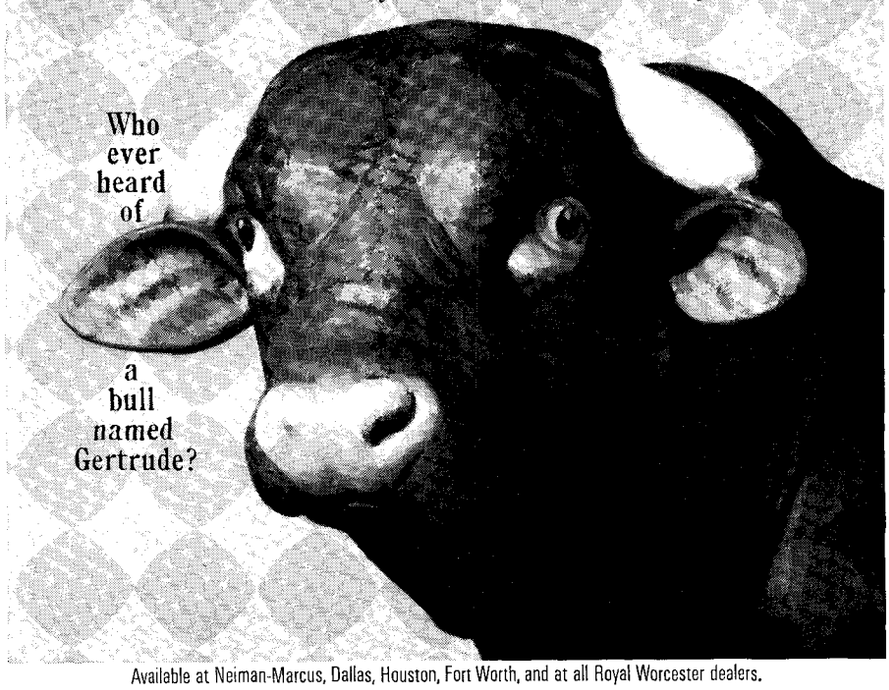

Available at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth, and at all Royal Worcester dealers.

"Get out." "What are you saying!" She is a great woman, from the point of view of Woman. He is a great man, from the point of view of ideas. . . . Old Hem, he was a genius. He got the point, all right. And this woman, in love—there is nothing bourgeois in her. It is love to the end. She is no whore. . . . Then, the last scene, when he breaks from her—breaks her—*there's* your tragedy! It isn't rational. (*He shouts.*) "You! You're an object!" (*He cuffs Tanya on the head.*) He shatters her hopes—and her love. And we must suffer for her. . . . And then . . . there will be catharsis. *Then* we'll understand what she was for Philip—and couldn't be! Philip loves her so much that at times he gnashes his teeth. And she suffers! (*Takes Tanya's hand, and puts his arm around her shoulder*) As you play it, I'll react. Our acting is such that we cannot play alone. . . . What is happening? Not sex but love. Now he becomes a boor. Now he recites poetry. Now he walks out. Now he appears with some soldiers—

TANYA: But his caprices—

EFREMOV (*hand up, rejecting what she is about to say*): That's your business. Coloring. Only let her be herself, and have done with it. (*Flings himself back against the couch*) Exercise! Train! Study! Those words, I hate them. They're an apology for Stanislavsky.

TANYA: What?

EFREMOV (*vehement, leaning toward her*): "S"—you can't pronounce "S," so work on it. That's to train. *This* (*squeezing her hand hard*), this is to understand, give form. (*Scornfully*) Train! Come on, let's be grown up. It's time! (*He sits staring at her, close.*) Give yourself, Philip demands. Does he give himself to her? No—to politics. To duty. To the future. It's not the moment to sit with your sore feet in a pan of warm water. I, Communist Efremov, know that now is the time to struggle.

GIGO: People are made to live. And here is politics interrupting.

TANYA: *How* I like this play!

GIGO: We'll write to Hemingway.

TANYA: Oh, it's too late!

GIGO: Ah! Feminine intuition!

EFREMOV: If we really play it well, this will be something marvellous for everyone.

TANYA: Poor Hem! If he were alive, he could explain it to us.

EFREMOV (*shaking his head*): What a girl!

TANYA: I want to play . . . captivatingly.

EFREMOV: Hemingway wrote it the

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The light and legendary 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. Eighty-six proof.

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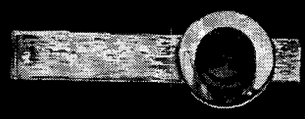
JADE
for a gentleman



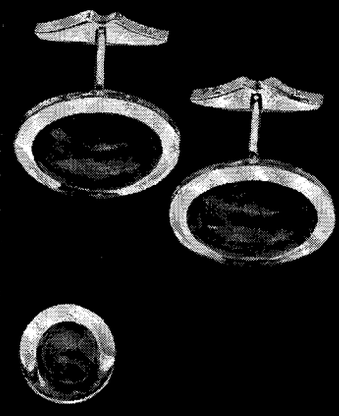
Tie bar, leaf green jade
with 14 karat gold, 42.00

Cuff links, leaf green jade,
14 karat gold mounting, the pair 75.00

Tie tack, leaf green jade,
14 karat gold, 20.00

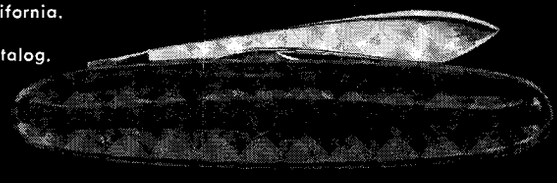
Above jewelry is available in
black jade at the same prices.

Pocket knife of leaf green jade
with two stainless steel blades, 27.50



Jewelry shown actual size.
Federal Tax included, no postage.
Add 4% Sales Tax in California.

Send 25¢ for new Gift Catalog.



GUMP'S 250 POST STREET • SAN FRANCISCO 8

THE HAND SEWN FRONT is typical of the extra quality built into Florsheim Shoes. For the ultimate in fine shoemaking, no machine can match the skill of the hands of master craftsmen.

FLORSHEIM

The ROYCE, 30637; hand-sewn front three-eyelet blucher; Perfecto brown calf; in black calf, 20635.

Most Florsheim styles $19.95 to $24.95

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

way he meant it to be acted. I beg you, don't improve on him! Take Dorothy. All that goes into love is part of her at different moments. Look how it begins. With Preston, she can't even hide her eagerness to see Philip. "Call Philip," she says. But then she calls him herself. At the end, her grief is terrible, but she remains a woman in love even then. It leads on and on. If she had been a Russian woman, she'd have said, "Come . . . come to Russia! We'll live! We'll chop wood! Ah! The Russian winter! The Russian snow! We'll build Communism!" But, no, for Dorothy it's Saint-Tropez. Hungary! Come, we'll shoot chickens! No!

GIGO: All that is clear. Just remember. Hemingway doesn't moralize.

EFREMOV: Again, the scene with the furs. Like this. For instance, what if we had been in Cuba for the revolution? A great moment, and my wife runs around to stores, buying, buying. "Oh, darling, such low prices!" And in the evening, when I want to go and see Fidel, she says, "But the Sans Souci . . . Darling, I want to dance." She never can understand the revolution.

GIGO: Right. And then, later, in the evening, she struggles against her feeling of . . . loss. (*Playing Dorothy*) "Explain! I don't understand! I'm going mad! Worse. It's worse than the furs! What *does* he want from me?" (*He looks at Efremov.*) And here he can't declaim. No speeches. And something else: he isn't absolutely sure. Part of him wants to say, "Good! I'm glad you bought the furs! To hell with politics!"

The telephone rang. It was a call from Tbilisi for Gigo, from his wife. In the middle of the conversation, there was a pause, and though he was speaking Georgian, his tone and phrasing changed, became simple. Obviously, he was speaking to his six-year-old daughter. As he talked, Efremov leaned close to Tanya.

EFREMOV: That's my good girl. (*Takes her hand, playfully, and kisses it*) We have to love. We'll play together. . . . I'll have to fall in love with you. . . . I don't see any way out of it. . . .

GIGO (*his hand over the receiver*): I'm talking to the kid. (*A warm smile.*)

EFREMOV (*who does not seem to have heard Gigo, whispers to Tanya, touches her hair*): See? Already it begins. . . .

GIGO (*hangs up and rejoins us, still smiling warmly*): My kid says, "You're a bad papa. Why don't you come home?"

EFREMOV: Mine, she's four and a half. I'm leaving for Leningrad. She sits

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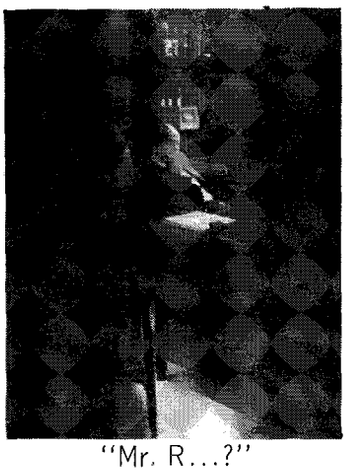
Enro shirt company meets with prospective advertising agency



"Mr. R...?"

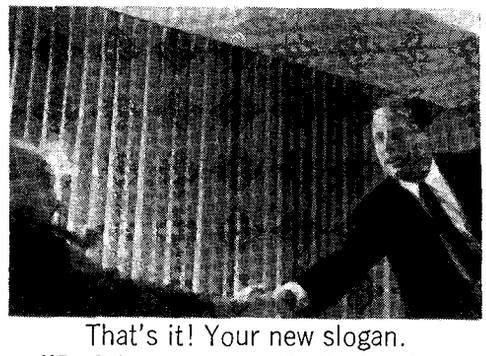
I'm Mr. M...SSM advertising. Here to talk about your **institutional** campaign.

Real **problem** you have with that name **ENRO.**

After all, what does **ENRO mean?** Doesn't **sound** much like shirts. Ever consider **changing it?**

Family thing. Actually it's my grandfather's **INITIALS.**

Well, can't win 'em all...but you have to admit, it's hard to **remember.**



That's it! Your new slogan. **"ENRO, the name that's hard to REMEMBER!"**

...45 years in the shirt business...

Enro

© Copyright 1963 by The Enro Shirt Co., Louisville, Ky.

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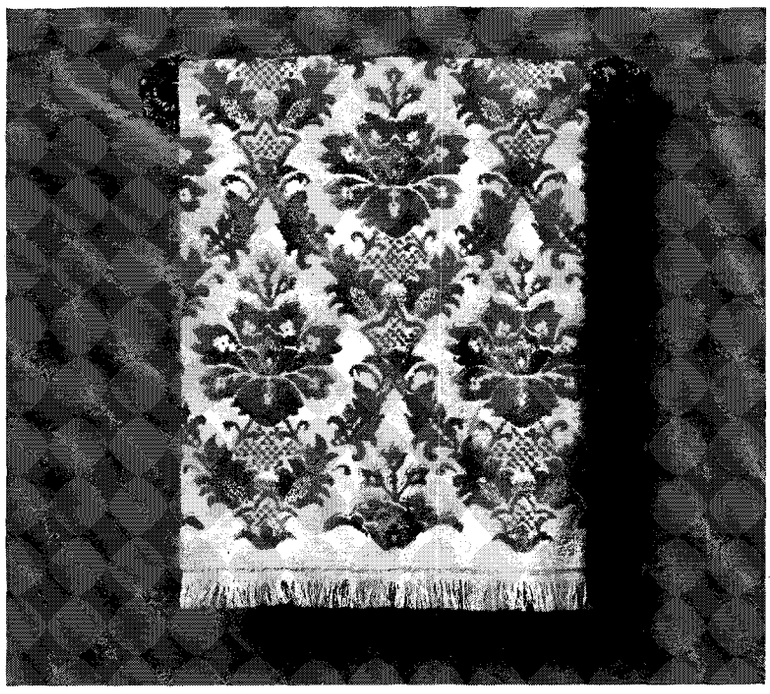

Back to Baroque
Grand Damask by Callaway

If you're so bored with modern solid colors and angular shapes that you could scream—don't. Go back to Baroque with Grand Damask—a great towel by Callaway. Enjoy the slow movement of a curved line, the relaxed richness of the ornate design. Grand Damask is a luxury to use, too. In 15 magnificent colors, at The J.L.Hudson Co., Detroit, and at other fine stores. Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Georgia.

MATCHLESS IN ALL THE WORLD

To well traveled people, Seeger offers the ultimate in fine luggage. Made of rich and supple featherweight leathers. Awarded the Grand Prix in Paris and Brussels. Softsided Suitcase, Overnighter, Travelbag and Traincase—in black or olive-brown TESTA and new sand color Gobi* cowhide. From the fine Seeger Collection — $90.00 to $150.00. At selected stores only.

SEEGER

"Known the world over as the world's best."

*WATER REPELLENT ANILINE TREATED COWHIDE

Karl Seeger • 373 Park Avenue So. • New York, N. Y.

there writing at her little table. A face like a martyr. (*He purses his lips, making a puffy, pouty face.*) I ask, "What are you writing?" "A notice to the militia." "What about?" "About Papa—for leaving me and Mama."

GIGO: That's great. I mean, it's awful, too. I didn't tell you about my kid, did I? She was drawing. You know the way kids draw—trees, a house, the chimney on crooked, smoke. And in the foreground, two figures. One is a great big man and the second is little. I asked her what was happening. "Dinner," she said. And who are the two men, I asked. "One's German, one's Russian." Oh, I said, the big one's Russian. "Oh, no, the little one's the Russian." Well, why such a big German and such a little Russian? "See the door?" she says. It's a small door—at first I thought it was a window. "Well," she says, "the dinner is very, very good and both of them are very hungry. But there isn't a lot of food. And only the Russian can get through the door. The German's too big to fit."

EFREMOV: How about that!

GIGO: We sit here. We explain a scene to each other. Then I leave. I am alone, and I think, Fool, it couldn't have been so easy. No, after all, it must be more complex, have a deeper meaning.

EFREMOV: Excellent! That kind of worrying is healthy for actors. It may even be healthy for directors. Hemingway, that old muzhik, he gave us something to work with. (*He stands up. The others prepare to leave.*) Till tomorrow, then, *camaradas*. At twelve. Now I need sleep. —RALPH BLUM

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

•

NASHVILLE, TENN. (AP)—The traditional tithe "is a floor, not a ceiling," says Dr. Edwin A. Briggs, Methodist stewardship official.

"The tithe is a door. It is clear and definite and those who enter it may do so without the fear of being so bound by it that they can never advance beyond it."

While drinking water, a young turkey may become hypnotized by the rhythmic dipping and lifting of its own head and continue drinking until he drowns.—*Raleigh (N.C.) Times.*

What else is new?

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Oberlin (Ohio) News-Tribune*]

The city's leaf loader, after one more tour tomorrow, will be put away until next fall, according to city manager Richard J. Dunn.

The leaf loader is not used in the spring.

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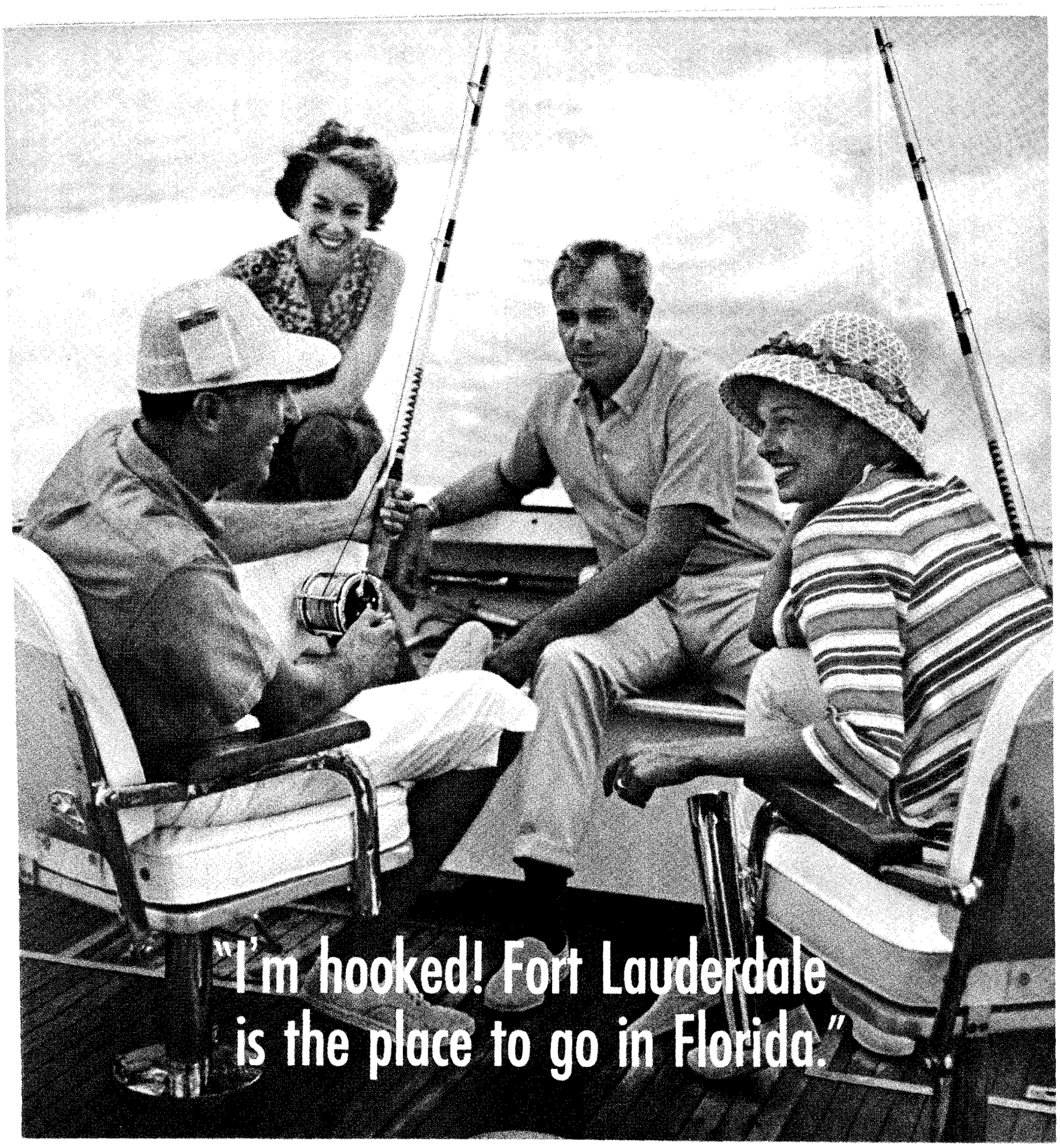

You need only talk to people who know Fort Lauderdale to sense its compelling attraction. To visit here once is to become confirmed in a popular doctrine — *it's the place to go in Florida.*

In a state bountifully endowed with vacation spots, what makes Fort Lauderdale so favored? There are the tangible reasons, of course. Famous blue-water fishing and boating, a glorious beach and gentle surf, lush golfing fairways, superb facilities for relaxation, and its great year-round climate.

But even more likely to spur your zealous devotion is the rapturous Lauderdale mood. Under its influence and bewitched by its beauty, it's easy to let go and have fun. So, if you like to flex your spirits as well as your muscles on a holiday, do visit . . .

FORT LAUDERDALE

for the fun of it!

For FREE color booklet describing a Lauderdale holiday, write: City Information Dept., P. O. Box 1181-N-23, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

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MANY ZERO KING STYLES AVAILABLE IN BOYS' SIZES. PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

What to do now? Grab Gunther and run, or hang around the hydrant and see what happens next? A 'Chesterton' by Zero King gives a man choices like that. Gives him a look of magnificence. Stature. Appeal. Also keeps him warm, whatever the weather—what with its luxurious camel exterior, its lavish pile lining, its subtly notched shawl collar of alpaca pile. Make up your mind, though—before Gunther gets too cold. Intelligent as he is, he cannot warm himself as you do with the thought that a 'Chesterton' costs only about $70. (Coat also available in other handsome fashion shades.) B.W. Harris Mfg. Company, Park Square, St. Paul 1.

ZERO KING

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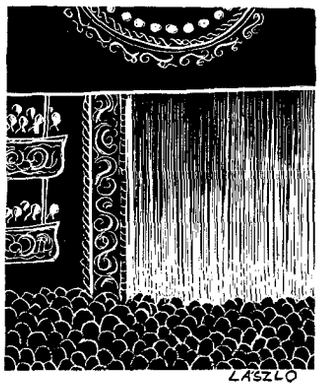
TORMENTED TRIO

"THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ," Carson McCullers' novelette of a little more than a decade ago, included only a couple of lines of dialogue. Now, in a theatrical adaptation of the work, at the Martin Beck, Edward Albee has set about giving Mrs. McCullers' characters the gift of speech. The characters are illiterate Southern rednecks who could hardly be expected to know anything about syntax, but I very much doubt whether such locutions as "I be proper," "It all legal," "What be these," and all the other "She be"s, "He be"s, and "They be"s that occur so frequently in the piece would come readily to the tongue of even the most primitive resident of the modern collard-greens-and-hog-jowl country. However, even if you, like me, find a certain lack of authenticity in the patois employed in "The Ballad of the Sad Café," you are likely to discover some darkly arresting scenes in the drama as it lugubriously unravels. The play, which shuttles back and forth in time over a period of eight years, and includes a narrator in its cast to keep us straight on what is happening, has as its heroine a Miss Amelia Evans, the Amazonian proprietress of a general store in a mill town even more depressing than most. She usually goes about in a man's work shirt, dungarees, and either rubber boots or unlaced sneakers. She is as strong as an ox, makes the best moonshine in the neighborhood, and exudes a sort of muscular charm, which, early in the proceedings, excites the interest of a handsome loom fixer who has quite a reputation as a philanderer. He does not find her an easy conquest, and even when he has given up gallivanting in order to prove himself worthy of her, it takes a bit of doing to persuade her to marry him. She does, though, after jovially knocking him down while he is proposing. But when, after their wedding, he suggests that they consummate their love, she pushes him down a flight of stairs, and when he continues to be importunate, she picks up a shotgun and threatens to let him have it with both barrels if he persists in annoying her. This rejection seems inexplicable at this time, giving rise to a nagging uncertainty about our heroine's motivations. In the face of her animosity, the husband makes off, and somewhere along the line he lands in jail. Presently, along comes a dwarf who claims kinship with Miss Amelia, and in a trice she is smothering him with affection. He is sly and somewhat sinister, but has a knack of looking almost angelic when he is around Miss Amelia. More or less to keep him amused, she converts the general store into a café, which isn't sad until her husband, fresh from prison, turns up and insists upon settling in. Forthwith the dwarf loses all interest in Miss Amelia and becomes lost in hero worship for her husband.



There, in bald outline, you have the progression in "The Ballad of the Sad Café"—love followed by hate, and both love and hate followed by frustration. Under the direction of Alan Schneider, none of this is allowed to get completely out of hand (some of the scenes could easily collapse into burlesque), and when, in a climactic set-to, Miss Amelia and her husband engage in a knockdown, drag-out, no-holds-barred battle, the business seems unexpectedly believable. I don't think Mr. Albee has succeeded in presenting his characters in depth—it is, of course, possible that they haven't any—but he has assuredly had splendid coöperation from the actors involved. Colleen Dewhurst, as Miss Amelia, is a fine figure of a woman, and she never loses her drive, despite the fact that "The Ballad of the Sad Café" goes on without interruption for about two hours. Lou Antonio is also authoritative as her husband, and Michael Dunn is extraordinarily compelling as the dwarf. The others in the cast—among them Roscoe Lee Browne, who is smoothly competent as the narrator, and Enid Markey, who plays a querulous busybody with proper asperity—are always a big help. The set was designed by Ben Edwards, and is effective.

"TAMBOURINES TO GLORY," at the Little Theatre, is described in the program as "A Gospel Singing Play." It is that, all right, but, as written by Langston Hughes, who adapted the work from his novel of the same name, it is also a lighthearted, if awkward, spoof of the story of Aimee Semple McPherson, of fragrant memory, and the legend of Frankie and Johnnie. Mr. Hughes' evangelist is a shapely and shady lady called Laura Wright Reed (Hilda Simms), who helps organize a street-corner songfest in Harlem to raise some cash for an evicted neighbor (Rosetta Le Noire), and is soon persuaded by a no-good schemer named Big-Eyed Buddy Lomax (Louis Gossett) to establish a store-front church, where singing and sanctity can be combined to make a fast buck for the operators of the place. Under the choral direction of Clara Ward, who takes part in the singing herself, the congregation that is eventually assembled is a pleasure to listen to as it lines out assorted hymns and spirituals. But when the gospel shouting dies down to let the plot move ahead, things aren't as lively as they might be, even though Mr. Hughes does introduce such droll ideas as having the numbers racket invade the church, so that tips can be sold via Biblical chapters and verses as if they were indulgences. I guess the trouble is that Mr. Hughes' theme is too familiar to excite suspense. For instance, once we know that Big-Eyed Buddy Lomax is an incorrigible womanizer, it's easy to anticipate that he is going to do Laura Wright Reed wrong. And when a pretty minx called Marietta Johnson (Micki Grant) comes along, it's a sure bet that old Big-Eyed Buddy will try to seduce her, even though she cares for another (Robert Guillaume). Well, he does try to, and that's when Laura decides to play Frankie to his Johnnie. The all-Negro cast of "Tambourines to Glory" is uniformly ingratiating.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

The Boys from New York

"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK," at the Maidman, is both a good musical—the most charming, I think, since "Fiorello!"—and an important occasion, for it marks the début of Barry Alan Grael and Richard B.

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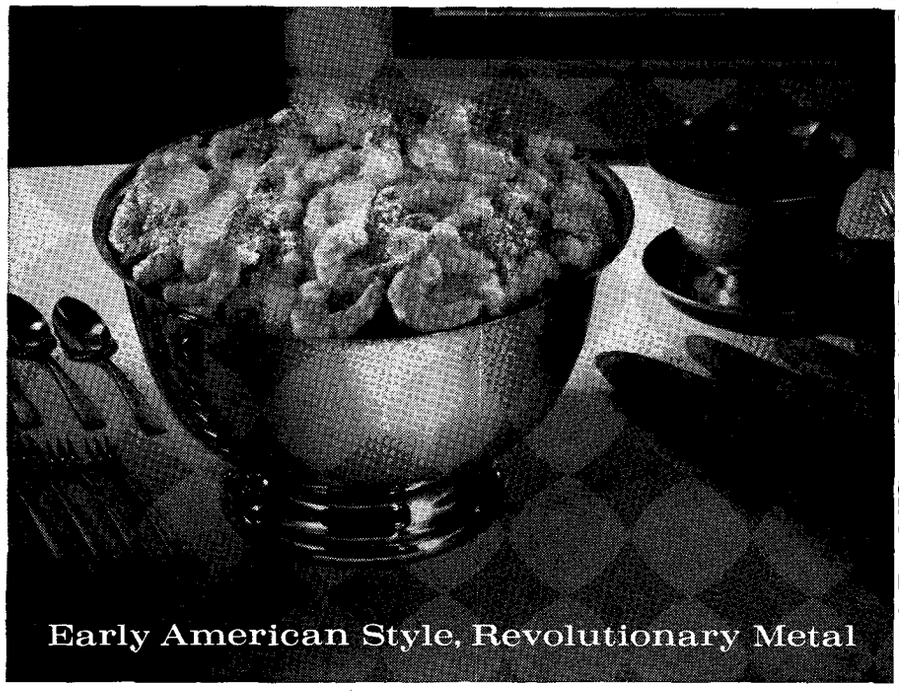

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Chodosh as a songwriting team. Mr. Grael, who wrote the graceful and funny lyrics (as well as the book of the show), and is also a merry comedian, has written night-club material, and Mr. Chodosh, who composed the lovely, witty score, has done music for television and for one other Off Broadway production. "The Streets" is their first collaboration since they worked together on varsity shows at Columbia, and the result is as delightful a batch of new songs as you are likely to hear. The book is based (in a teetery way, I imagine) on Dion Boucicault's melodrama of the eighteen-fifties about a wicked banker; his daughter, who is ruthlessly determined to rise socially and find herself a husband on the heights; and some of their impoverished victims, notably an impeccable and suddenly broke young man (husband material), an equally genteel young girl and her mother, who is an all-time widow and whose fortune the banker has stolen, and the banker's clerk, formerly an accomplice of the banker and later a champion of his victims. (A couple of years ago, you may remember, the same play served as the basis for another musical, totally different from this one, called "The Banker's Daughter.")

From beginning to end, every number works. In the lilting "Tourist Madrigal," an assortment of visitors sets forth the usual reservations about this city. In "California," a parody of several kinds of Latin-American songs, and a good song on its own, the banker's clerk (Mr. Grael) and three empty-faced, affable Mexicans sing and act out the banker's misdeeds. The banker's daughter (Barbara Williams), holding the society page of the New York *Times* crumpled in her hand, sings "He'll Come to Me Crawling" with considerable power and fiendish pleasure. The local poor, huddled outside Delmonico's, chant "Christmas Carol," pause to listen open-mouthed as the impeccable young man (David Cryer), sighing with boredom, summarizes the probable menu inside, and then resume without batting a note. There are at least three good love songs: the light and gentle "If I May," for Mr. Cryer; "Aren't You Warm?," a duet for Mr. Cryer and the genteel young girl (Gail Johnston), with an obbligato of feeble complaints from Mother (Margot Hand); and, finally, the jubilant "Love Wins Again," for everybody. The lively accompaniment is two pianos, one of which is played by Jack Holmes, the musical director and arranger. Howard Becknell's effective setting is just a

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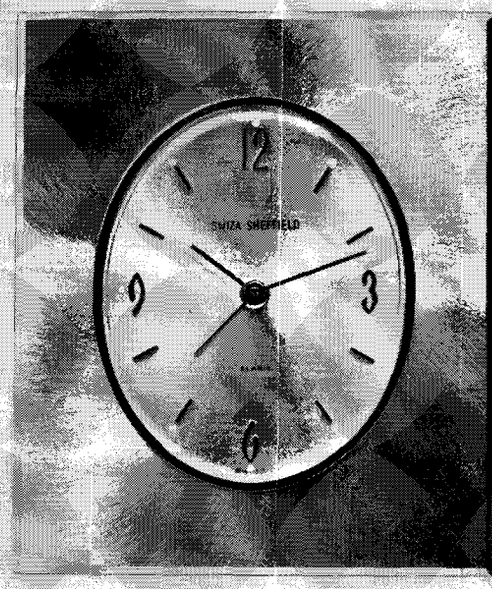

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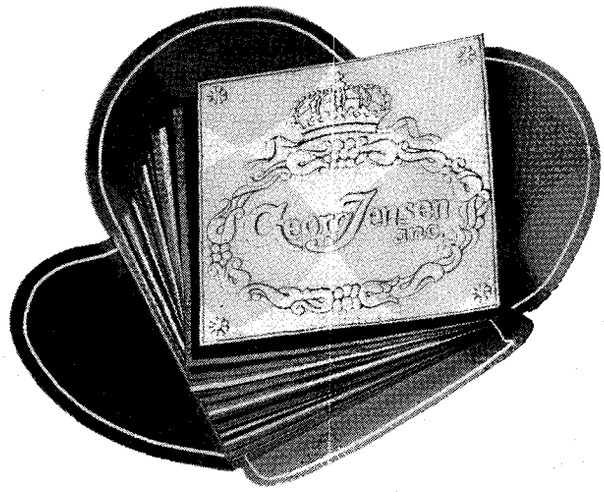

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framework of poles on a revolving stage, which is swivelled around by various members of the cast as the scenes change, and even the swivelling is amusing; nothing goes to waste here. The dances, by Neal Kenyon, are attractive and much of the time look spontaneous. Boucicault's plot gets a bit obtrusive and bothersome in the second act, but who cares? There is not a false note, musically or figuratively speaking, in the whole show. The spirit of the company, under Joseph Hardy's direction, is high; the actors play with a relish that is irresistible and never edges into campus horseplay—always a trap for an enterprise of this kind. To the part of the well-heeled villain Ralston Hill brings presence, wit, and a fine voice; Miss Williams, as his grabby heiress, is a good singer, too, with a dry humor all her own (her dead "Hooray!" at an unwelcome piece of news makes quite a moment); Mr. Grael is sly and original in the comic part he wrote for himself; Miss Johnston is appropriately innocent and tuneful; and Mr. Cryer has just the right mock-stiffness, and a pleasant voice, too. The real heroes, though, are Grael and Chodosh. May they live long and prosper!

BEFORE "In White America" opened at the Sheridan Square, I received a release describing it as "a documentary play which dramatizes the real story of the Negro in this country." That, along with the title, sounded pretty unpromising, since most documentary plays don't document and aren't plays—just a procession of dismal scenes with people suffering in doomful prose. Well, "In White America" isn't really a play, either, but I don't see how anything could have made the story of the American Negro more theatrical or moving than this chronological arrangement of actual documents and excerpts from documents—state papers, official records and records of conversations, reports, letters, journals, speeches, and histories—starting with a slave-ship captain's description of conditions below decks and ending with a fifteen-year-old Negro girl's account of the day in the fall of 1957 when she thought she was starting school at Central High in Little Rock.

As the house lights dim, six actors—three of them white and three of them colored (and all of them splendid)—walk in and take their places on chairs that are arranged on a multilevel platform at one end of the arena theatre.

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Their names are Gloria Foster, James Greene, Moses Gunn, Claudette Nevins, Michael O'Sullivan, and Fred Pinkard. Miss Foster plays all the Negro women, Miss Nevins all the white ones, and the men split up the men; a guitarist named Billy Faier accompanies and joins in the songs that are interspersed throughout. As the evening progresses, the actors switch positions and move up- and downstage as they recite or act out their roles. There are dramatic moments, and funny, enraging, defiant, and quiet ones. Thomas Jefferson sets forth his candid views on the mental capacity of Negroes ("in memory they are equal to whites, in reason much inferior"). A couple of runaway slaves reply, in 1860, to letters from their owners pleading for their return, one of them suggesting that if he is so valuable, perhaps his master would be willing to pay his travelling expenses South, as well as back wages for twenty-five years of service. (Mr. Pinkard is the very model of sarcastic urbanity.) In an excerpt from "The Cotton Kingdom," Frederick Law Olmsted notes the opinions of a couple of slaves on the subject of liberty vs. bondage, and, much later, three old ex-slaves quaveringly reminisce to a member of the Federal Writers' Project about the time they put in on the old plantation. Elizabeth Hyde Bothume, a white schoolteacher from the North, describes her first days teaching Negro children in the South, and a Georgia woman harangues against educating Negroes at all. (Miss Nevins has about half a second to switch roles.) A member of the Ku Klux Klan testifies on one night's sport (in this part, Mr. Greene suggests a wizened body to match the mind), and a Negro woman, fighting for control, quietly tells the jury what happened when the Klan came to her house. John Brown defends himself in court, and so, later on, does Haywood Patterson, of Scottsboro. (Mr. Gunn makes this one into a tour de force.) Thomas Wentworth Higginson, with Yankee wit and wondering respect, gives his impressions of the colored soldiers under his command in the Civil War. Governor Ben Tilden, of South Carolina, defends lynching in an address to Congress. (Mr. O'Sullivan here almost vaporizes in his own oratorical steam.) And so it goes, down to that fifteen-year-old girl in Little Rock. (Miss Foster is an artist.)

The selections were made by Martin B. Duberman, an assistant professor of history at Princeton, who also wrote the good, unobtrusive narration that binds them together. All credit to him. Well, part credit, really, for surely Harold Stone, who staged the show with such variety of mood and pace, deserves a big share, and so do those fine actors.

WILLIAM HAIRSTON, who adapted Hans Habe's novel "Walk in Darkness," and the company who play it at the Greenwich Mews seem to be trying the curious experiment of presenting what is essentially a high-minded melodrama entirely for its human values. There is a lack of fakery about the performances—the good ones and the not-so-good ones—that is all the more touching because the experiment doesn't work. Given the plot, I think it couldn't have, in any case, but I also think it might have come a bit closer if the script had been a good deal better. A melodrama is a synthetic, and you cannot endow it with the semblance of reality simply by removing the staginess. Mr. Hairston—to give him every benefit—has done just that, and has drained all the life out along with it. The result is a feeble, though violent, piece of work, with lines that are flat and stiff, and characters that are barely sketched. "Walk in Darkness" is about the love affair, hasty marriage, and violent deaths of a Negro soldier in our occupation forces near Munich and a local German girl. There is a captain (a Southerner who is the embodiment of correct, thin-lipped cruelty) and a chaplain (sympathetic and heroic). The boy himself is a decent, loving man, and I must say that Clarence Williams III plays him with such quiet truthfulness that I found him almost believable. No doubt these types exist in the world, but it takes something more to make them exist as individuals on a stage. Even the girl, whose feelings pull her every which way, is an old acquaintance. A German actress named Barbara Schneider does pretty well with her, all things considered. There is a good performance by Richard Ward, as a wary Negro sergeant with a lot of practical experience in race relations, and a kind of amusing one by Harry White, as an effete French crook. But the play, even though it ends with a double murder and a prayer, just slides away. —EDITH OLIVER

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INFINITE are the varieties of football, and none of them are merrier, or more disconcerting, than the variety that is an adaptation of the old silent-movie game called Follow the Bouncing Ball. This variety is best played when a considerable quantity of mud and rain is available, and the addition of a determined gale has been known to help. Army was a safe distance from the seaboard freshet that brought an end to our drought—in Chicago, where it managed, just before the final curtain, to overturn Air Force, 14–10, in a match that everyone in the United States must have wanted to see, and which 76,660 did see. Navy was a safe distance away in Indiana, where it put away Notre Dame (35–14) in another match that took the national fancy. Columbia was not as safely away in Ithaca, where, as another final curtain was falling, Cornell came up fast on the inside to win, 18–17. Up at New Haven, though, there was a long outing under the dampest and draftiest of conditions; errant was the progress of the ball from hand to hand, and errant was the course of fortune. The outing began at noon, on the dank and wind-swept moor upon which the Yale and Dartmouth freshman teams endeavored to fulfill a commitment to play football. A great deal of earnest running, passing, and punting went into the effort, but at the finish of the first half all that either squad had been able to do was to score a safety against itself. In the second half, Yale broke the dismal 2–2 tie with a field goal, to put an end to the misery of players and spectators, and to the game—Yale 5, Dartmouth 2.

By the time the varsity teams of the two colleges got together, the mud had acquired a truly superb slickness, and so had the breeze; punts described astonishing trajectories, passes went to the feet, not the hands, of putative receivers, or far over their heads, and runners were dropping the ball the instant they were tackled or were falling down without being tackled. Nothing can be finer than watching Dartmouth's great trinity—Dana Kelly at quarterback, Tom Spangenberg at tailback, and Scott Creelman at end—work out their intricate interplay as they lug the ball toward enemy goals, but though they far and

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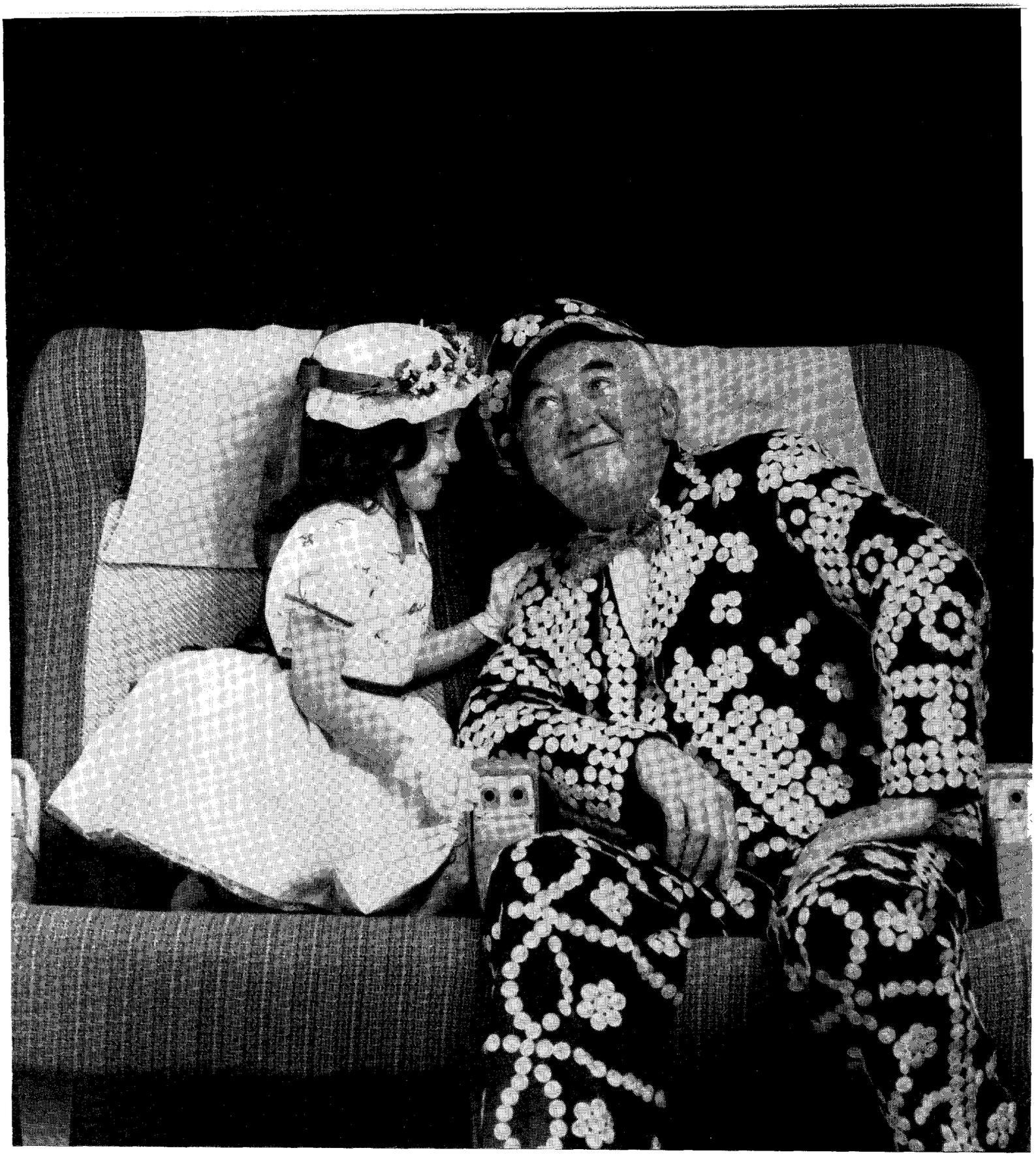

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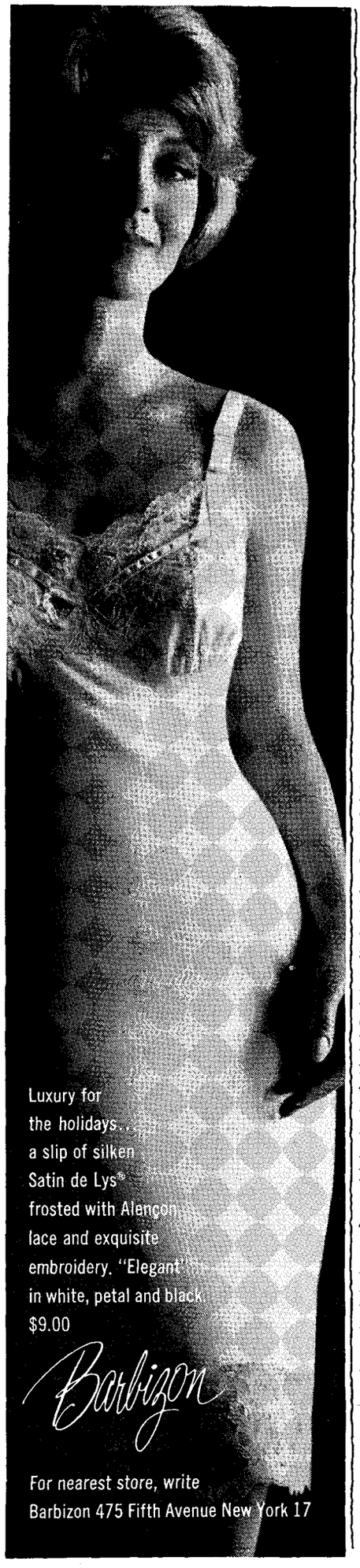

away outran and outpassed Yale, someone or other kept dropping the ball, and Yale, which has no trinity to match this one, held on to it often enough—with what I suppose must be termed Bulldog tenacity—to win, 10–6.

THE seaboard rain didn't bother Harvard in what it had presumed would be the routine job of dealing with Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, but the wind did, and Harvard the giant-killer, which the week before had finished off a much stronger Dartmouth team than the one that went up against Yale, came completely apart—Pennsylvania 7, Harvard 2. A number of Dartmouth men who were damaged in the match with Harvard were not visible last weekend, but Harvard looked to be in fine form. It and Pennsylvania came out even in running the ball, and, wind or no, Harvard made good on six of its eighteen passes, while Pennsylvania made good on none of its three. It happened, though, that Pennsylvania made good on three Harvard passes, which had plenty to do with the outcome of the game. Another thing that had a great deal to do with it was the safety that gave Harvard its two points—a wound deliberately inflicted by Pennsylvania upon itself. Less than three minutes of playing time remained when, on fourth down, Molloy, the presumed Pennsylvania punter, instead of kicking the ball out from behind his own goal, began galloping back and forth in his end zone. Each gallop used up a few seconds, and after he had finally been tackled, and after he had—in accordance with the rules—kicked, on the next play, from his twenty-yard line instead of from his end zone, there just wasn't time for Harvard to do anything but throw passes in an effort to squeeze out a winning touchdown. The reliable Humenuk therefore began pitching, and pitching well, but everyone knows what happens to a pitcher who goes to the well too often.

THAT'S the way of our innocent, never-can-tell Ivy League. Meanwhile, back in Pittsburgh, amid thunder, lightning, wind, deep freeze, and snow, Pittsburgh overcame Syracuse in a Box Office League match, 35–27, and only once did the ball change ownership on a fumble. —J. W. L.

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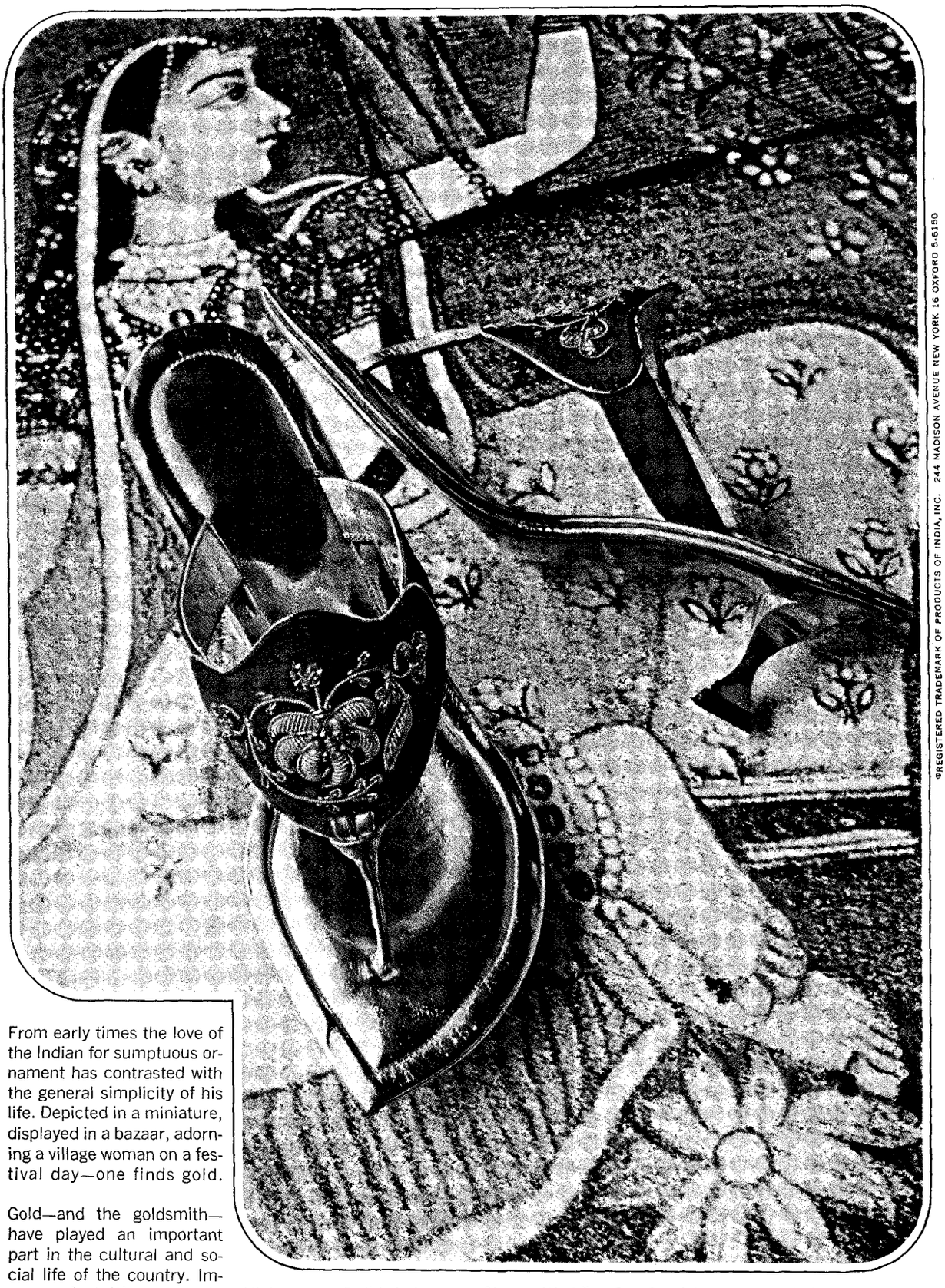

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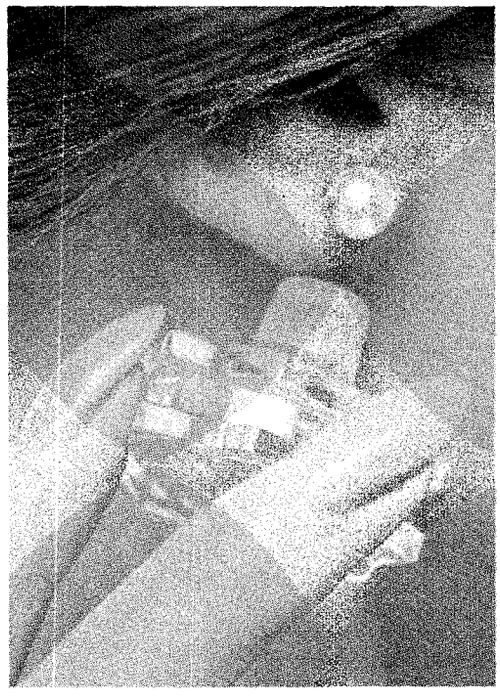

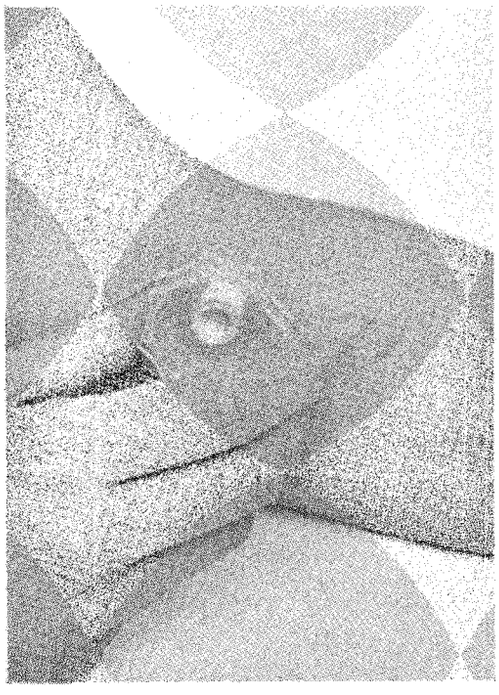

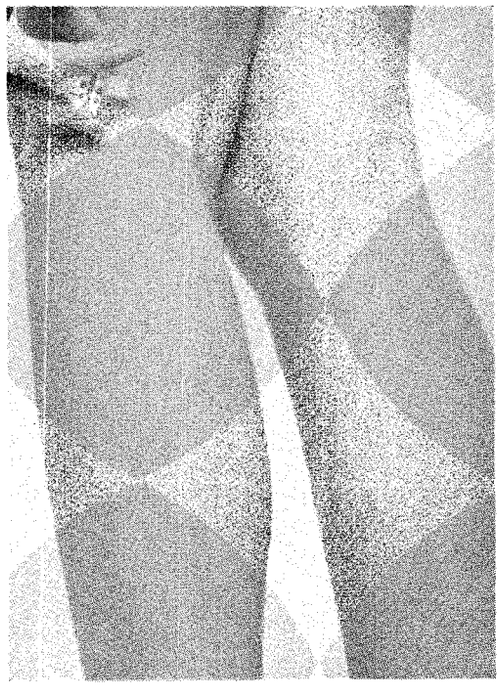

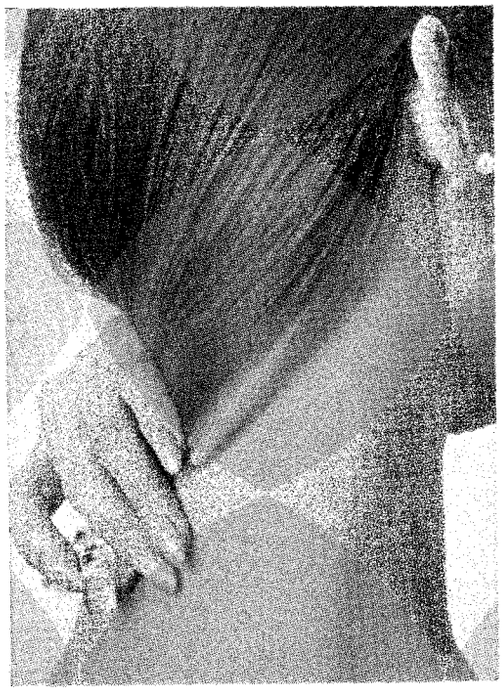

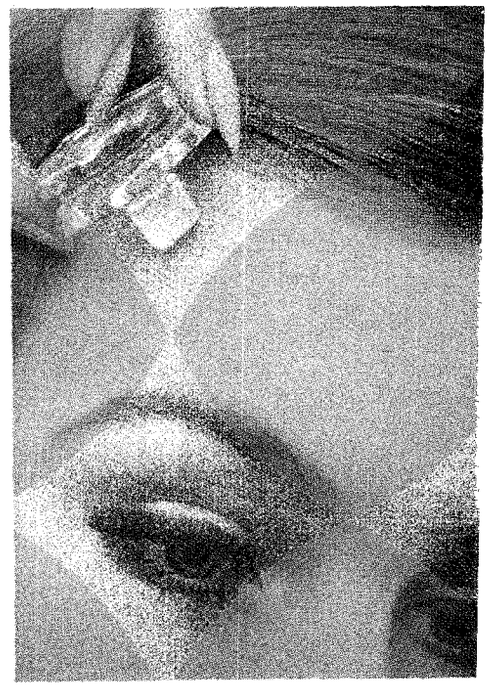

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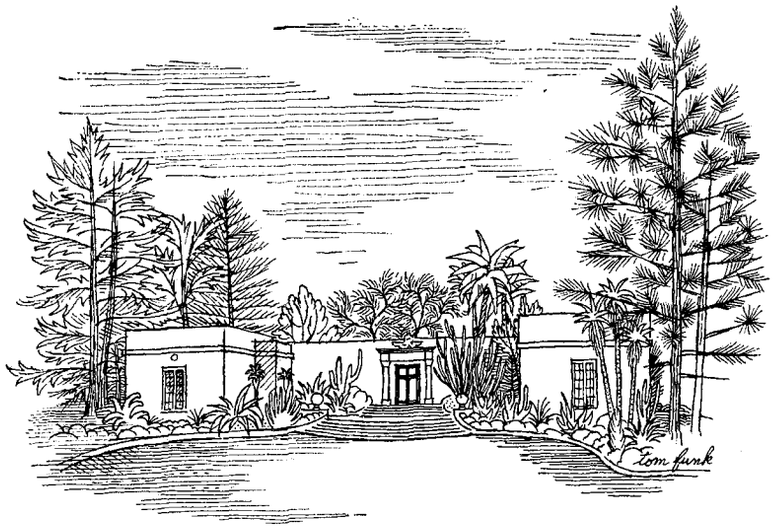

SANTA BARBARA

ONE of the livelier ornaments of this restful community overlooking the Pacific, graced almost to a fault by nature and populated almost to the limit by well-heeled senior citizens, is the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, a novel enterprise that is attempting, according to a public pronouncement of its president, Robert Maynard Hutchins, "to do something that is not being done by any university, corporation, church group, government agency, or any other organization in our society;" namely, to examine "the major institutions of the twentieth century in the light of their impact on the possibilities for the continued existence of democracy." To pursue its unique and not unambitious object, the Center, which was established in 1959 by the Fund for the Republic (which was itself established in 1952 by the Ford Foundation), has assembled a staff of about a dozen and a half scholarly men of diverse academic backgrounds, who get together five mornings a week in a mansion atop Eucalyptus Hill to discuss and ponder what are usually spoken of around the premises simply as the Basic Issues. The staff thinkers are often joined in their deliberations by itinerant scholars, businessmen, politicians, labor leaders, diplomats, and other intellectually inclined visiting firemen, one of whom has observed that "Eucalyptus Hill is to the bull session what La Scala is to the opera." The fruits of much of the collective cerebration on the Hill have been preserved by the Center in a hundred and twenty pamphlets and other publications, some four and a half million copies of which have been distributed, largely free of charge. Though Santa Barbara in the past few years has welcomed the establishment of several dozen other organizations staffed by thinkers—most of them interested in noncontroversial matters like electronics, and all of them known to the natives as "think-tanks"—the reception initially given the Center was for the most part frosty. Since then, it has gradually won a good deal of acceptance in the community, and it now enjoys the support of many influential citizens, including that of Thomas M. Storke, the vigorous, eighty-six-year-old editor and publisher of the Santa Barbara *News-Press*. "This is a conservative community and a lot of our stuffed shirts didn't want Bob Hutchins and his crowd to set up shop here," Mr. Storke, a native son who is obliged to bear the sobriquet of "Mr. Santa Barbara," told a visitor not long ago. "But most men of position in the community who were skeptical or against the Center I now see at its public meetings from time to time. On the whole, I would say that the Center is a tremendous asset to Santa Barbara." This endorsement is not, however, subscribed to by all the retired businessmen, retired admirals, and other residents of the community, which has an ideological climate that the John Birch Society has found salubrious—or, for that matter, by certain sections of the public in other parts of the country. The reason for the lingering animosity, the people at the Center feel, springs from a lack of understanding of what they're up to. "One of the real hazards we face here," Harry Ashmore, the Pulitzer Prize-winning former editor of the Arkansas *Gazette* who is now a director of the Center, remarked recently in a letter to a friend, "is that the hit-and-run visitor seems likely to go away with the impression that we are running some sort of egghead monastery. Another is that it also seems possible to reach the reverse conclusion—that we are an assembly of syndicalists plotting to overthrow the established order. Actually, the Center is just trying to figure out, in a general way, what the hell is going on." A few weeks ago, while visiting California, I decided to pay a call at the Center to see if I could discover, in a general way, how the resident thinkers conduct their extraordinary quest.

TO reach the Center, which is situated in a suburb of Santa Barbara called Montecito, one turns east off the coastal highway, leaving behind the splendid view of the chain of offshore islands that form a natural breakwater, the beautiful yacht harbor, and the well-kept polo field, and drives over uncluttered roads that wind past handsome residences and gardens spread over the gently rising terrain. The entrance to the Center, near the crest of Eucalyptus Hill, is marked by small bronze plaques affixed to gateposts in a vine-covered stone wall, and from this point a tree-shaded drive leads upward for a quarter of a mile or so to an oblong parking area with space for fifty or sixty cars. At the far end of the parking area stands a one-story, neoclassic building of white stucco with wide, gracefully curving steps leading to the front door, which opens into a large, rectangular entrance hall with a white marble floor and a high orange ceiling. The room contains a sofa upholstered in the same color as the ceiling, a switchboard, a pair of desks, and a couple of tables covered with some of the Center's publications. It was shortly after nine in the morning when I arrived, and though the switchboard operator was putting through calls and secretaries were busy at the two desks, the sounds of their work seemed muffled. In the stillness, I was very much aware of the clatter made by my leather heels on the marble floor as I walked across the room to ask one of the secretaries for Frank Kelly, a vice-president of the Center, whose duties include handling its public relations, and with whom I had made an appointment. Kelly, a former newspaperman, Nieman Fellow, and speech writer for President Truman, sent word that he would be out directly. While waiting,

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I made my way as quietly as possible to the nearer table displaying the Center's literature and glanced through some pamphlets, all very well got up and bearing such provocative titles as "Politics and Ethics," "The Power of Reason," "The Eichmann Trial and the Rule of Law," "Opinion Polls," "Permanent Peace," "U.S. Foreign Policy and the Soviet Union," "The City," and "Bureaucracy and the Forests." I was thumbing through one titled "Civilization, Industrial Society, and Love" when Kelly, who is spectacled, bald, rather rotund, and affable, arrived and issued a very cordial welcome. I remarked on the pleasant layout.

"Hutchins has a theory that people can think better in beautiful surroundings," Kelly said, smiling. "The Greeks seemed to prove that." The original owner of the estate, I learned, was an American shirt manufacturer named Frederick Forrest Peabody, who, along with Jay Gould, Andrew Carnegie, and a number of other Easterners of means, established residence in Santa Barbara shortly after the turn of the century. Peabody bought the property, which consists of forty-one and a half acres, for a hundred and fifty dollars an acre. In 1920, he divorced his wife and married an attractive woman of Irish descent named Kathleen Burke, who, after his death, was married to an artist named Girard Van Barkaloo Hale. The Hales died within a month of each other in 1958, and Solana, as they had named their Santa Barbara place, was soon put up for sale. "We had been making our headquarters in New York, but we wanted to move," Kelly said. "Hutchins had become fascinated by the West Coast when he was living in Pasadena as one of the directors of the Ford Foundation. Furthermore, several people in California who were friendly to the Center wanted us to move out this way, and had put up ninety-five thousand dollars in pledges to underwrite the purchase of this property. We bought it in July, 1959, for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. What with fees of one kind and another, the cost of remodelling, new furniture and fixtures, and so forth, the total came to two hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars, which made our net cost just about two hundred thousand."

Kelly took a roundabout route back to his office in order to give me a look at the building, which is shaped like a hollow square. In the center is a colonnaded courtyard surrounded by marble

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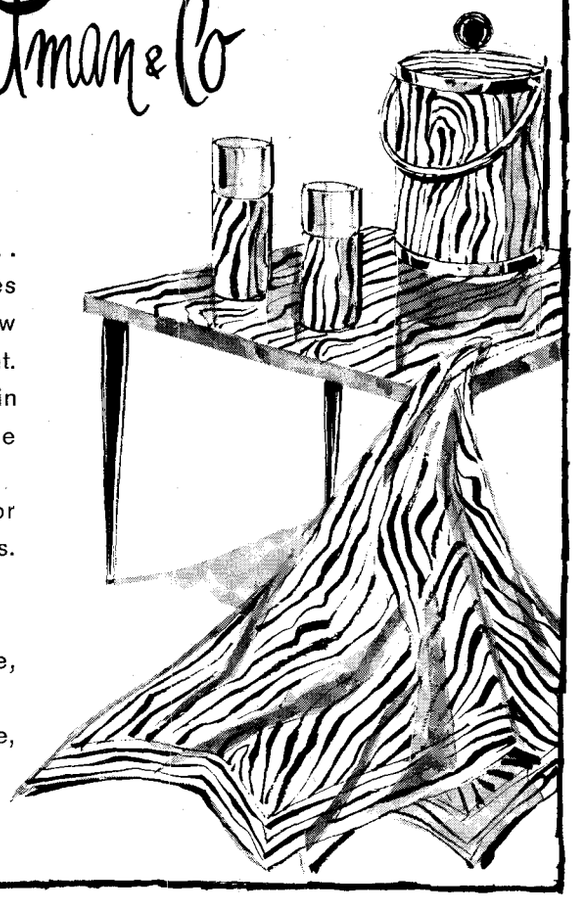

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walks and planted with a large California oak, several palm trees, and many unusual plants. "This side of the building hasn't changed much since we moved in," Kelly said, leading the way along the south wing. "This was a series of suites consisting of bedrooms, dressing rooms, and baths. The master suite, in the front of the building, is now Hutchins' office. A few months after we moved in, we had a fire that completely destroyed the north wing. The loss was covered by insurance, so we were able to rebuild that side into a series of modern offices, with rooms for secretaries and other conventional facilities." The rear wing of the building, which was Mr. Peabody's library and reception room, is now mostly taken up by the Center's dining room and main conference hall, and Kelly led me through it to show me a terrace and, beyond that, an enormous swimming pool covered with wire netting, now nearly obscured by vines. "The pool had no filter system, and it would have been too expensive to maintain anyway, so we never even filled it," he said. "As you see, we're not living in quite the sumptuous splendor that some people seem to think." Kelly and several of the people whom I subsequently met at the Center are touchy about reports that they are living high on the hog, and never lose an opportunity to put in a word for what they consider the Center's fiscal prudence.

On returning to the courtyard, Kelly and I encountered Mr. Ashmore, a well-set-up, hearty man, who said that he was on his way back to his office. "There's a man coming in to see me on Britannica business, and I'm late," he said. "I'm in what used to be the guesthouse, which is right next to what used to be the tennis court. We remodelled the guesthouse into nine offices and turned the tennis court into our parking lot."

Ashmore went on his way, and I asked Kelly if the Encyclopædia Britannica had any stake in the Center. Kelly said that the Center has a contract to assist in planning revisions of the publication, but that the Britannica has no direct connection with the Center's program; although some members of the Center's staff have been engaged full or part time on Britannica matters, most of the work is done by special consultants brought in for varying periods. The existence of the contract, he said, means that Hutchins and Ashmore wear two hats around the Center—Hutchins as president of the Center and chairman of the board of editors of the Britannica, and Ashmore as a director of the Cen-

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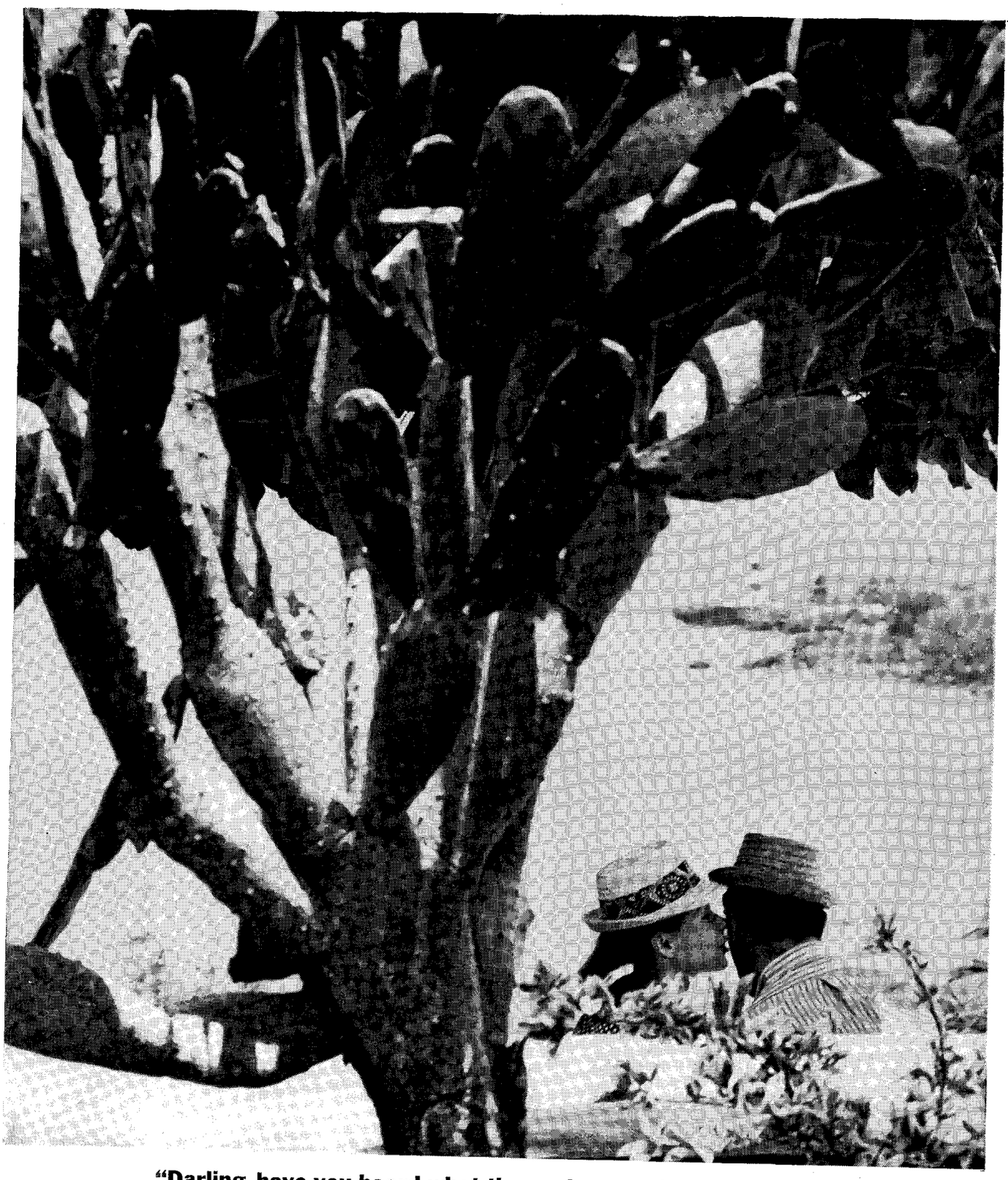

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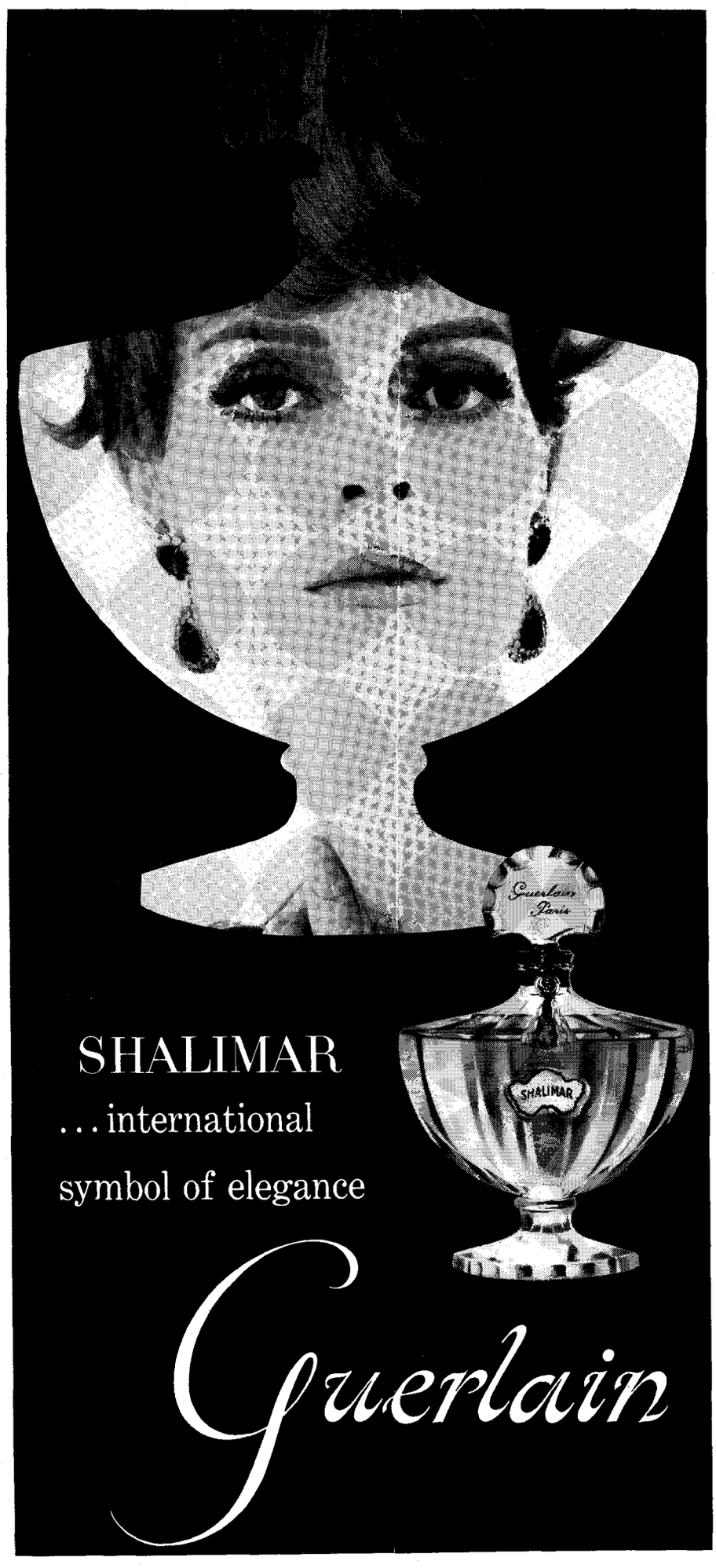

ter and the director of special editorial projects for the Britannica.

Our tour of the Center wound up at Kelly's office. During the walk, I had seen several secretaries at work but, except for Ashmore, only one resident thinker. He was a rather young-looking man, wearing glasses, gray slacks, and a blue blazer, who was leaning against a pillar in the courtyard and looking up at the cloudless sky. Kelly identified him as a philosopher named Richard Lichtman, who is working for the Center during a year's leave from his teaching post at the University of Kansas City. "He's in charge of a two-day philosophy seminar that we started yesterday and will finish today," Kelly said. "We'll be getting together at eleven, as usual, and you can meet him and the others then. Most of them are working behind closed doors now." The usual complement of eighteen staff members, he said, receives guidance on its projects from a group of consultants, consisting at present of Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas; Reinhold Niebuhr, the Protestant theologian; John Courtney Murray, S.J., the Catholic theologian; Clark Kerr, president of the University of California at Berkeley; Eric F. Goldman, professor of history at Princeton; and Eugene Burdick, professor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley. Though the Center doesn't make public the salaries it pays, the permanent staff members are reportedly paid according to the scale prevailing at their home universities, but instead of three months' summer vacation, they get three or four weeks off sometime during the year. The Center is open for thinking five days a week the year round.

While Kelly was talking, Hutchins strolled in, introduced himself to me, and said to Kelly, "There's a crazy biologist coming in who wants to see me. Will you look out for him?" Kelly said he would. "It's funny," Hutchins went on, "but it seems that anybody who ever worked at the University of Chicago or anybody I ever met anywhere else drops in here when he's out this way. In New York, we operated on the fifty-fifth floor of the Lincoln Building. It was terrible—people crashing in all the time. So we said we'd better get the hell out of there. We came out here because we thought it was close enough and yet remote enough. Well, we've found out that it's close enough. Last year, some three hundred people came through here. They not only came through, they participated in our discussions. This poses

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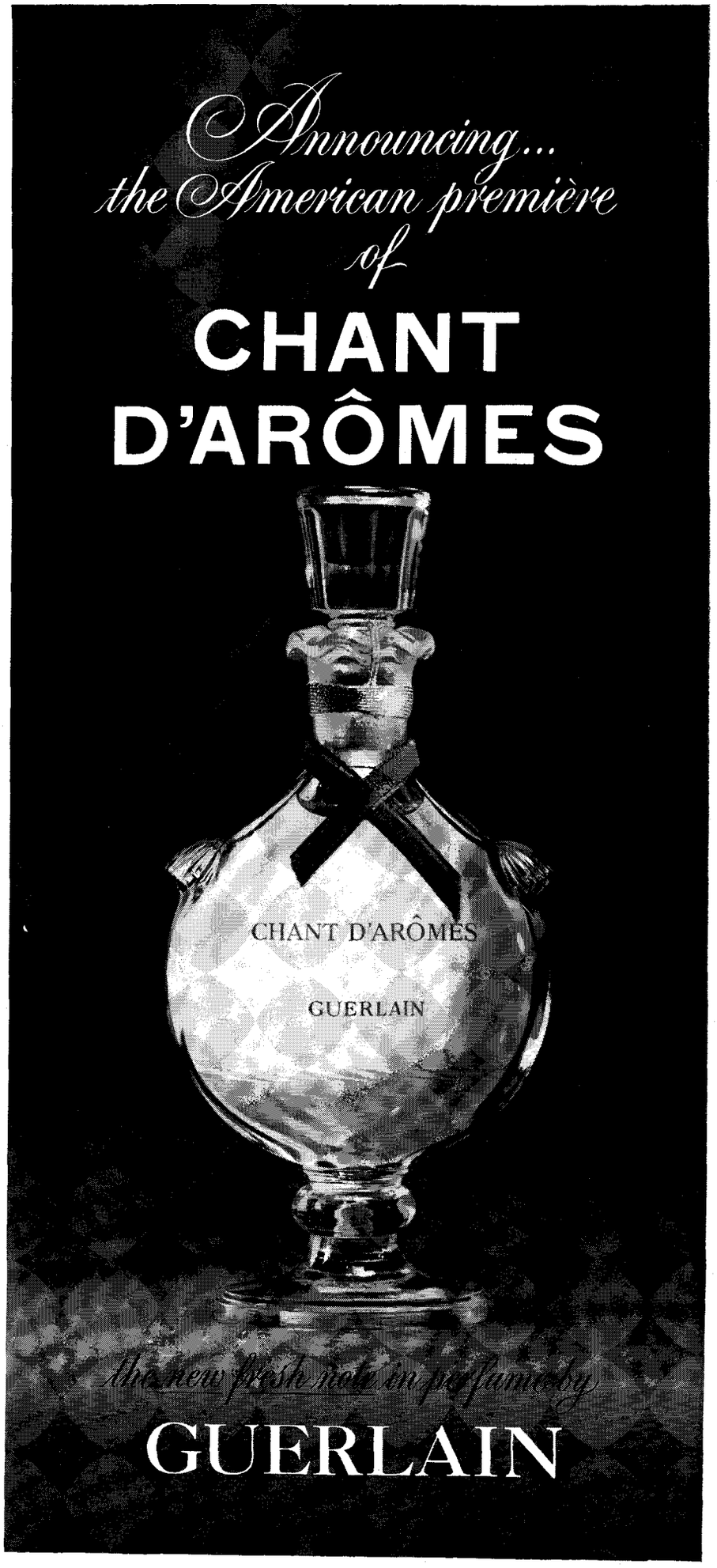
a problem. Take tomorrow, for example. The British Deputy Minister of Education is in this country, and he let it be known that he wanted to come to the Center. We can't say that we don't want to see him. The fact is that we *do* want to see him. But we ought to go on with this philosophical discussion that we started yesterday, and continue with it until we're sure that we've cleaned it up. Now we've got to interrupt it. This sort of thing creates a certain irregularity in our proceedings that I find a little distressing. Ideally, we should take a subject and stay with it until we know what we want to do with it. But the jets have made that almost impossible."

At sixty-four, Hutchins, who was dean of the Yale Law School at twenty-nine and president of the University of Chicago at thirty, is a strikingly handsome man. His hair is silver-gray, his chiselled features are lightly tanned, and his figure is trim. Casually but neatly turned out in gray slacks, a blue-gray sports jacket with silver buttons, a white shirt, a blue-and-white polka-dotted bow tie, and blue suède shoes with black rubber soles, he radiated the air of assurance that has been his hallmark down through the years, during which he has been progressively described as "the *enfant terrible* of U. S. education," "a middle-aged boy wonder," and "an urbane academician who has served his country for more than forty years as a sort of intellectual resource." He said that he had to get back to his office to make a long-distance phone call, but invited Kelly and me to accompany him, and we did.

After Hutchins had completed the call, I asked him about the origin of the Center. "It goes back to the early days of the Ford Foundation, of which I was associate director," he said, taking a pipe and a tobacco pouch from his pocket. "Paul Hoffman, the president, and I thought at that stage that we were incompetent to spend so much money ourselves. We said, 'Let's organize independent but related corporations, so that we'll get additional staff and additional people on our board who are especially interested in the various fields in which the Foundation is to operate, and let's give them a *lot* of money and tell them to go away and spend it in accordance with their best judgment—just keep in touch with us.' So we set up the Fund for the Advancement of Education, Intercultural Publications, Inc., the Fund for Adult Education, Resources for the Future, Inc., and the Fund for the Republic. The



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instructions to the Fund for the Republic were to support efforts to maintain civil liberties and civil rights—notably freedom of speech, thought, and expression—in the United States." For this purpose, the Fund was given fifteen million dollars, and Hutchins, having resigned from the Ford Foundation, eventually became its president.

Since I had read a few weeks earlier that the Fund was running out of cash, I asked Hutchins what he'd done with all that money. "The first seven and a half million were spent on all the things we could think of to help maintain civil liberties and civil rights during the McCarthy era," he said. "These ranged from rewarding a town in Iowa for making it possible for a Negro Air Force captain to find a place to live to giving about two million dollars to various organizations concerned with race relations operating in the South—such as the Southern Regional Council. They received money from us for the sole purpose of organizing groups to keep the discussion going in an effort to achieve a peaceful evolution in the South. That was our largest single undertaking. Our largest single appropriation, *per contra*, was our grant of five hundred thousand dollars to Clinton Rossiter to do *the* definitive study of Communism in the United States. We thought we would get rid of that issue by discussing it in historical and scholarly terms instead of in sloganeering terms, and if we could settle the question of what the role of the Communist Party had actually been in the United States, a great many apprehensions, and consequently a great deal of disorder and confusion, would be removed. Thirteen volumes of this study have been written so far, and nine have been published. The complete work is planned to run to fifteen volumes. We also put three hundred thousand dollars into the Commission on the Rights and Liberties of the American Indian, because we felt that any civil-rights organization that ignored the Indian would be derelict in its duty. What we tried to do during those years was to spot the issue and then spot the way of dealing with it. It didn't take much intelligence to do this. For example, we spotted the blacklisting issue and published John Cogley's book, whose findings have now been confirmed by the John Henry Faulk trial, although at the time just about everybody said the book was an absolute lie." The Cogley book, a comprehensive, scholarly two-volume work titled "Report on Blacklisting," was published in 1956, and presented proof that

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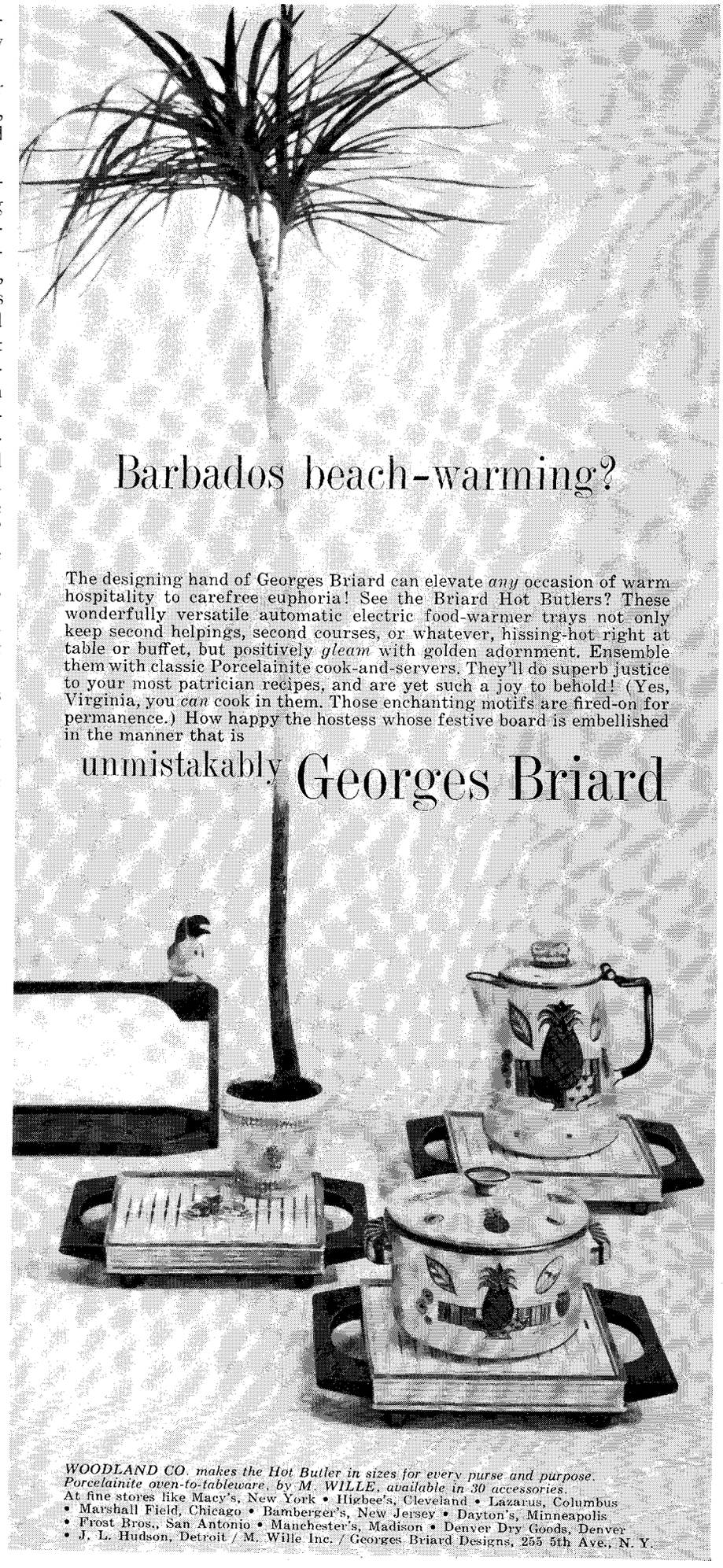
blacklisting was standard operating procedure in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy period.

"We were involved in many other things, such as censorship, immigration, the loyalty program, and segregated housing in the North," Hutchins said "We thought that assistance to or recognition of people who stood up during the McCarthy period was highly desirable, and so we gave several small rewards—to the Quakers, for example, who insisted that one of their librarians was competent, even though she had taken the Fifth Amendment. And so it went. Anybody, I think, would have selected the same problems if he had been in our position and had had our commitment. They were the obvious, but surface, problems of the era. We did all these things at the same time, and in a very short period, with the result that we spent a great deal of money all at once."

I asked Hutchins if he felt that the money had been well spent.

"If I had it to do all over again," he replied, "I would never spend all that time and all that money and all that effort on this type of ad-hoc operation. Now, if you want to get pretentious about it, you can look back and say, 'Well, in the perspective of history that was a good thing to do.' We did something to maintain the respectability of dissent and independence during the McCarthy period. More conventional organizations now give support to positions that were once taken only by the Fund. At the time, nobody else was really doing anything in a concerted, deliberate way to counteract McCarthy's influence or to bring about a peaceful evolution in the South. We did, and perhaps we made some contribution to whatever improvements there were. It's hard to say. You never know. I think it was probably a necessary phase



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we had to go through in order to come to the conclusions we finally reached. Whether we did any good in the process I don't know."

Hutchins said that probably the most important conclusion that he and the other directors of the Fund for the Republic had reached was that the principles of democracy, which the Fund was supposed to defend and advance, were vastly misunderstood, and, consequently, that defending these principles—no matter how vigorously—was not necessarily the most effective way of advancing them. The officers of the Fund thereupon began discussions that led to the founding of the Center and to the adoption of the so-called Basic Issues Program, which, according to one of the Center's publications that I had read, "is aimed at restoring the understanding and the vitality of democratic principles by reëxamining them in the light of the drastically new political, economic, social, and technological conditions of the second half of the twentieth century." I asked Hutchins whether that was the best available statement of the Center's purpose.

"We have a double purpose," he replied. "One we don't say very much about, because it perhaps isn't of any great public interest. What we're trying to do—as a matter of fact, what I've been trying to do all my life—is to see whether it is possible to establish an intellectual community. 'Intellectual' is a little pompous in this connection, but I don't know any other word for it. I tried this at the Yale Law School, and I tried it at the University of Chicago, and we are trying it here. From my point of view, this is a far more important objective than trying to clarify the great issues of our time. Actually, what we are trying to do is to discern and clarify these issues in such a way as to answer the other question—my private question: 'Is an intellectual community still possible?' "

"On the basis of the experience at the Center so far, do you think the results are encouraging?" I asked.

"Encouraging but inconclusive," Hutchins replied. "I think that all the tendencies of the academic world are against it. I think those tendencies are accelerating and gathering force. This is, of course, one reason that I've been interested in the Britannica project. It's another approach to the same question. In Germany, Backhaus and Herter independently arrived at the notion that an encyclopedia can no longer be a mere reference work—that it has to offer some assistance to its readers in

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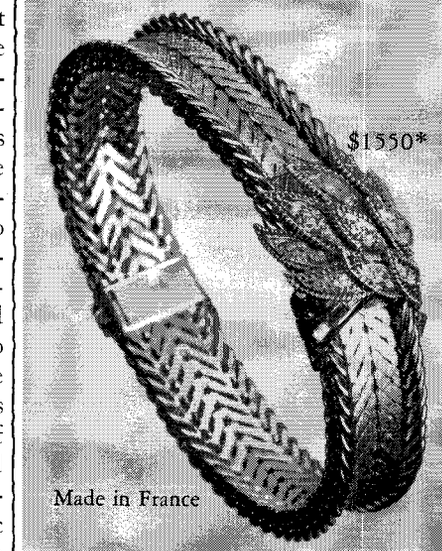

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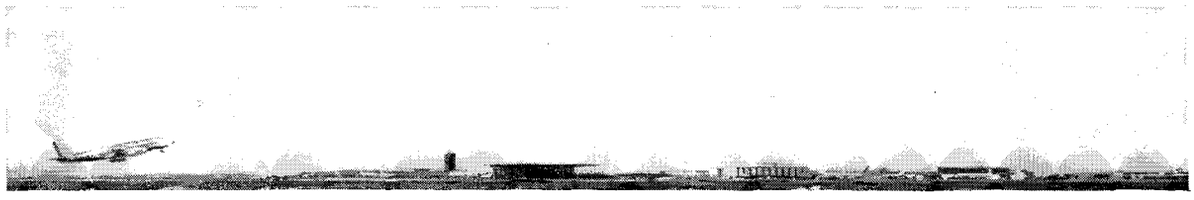
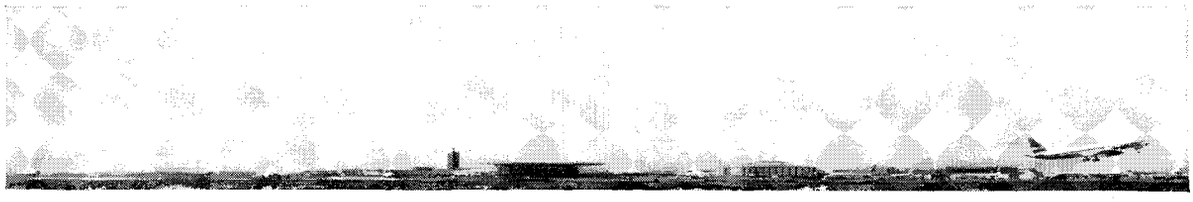


Astrojet with fan-jet engines [above] took off after 3500 feet of runway, ordinary jet [below] after 5200 feet.



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comprehending the world. When they reach such a conclusion independently of us, and we reach the same conclusion independently of them, it would seem that there may be something stirring, you know. Perhaps specialization, compartmentalization, incommunicability have gone so far that the reaction is setting in. If it hadn't been for these manifestations in Germany, I should have said that the whole tendency of the academic world—and the whole tendency of the whole world, as far as I can see—is against the development, maintenance, and success of intellectual communities."

I asked Hutchins whether he felt that the commercial aspect of the Britannica project exerted any restrictive influence on the development of the intellectual community he is trying to foster.

"We're too far removed from sales, too far removed from promotion," he said. "The Britannica people don't interfere with us. They don't tell us what they expect us to do, and they don't even indulge in very serious criticism of what we're about. They have nothing to say about the way we spend the money we get from them, they have nothing to say about whom we appoint, they have nothing to say about what subjects we study. So it's just as though we were a university under contract to the government or to a commercial company to supply *x* by way of research. But a contract that guarantees complete freedom."

"We've been called the first world university in the history of man," Kelly remarked.

Hutchins winced slightly. "Whatever we are, we're unique," he said. "We're unlike the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. We're unlike the Center for Advanced Study in Behavioral Sciences at Stanford. We're unlike the American Assembly at Columbia University, which is Mr. Eisenhower's contribution to adult education. So about the only way to understand this place is to come and see it. As I said, plenty of people do. In addition, we get applications all the time. People write and say, 'I have a year off. I'd like to come to Santa Barbara and write a book.' We don't encourage that. If they're not interested in coöperation, and just want to work on their own stuff, then they ought not to come here. Unless they're willing to come in and work with the group as a group, unless they're equally interested in what comes up under philosophy today and under communications next

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week—the whole range of our interests—then this place is not for them."

"What are the obligations of the people who do come and join the staff?" I asked.

"Nobody's required to do anything," Hutchins said.

"Don't staff members have to attend the daily meetings?"

"No," Hutchins said. "They all come, but they don't have to. And they don't have to participate when they do come. It's my view that the word 'leadership' is offensive to the development of an intellectual community—that the group moves along by a process of discussion and consensus, and not by a system of compulsion or requirement. We haven't any titles here, or any bureaucracy, and we try to have no administration. When it looked as though we were going to settle down and have a fine administrative organization, we burned the half of the building that held our records and files."

"The spirit of this place is summed up in those two words over the fireplace," Kelly said, directing my attention to an old-fashioned, gold-framed sampler bearing the embroidered admonition "Feel Free." "That was a gift to Mr. Hutchins from the mother-in-law of the Center's other vice-president, W. H. Ferry. There are plenty of times, though, when we don't feel so free, such as when we look at our 'in' baskets and see the mountain of material we have to read. Mr. Hutchins circulates an enormous amount of material. Mr. Ferry circulates everything from *War/Peace Report* to *Bird Banding*. Do you know how we spend our weekends? We read."

"A man on our staff is expected to give evidence that he's working, but he's not required to," Hutchins explained. "The evidence is usually the writing of a paper and its presentation for discussion at one of our daily meetings. This paper will be discussed anywhere from one day to three weeks. After that, the author usually goes away and rewrites it. Then he may bring it up for discussion again. At the end of an undetermined period of time and an undetermined amount of rewriting, discussion, and revision, the paper will be either published or thrown away. The mortality rate of first drafts is about a hundred per cent. I should think that about half the rewritten and revised papers are finally published. Those that aren't are usually withheld because the men who wrote them didn't think they were worth publishing. The success of our publishing program has been totally

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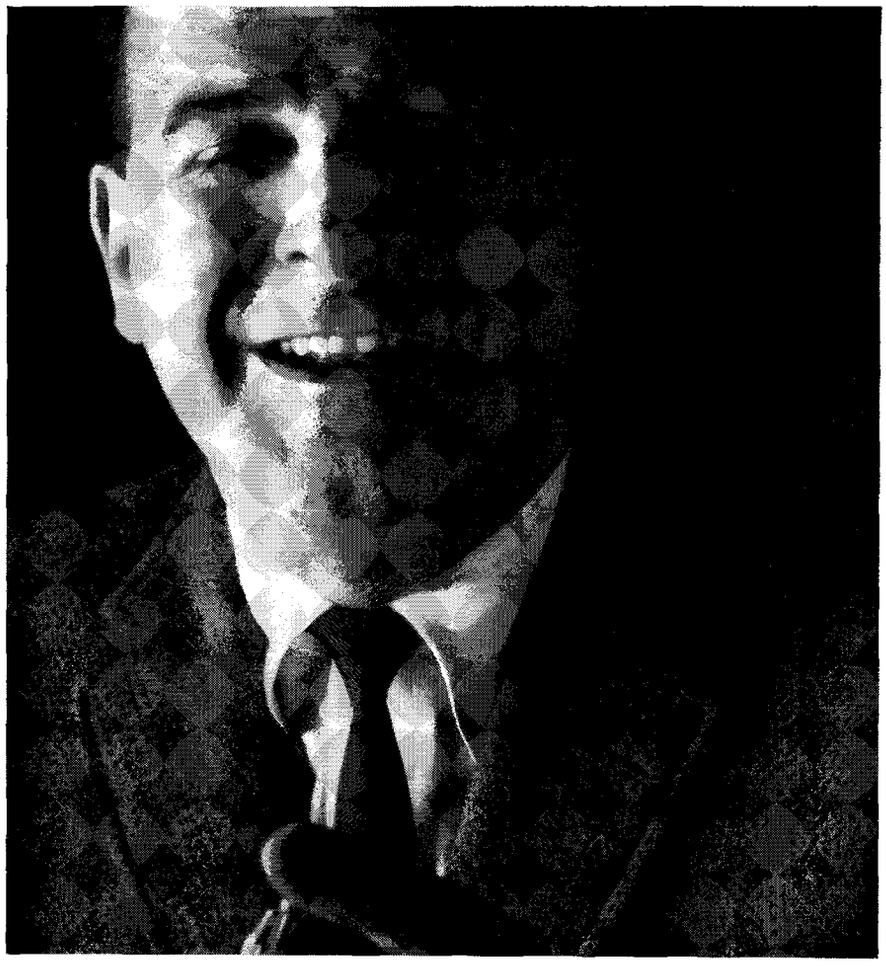

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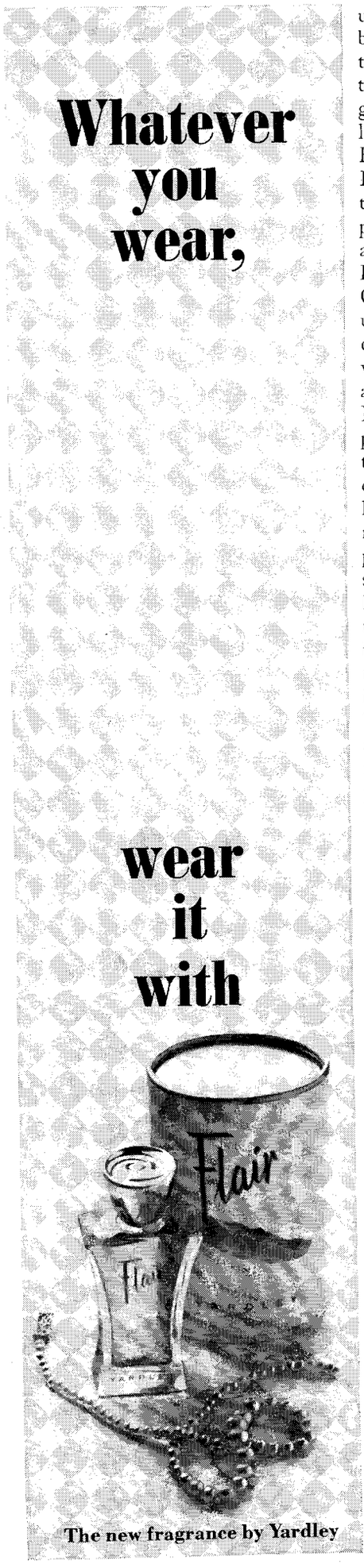

unexpected. We never thought we'd be in the business at all. As it happened, the first two papers that were presented to supply the basis for discussion were so good that we said, 'Why don't we publish these?' [They were "Economic Power and the Free Society," by A. A. Berle, Jr., which discusses the corporation, its origin, its evolution, and its present-day relation to the individual and society, and "Unions and Union Leaders of Their Own Choosing," by Clark Kerr, which discusses the trade union, its impact on the workers' freedom, and the problem of democracy within unions.] So we published them, and the response was simply enormous. I mean in terms of what we had expected. So we said, 'Well, this seems to meet some kind of—what do they call it now?—felt need. Why don't we keep it up?' Now everybody on our mailing list is there by request. It's a pretty influential list. It must show something. We know one thing. We know that there are hundreds of people teaching in this country who have nothing to teach with—who think that the textbooks and other material they're using are out of date or stupid or dull. They welcome our material. For example, we got a request from Amherst for four hundred copies of one of our publications, to be used in a course there. Also, there are apparently large numbers of individuals who are concerned about the state of the world and think that the Center is the only place where they can get a disinterested analysis, in a fairly small compass and in fairly simple language, of what is going on."

"We get between seventy-five and a hundred thousand letters a year," Kelly said. "We spend close to three hundred thousand dollars a year on our publication program alone. We've had amazing attention from the press on these pamphlets. The first ones we put out made front-page banner headlines in the Chicago *Daily News*, the Detroit *Free Press*, and a number of other papers. Imagine—pamphlets issued by an educational institution making headlines! In addition, our publications are very often the subject of editorials in newspapers across the country, and quite a good deal of what we've published has been incorporated into textbooks."

"One of the most entertaining developments has been the sale of our tapes," Hutchins said. "The discussions in our daily meetings are recorded, and a while ago we sent a notice around saying that we'd let people have copies of our tapes for five dollars each. We had a thousand orders in a month, and they're still

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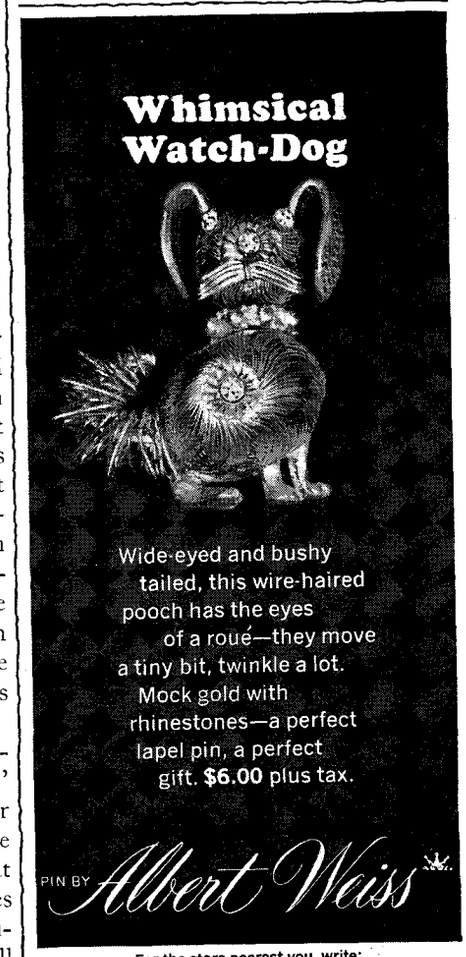

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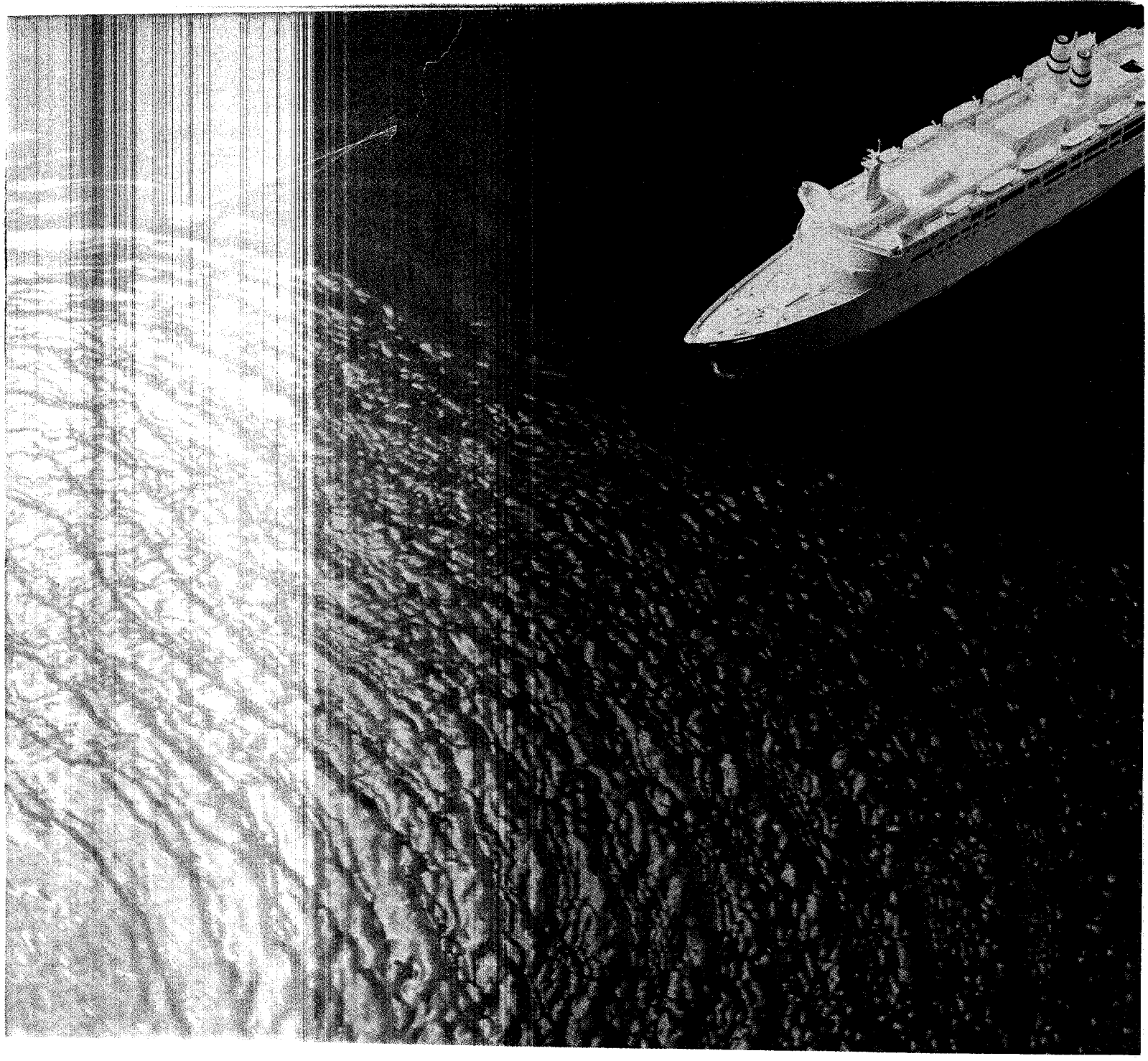

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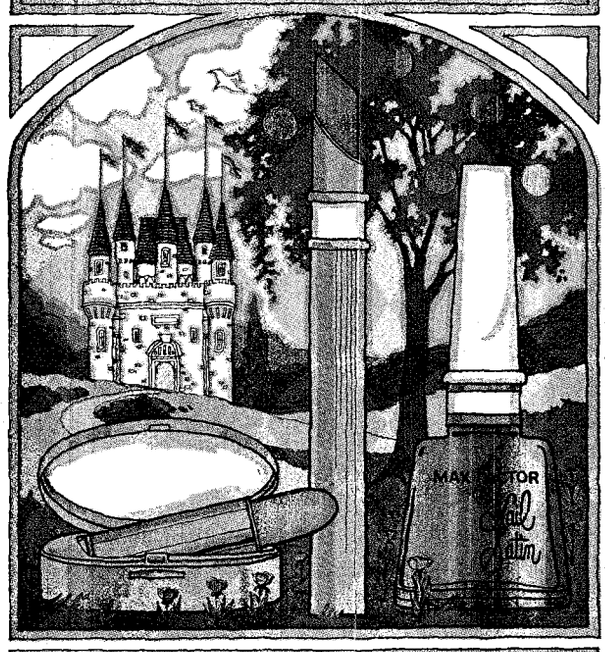

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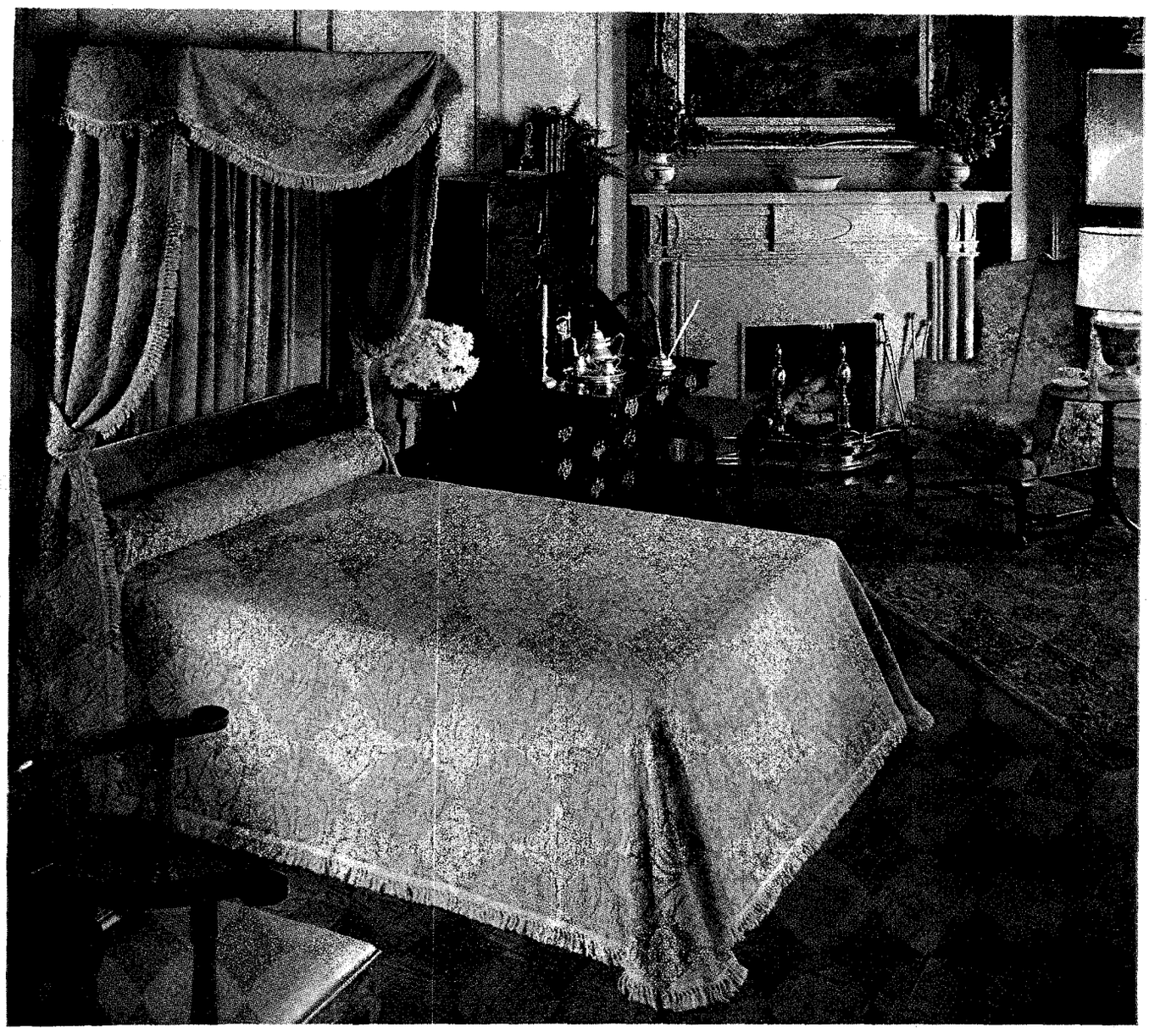

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coming in. It's extraordinary, though I'm not sure what it means. It may show that people in this country have stopped reading entirely."

The introduction of this somewhat dampening note led me to remark that the Center has a reputation for being short on optimism about the future of democratic institutions, and to ask Hutchins whether he felt that this reputation was deserved.

"If you were to take a poll here on what we thought of the present possibilities of making democracy work, in either the advanced or the developing countries, I think you'd get very serious differences of opinion," he replied.

"However," Kelly said, "the Center is dedicated to the idea that it's possible to make democracy work, no matter how complicated the situation gets. Fundamentally, it's an optimistic ideal, even though a lot of people around here are pessimists. Harry Ashmore is a modified optimist, and I'm a congenital optimist. Mr. Hutchins is an optimist, I think."

"Yeah, I'm an optimist," Hutchins said. "On the general theory that that's the only way you can live."

"I'd say that Mr. Ferry is a man of great gloom," Kelly went on. "Hallock Hoffman—he's secretary of the Center—takes a rather gloomy view of things, doesn't he? Who are the other gloomy boys?"

"Well, I really don't think that's the way to define it," Hutchins said. "I think it has a good deal to do with the fields we are in. For example, in my field—in law and education, the two things I have been most concerned about—I don't see much hope for immediate improvement. Jurisprudence seems to me to be at a dead end, and education is being turned into a system of accommodation. I think that Paul Jacobs, who's our man on labor, is of the opinion that the labor movement is gone and that something else has taken its place, which might be called the labor business, and he feels that none of the traditional means—especially the contract and collective bargaining—are going to enable the labor business to cope with the problems that the working people are going to have to confront. Mr. Ferry's field has been the corporation, and I don't see how you can look at the corporation and be very cheerful. You can think of a lot of things that might be done, but how do you get them done? How do you get anything done in education? Or in law? I would say that the Supreme Court has painted itself into a whole series of corners, so

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that it will take either a Constitutional Convention or a major retreat from many positions to make the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Bill of Rights intelligible, or the First Amendment, or the Fourth or the Fifth." Turning to Kelly, Hutchins continued, "I don't see how you can be terribly optimistic. You've been spending most of your time on the media of mass communication. I haven't heard a new syllable or a new idea in mass communication since 1947."

"But there's a lot going on in the communications field," Kelly said, "and there's a lot more—"

"Does it cheer you up?" Hutchins interrupted.

"Yeah," Kelly said.

"When you see all those Westerns, it makes you feel good?"

"No, but there are many more good paper-bound books. Sales are rising. The cheap paper-bound books are levelling off. There are a lot of signs that some kind of a communications revolution is going on, which is very encouraging."

"That's great," Hutchins said.

"We've even got *him* on television," Kelly said to me. "The N.B.C. station in Los Angeles has given Mr. Hutchins a series of twenty-six half hours to use entirely as he wishes. No strings attached. It's his own program—sort of 'Hutchins on the World,' or maybe 'Hutchins Versus the World.' A few years ago, I don't think they would have done this. I think there's a change going on."

"The reason for this particular change is that N.B.C. thinks I'm old enough now to be respectable," Hutchins said. "It's like the fortune-teller who told a man who came to see her, 'If you live long enough, you'll be famous.' He asked, 'What for?' And she replied, 'Old age.' "

"I'm basically an optimist because the Fund for the Republic has survived for ten years," Kelly said. "Five years ago, Bob, you were doubtful about its survival. I *knew* it would survive."

"You can't spend your whole life in education without being an optimist," Hutchins said. "If you weren't, you'd commit suicide. The whole principle of education is that by doing such and such you can make things or people or the future better. If you didn't have that expectation, you wouldn't stay in the business."

"I think the very fact that an organization like the Fund, which is dedicated to criticizing, perhaps not too effectively but at least fearlessly, all the institutions of society, is permitted to exist, and is

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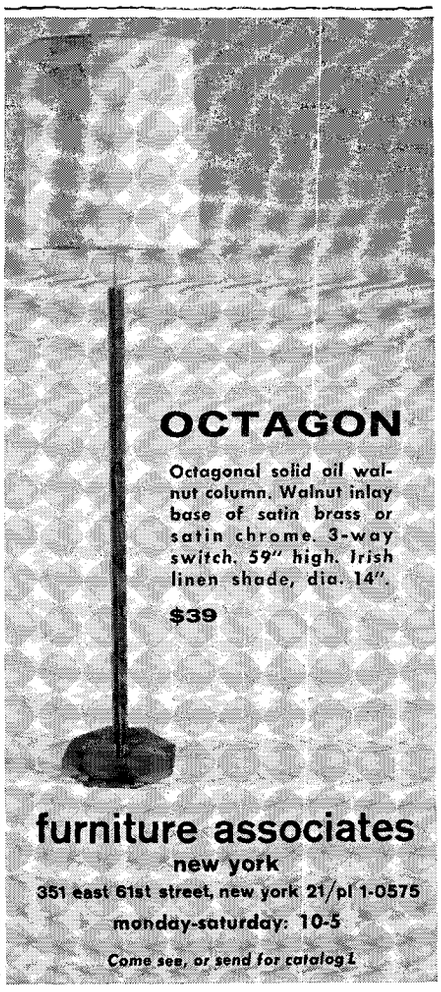

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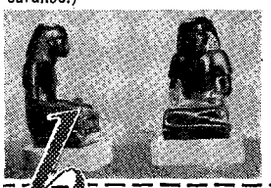

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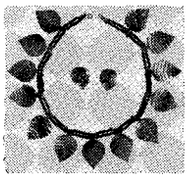

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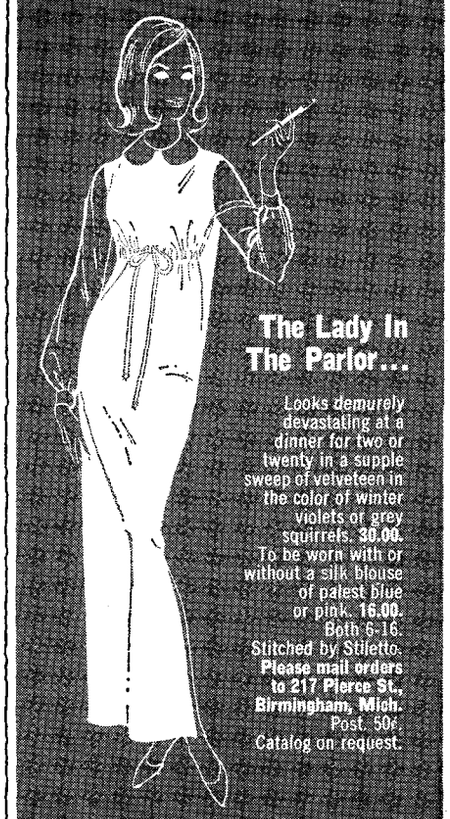
now thriving and gets a hundred thousand letters a year—I think that's a sign there's some life," Kelly said.

"That's the most un-American statement I ever heard," Hutchins said. "The reason it's un-American is that the whole principle of American government—the central, fundamental, traditional principle of American society—is that we *must* engage in criticism."

HUTCHINS glanced at his watch, announced that it was almost eleven and time for the daily staff meeting, and started out of his office. Kelly and I followed him as he strolled into the courtyard, where he stopped by a small bronze bell (a gift from the staff on his sixty-first birthday) and, grasping a leather dog leash attached to the clapper, produced a few vigorous clangs. Responding to this call to action, members of the staff, along with a pair of visiting philosophers—Professor John E. Smith, of Yale, and Professor Philip Merlan, of Scripps College—emerged from doors opening onto the courtyard and joined Hutchins in an informal procession into the conference room. The philosophers wore business suits, and so did Sir Robert Watson-Watt, a white-haired, twinkly-eyed British technologist who is known as "the father of radar" and who has been a consultant on science and technology at the Center since 1960; most of the other staff members were dressed in sports jackets and slacks. As the group entered the conference room, most of the regulars stopped at a table, near the door, that held a coffee urn, cups, and saucers, and helped themselves. The conference room was light and cheerful—forty-four feet long and about half as wide, with a large fireplace in the center of one wall and, in the opposite wall, an expanse of floor-to-ceiling French doors that provided a magnificent view of the Santa Ynez Mountains on one side and of the ocean on the other. Brown carpet covered part of the floor, and an abstract oil by Howard Warshaw, which was untitled but was presumably of a man talking, hung over the fireplace. In the center of the room, several tables covered with green felt were arranged to form a hollow rectangle, and around it were a couple of dozen comfortable wooden chairs with leather backs and seats. A white scratch pad, a yellow pencil with an eraser, and a microphone were in front of each chair. There was no prescribed order for seating, although the person who is reading a paper or conducting the meeting customarily sits at the center of the head table. Richard

the village store



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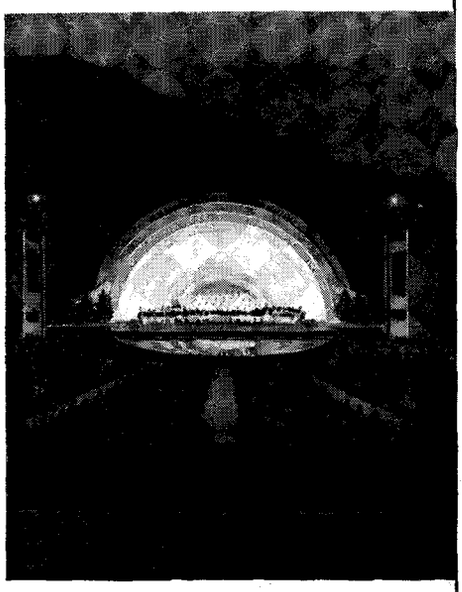

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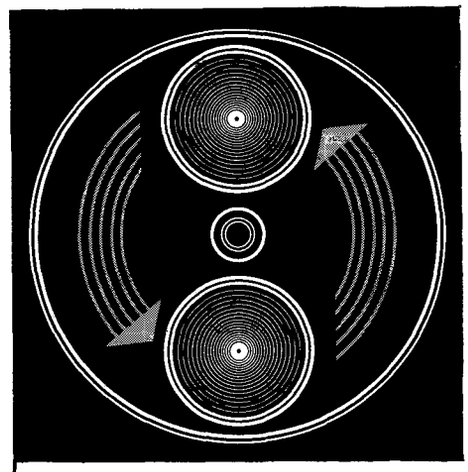

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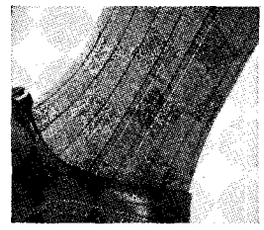
Lichtman, the young philosopher from Kansas City, sat there on this occasion; Hutchins was on his right, and on his left was Ashmore, who presides when Hutchins is absent.

After everybody had settled down, Hutchins suggested that Lichtman begin by briefly summarizing the previous day's meeting, which Lichtman did, at length. He then called upon the two visiting professors, each of whom spoke for about twenty-five minutes; between them, they ranged over a variety of matters—depth psychology, the relationship between science and philosophy, and the discontinuous nature of space, among other things—while the members of the staff appeared to pay close attention and from time to time jotted something on their scratch pads. When Professor Merlan, who was the second speaker, came to the end of his discourse, he sighed and said, "Well, I suppose that's what I wanted to say." This tentative note also characterized the discussion that followed. "Perhaps" seemed to be the favorite word of the participants, who were inclined to introduce their remarks with such undogmatic expressions as "One of the things I think I have on my mind," and "I would like to say briefly what I tried to say earlier," and "I'm not saying, one way or another, whether it would work or whether it is right," and "I think the basic difficulty, if there *is* a difficulty . . ." Earnest and thoughtful though the discussion was, it did not seem to be making monumental strides toward clarifying the great issues of our time. One of the reasons for the pale texture of the proceedings was explained in a note passed to me by Harry Ashmore. "If you haven't been told," it read, "this is a session devoted, for the Britannica's purposes, to academic philosophy. I'm afraid you may go away with the impression that the Center's program is also devoted to such abstractions as the cleavage between existentialists and linguistic analysts. I'm sure Hutchins made it clear that the Center is not removed from the Real World. Horny-handed types are not unknown on Eucalyptus Hill."

At twelve-thirty-five, Hutchins, who had participated scarcely at all in the discussion, pushed back his chair and rose, signalling the end of the session. He then opened the doors into the adjoining dining room, where, on a small table near the door to the terrace, stood a bottle of ready-mixed Martinis, a bottle of vermouth, a bucket of ice, and some Old-Fashioned glasses. Hutchins did not take a drink, but about half of the others helped themselves and then

I love Clive



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drifted out onto the terrace. "The company doesn't provide either food or drinks for the staff," Hallock Hoffman informed me as I stopped at the bar on the way outdoors. "We pay a dollar apiece for lunch, and from time to time we all put money in the liquor kitty."

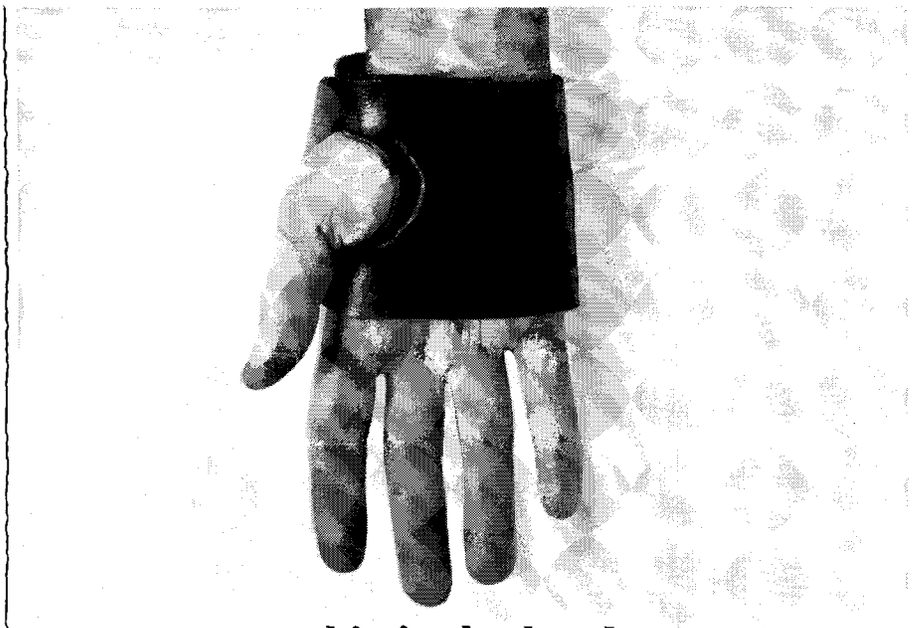
Professor Smith, Lichtman, and John Wilkinson, a staff member who specializes in the philosophy of mathematics, walked over to the far side of the terrace, where they took shelter from the sun under a large tree as they continued a lively conversation they had started in the conference room.

"You philosophers are always in the shade," Ashmore called over to them.

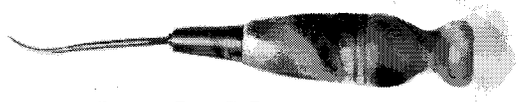
"Perpetuating the gulf in modern culture, you might say," Professor Smith called back.

After drinks, the staff and the guests returned to the dining room, where they served themselves on paper plates to a picnic-type lunch of tomato juice, a roast-beef sandwich, salad, and a piece of cake, which they ate while sitting in small groups around the conference table. Hutchins had passed up the spread and was lunching instead on a package of chocolate-covered graham crackers and a cup of coffee when I sat down next to him. Referring to the morning session, he said that it was fairly representative of the Center's discussion method, though the subject matter was perhaps rather special. "We are not concerned with speculative problems beyond the necessity of considering them in order to understand practical problems," he continued. "We would not, for example, consider a metaphysical question or a theological question unless we were forced to in order to consider what ought to be done about Church and State, or whether there is anything in the natural law that has any bearing on jurisprudence today. We are concerned with practical problems—though not with *immediate* practical problems—in the sense that practical problems raise the question: What is to be done? We are not concerned with what is truth, except to the degree that it sheds light on the same question. We are therefore in a position about halfway between the world of affairs and the ivory tower."

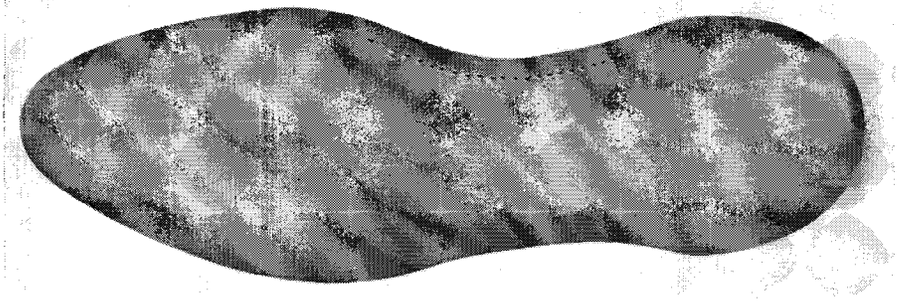
Operating from this position, Hutchins said, the Center has tackled an impressive array of practical problems, ranging from population control, the arms race, and the impact of automation and computers on the democratic way of life to union featherbedding, the influence of the modern corporation, and religion in American society. One



this is the hand



that holds the awl



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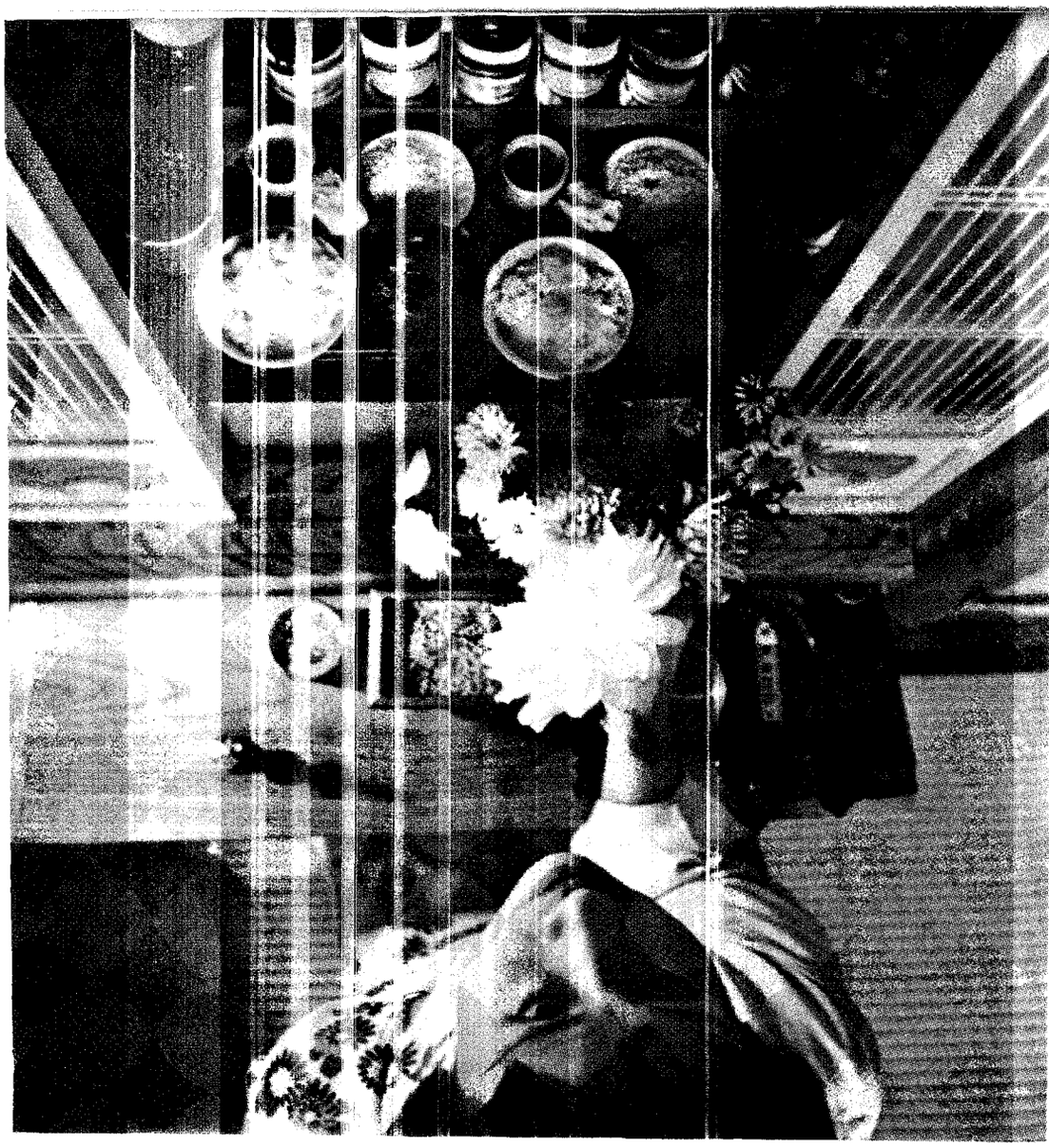
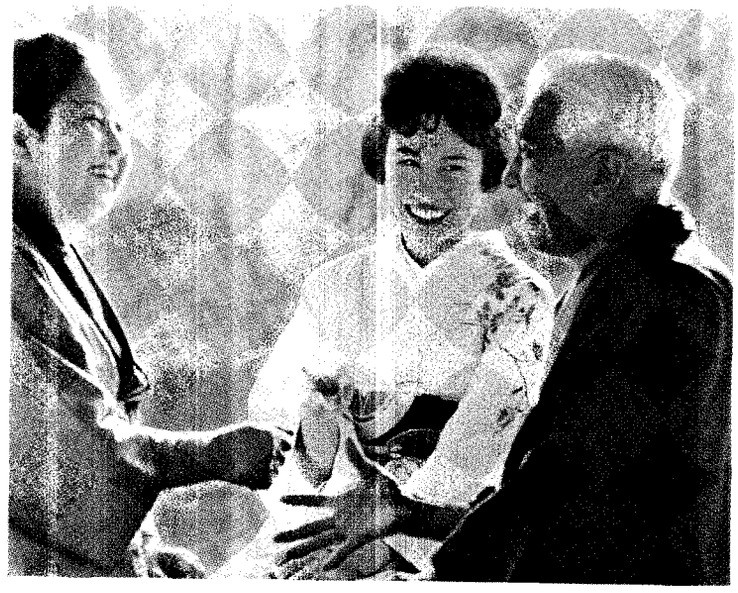


Tribute to a gracious heritage: JAL hostess Shoko Yamamoto arranges flowers at the family shrine

Earliest st

Happiness flourishes in Shoko's serene household



The traditional bow of respect

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Hosiery fashion on five continents

Photographed at St. Moritz, Switzerland

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of the Center's current projects is a comprehensive study of the American character. "Its object," he explained, "is to clarify the interaction between American institutions and traditional American standards and values, in order to determine whether these standards and values are collapsing, as people often allege, and, if they are, to suggest what might be done about it." Besides providing for the daily exploration of hard problems by its staff, the Center holds periodic weekend symposiums, attended by private citizens who are invited to explore with members of the staff some of the broader issues on the contemporary scene. At a recent weekend gathering, for instance, twenty-four United Nations delegates and about a hundred and fifty other guests, including some doctors and housewives, engaged in a spirited, freewheeling six-hour discussion of the question "Is Democracy Possible?" For the past three years, the Center has also provided adult-education courses in both Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and, in addition, it has held seminars in Greece and Israel, at the request of the governments of those countries. And at present it is considering invitations to conduct seminars in several Latin-American countries, in Japan, and in other parts of the world. "With our limited resources, I am inclined to go very slowly on foreign operations at present," Hutchins said. "Whenever anybody asks Mr. Justice Douglas, who is co-chairman of our board—Elmo Roper is the other co-chairman—what ought to be done anywhere in the world, he says, 'Establish a Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions there.' "

I said that the staff members I had met had all seemed almost as enthusiastic about the Center as Justice Douglas, though none had appeared quite as ecstatic about his situation as Sir Robert Watson-Watt, who described it as "an almost idyllic existence."

"He doesn't have to raise money," Hutchins said. "I do. I began raising money when I became Secretary of Yale University on January 1, 1923. I abandoned university administration in 1951, precisely because I did not want to raise money any more. And here I am, spending my reclining or declining years just where I began. This is what is known as coming full circle, which is generally regarded as highly undesirable." He paused to nibble on a cracker. "We are trying to raise twenty million dollars to keep the Center in business," he continued. "In order to operate as we are at present, we need

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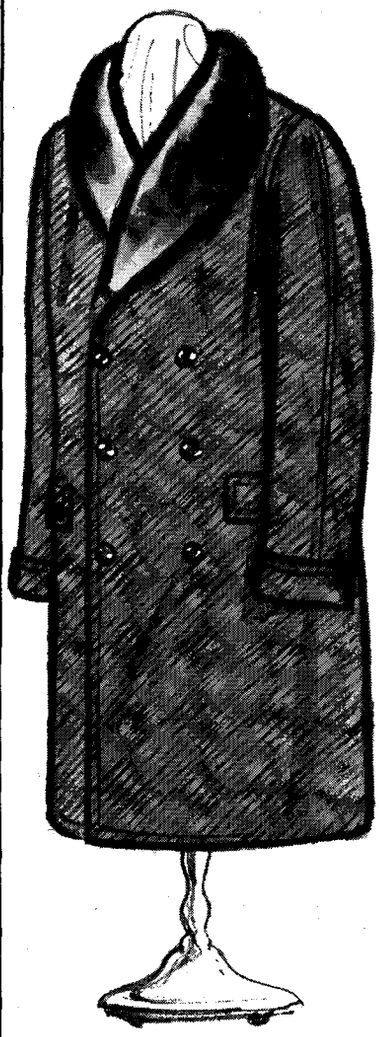

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

to spend about a million dollars a year. We figure that the funds we have on hand will keep us going until October, 1965. After that, if we're not successful in the refinancing operation, we'll go out of business."

Kelly, who had come in from the terrace and sat down on the other side of Hutchins, said that the money-raising campaign was going well. "So far, we've obtained about a million and a half dollars in cash or pledges," he said. "The interesting thing is that during the past two years we've received through the mail gifts ranging from one dollar to a thousand dollars from about six thousand persons in eighteen hundred communities across the country. We're very encouraged by this. We believe it indicates a widespread conviction that the Center is helping people to understand the fundamental problems facing democracy in this revolutionary age."

By this time, Hutchins had finished his lunch and filled and lighted his pipe. If he was worried about the future of the Center, he didn't show it. He looked, in fact, as relaxed and confident as any man might who has had considerable success in figuring out, in a general way, what the hell is going on.

—John Bainbridge

•

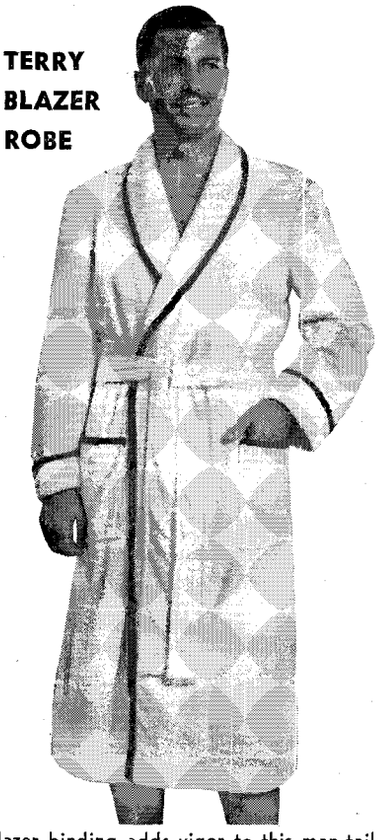
Normal Protein Intake Linked To Longevity

A dog has to be cut out for the job—be neither too big nor too small—to snare a hare holing up in a hollow log. For a man to snare his prize—a longer life and a fit one—research indicated that the nutrients in the food he eats also may have to be cut out for the job. Too much protein or too little may get in his way.

—*Princeton Shopping Center News.*

To snare
A hare
One must take care
That the dog
Fit the log.
Don't forget that.
But
To snare
Life's prize
One must eat wisely. Too much hare,
Whether well-done
Or rare,
Is dangerous fare.
Too *little* hare,
On the other hand,
Will impair
Health.
Longevity
Will be replaced
By brevity.

TERRY BLAZER ROBE



Blazer binding adds vigor to this man-tailored robe. *In White terry with royal blue binding . . .* or in Cocoa Brown terry with white binding. Sm (36-38), Med (39-41), Lg (42-44). **$13.30 ppd.**

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Read it on our label. Taste it in our Whisky. The flavour is unmistakable.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THOUGH the custom furriers nowadays tend to treat the greatest of furs with the greatest of nonchalance (Maximilian's Sun Valley is a double-breasted, three-quarter-length thing of Russian crown sable; Revillon's sable takes the form of a flaring three-quarter cape), there *is* a smaller tendency toward old-fashioned spoiled-beauty, Ziegfeld-girl grandeur. For one, there is that business of a fairly sleek fur adorned with fluffier skins around the neck and slanting down a wrapped front: Maximilian uses champagne Russian broadtail with matching blond Canadian fox, which also goes around a circular hem; Ben Kahn uses white Indian lamb, smooth as moire, for a formal-length coat with an enormous, elbow-length cape collar of ranch mink, and a band of the mink sidles all the way to the floor. A sporting version of this Kahn job, below-hip length, is of tan Lakoda seal (it sheds water as well as the better-known Brazilian river otter does) with golden fox for the vast cape collar and the lining. Esther Dorothy, never an innocent bystander when anything's going on, dyes cobra skins the color of a lime for a Clara Bow sort of coat, and adds fox, dyed a lighter shade, to it as trimming. And there is a nostalgic fondness for a one-skin border of fur going down the front of coats and around the hem. This occurs in a day-length Maximilian coat shown in Emba opal mink and in Esther Dorothy's slender coat of Lutetia. Next comes more Ziegfeld stuff, cupping under the knees or under the buttocks and wrapping upward in front. In this vein, we get a Maximilian jacket of black Russian broadtail with a detachable sable edging that can be a scarf in its state of single blessedness. There's a bow between the breasts on this one, and another on a Maximilian jacket of ranch or dyed-black mink with a portrait collar rising on each side. Ben Kahn applies this sort of line to a jacket of deep-charcoal-to-white chinchilla, the skins worked in lovely, dipping folds in back. All of these, I'd say, are only for rather formal evenings. More versatile is a coat designed by Trigère for Ben Kahn—of snow leopard in cocoon form, wrapped upward in the same huddled fashion.

Save for isolated instances, this stuff represents, just the same, a return not to the speakeasy era (when people behaved casually in ornate clothes) but to underplayed casualness of raiment and more discreet behavior—a fact to which James Terence Brady, of Gunther Jaeckel, will attest. He is currently mad for combining *cabaretta* leather (that's Italian capeskin) with fur; a fluffy beauty of a reversible coat is done in Golden Glory fox (warm brown to white) with a lining of brown leather. Brady's idea of what to do with snow leopard (in a milky white, with vague charcoal spots) is a seven-eighths reversible coat that has a wide-open neckline and a detachable hood lined with pale *cabaretta;* hoods are a passion with Mr. B. this season. More beautiful Brady bulk appears in a sports jacket of American badger—very shaving-brush, being all grays, pale saffrons, and white. This is $495, plus the federal tax. When Mr. B. turns to Irish otter, which is thick, with a pearly cast, the result is double-breasted sports coats. While I'm on the subject of comfortable deep-piled stuff, I'll point out that Esther Dorothy puts cross fox (yellow and charcoal tones), which I haven't seen in many a year, into a greatcoat whose tuxedo front is held in across the waist by a leather thong. Revillon, who was doing things to entice the Saint-Moritz contingent when almost everyone else was taking furs sombrely indeed, is now doing sports coats of Virginia fox (savage white to brass to charcoal) with attached hoods ($540 plus), as well as a reversible stunner of Russian kit fox (gentler

"What do you think the world would be like if everyone spat on everyone else?"

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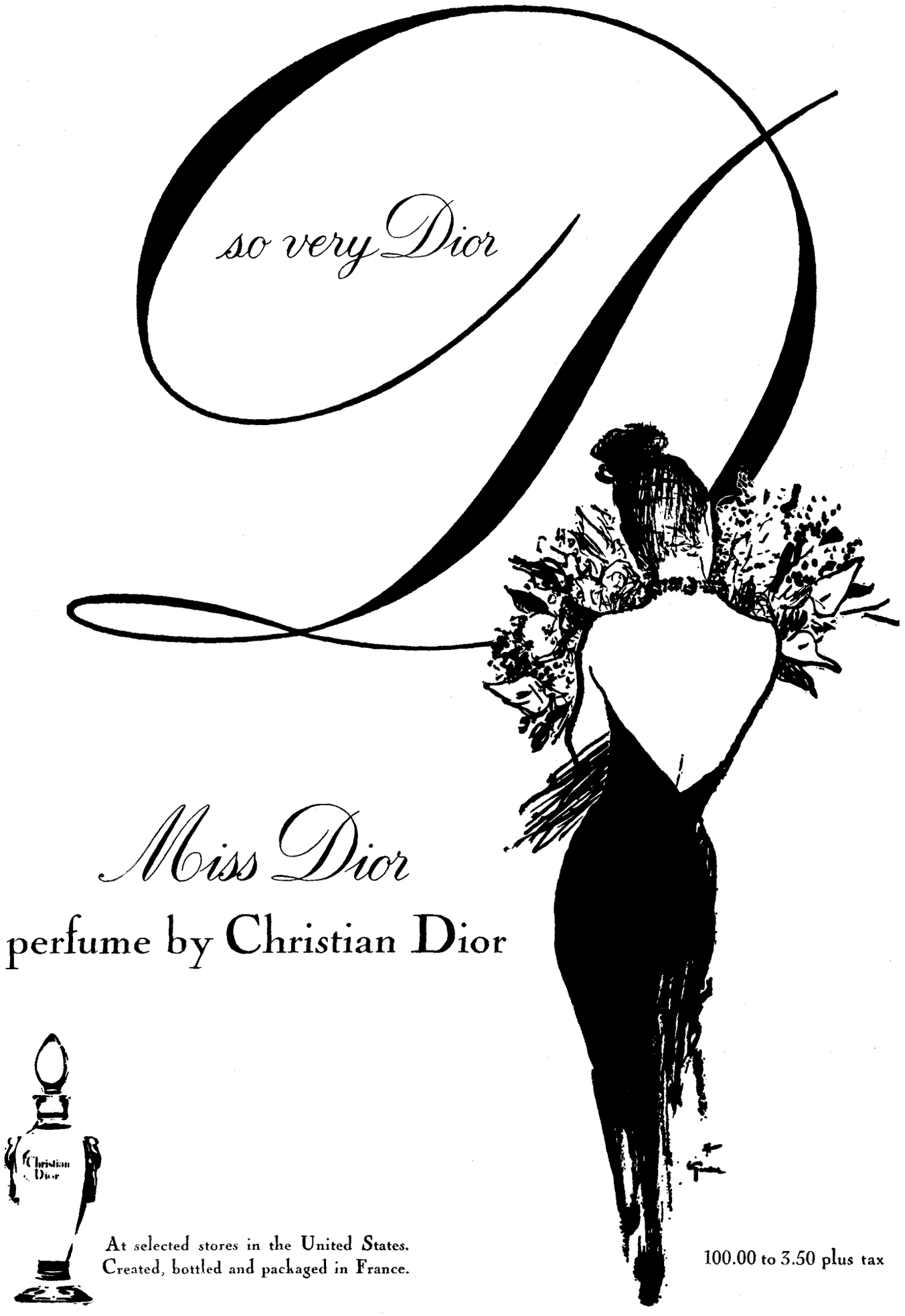

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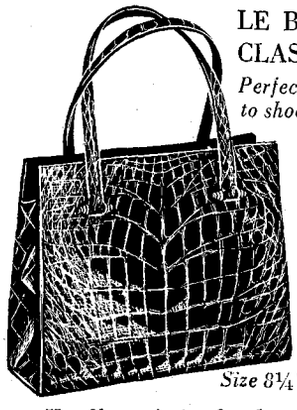

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tones) with an inside of green suède ($800 plus).

The predictable spotted furs are present, often—to add to the swashbuckling look of them—made into capes. An Alfred Rainer one of cheetah (beige ground, with black spots the size of a dime or less) gets a turnover collar that can rise into a funnel, and fullness swings wide above a flat panel down the front. It's shown in conjunction with an overblouse and a narrow skirt of brown river otter. Trigère, whose capers with capes cannot be surpassed, has designed for Ben Kahn a jaguar triumph, the skins all making deep Vs down the back, chevron style, with an emphatic swirl to the whole thing. (This is also nice in mink, they tell me.) Gunther Jaeckel's Brady loves spotted animals, too, but his rarely become capes. One of his jaguars is in a military mood, a notion that, in fact, permeates his collection—split collar, big vent up the back, eight double-breasted buttons, narrow set-in sleeves, and slight inward curve amidships. One of his ocelots, mottled like tortoise shell, is a slender coat with a sharp turnover collar. According to Brady, the ocelot is the only cat with a merry countenance (since the Cheshire, that is), and whimsical-grin markings appear before and behind both shoulders of this coat. The grin also appears on Revillon's tubular coat dress with black leather buttons all the way to the hem.

The newest smoothie in fur (and not especially expensive) is dyed-black calf, as slick as heavy satin and just as tailorable for suits and coats (Brady and Esther Dorothy, for two). I've already mentioned the slick white Indian lamb that is a specialty these days with Ben Kahn. Revillon does the simplest possible dress of it—high-busted, with little white buttons down the front and a band collar slanting inward.

Well, so much for the bird's-eye view; now for the door-to-door itinerary:

MAXIMILIAN, for instance. When the people there become haphazard, they go all out for the sporting look of the Gstaad sort, such as hip-length tunics of Somali leopard, cut to jog outward over the shoulders. Open V-necked collars top them off, and there are long, cuffed sleeves of black antelope. Another sports device is a three-quarter jacket of Russian lynx, lined with bright plaid wool to match a sleeveless dress. Otter, sheared and dyed a shiny brass, makes a jacket with three frogs across the chest. For the

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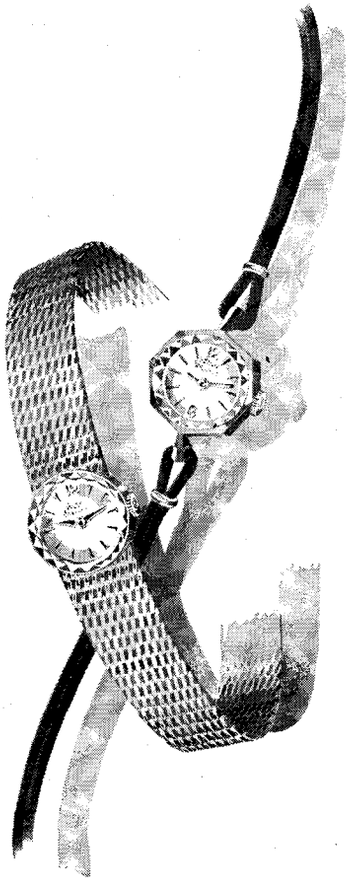

DO A LITTLE

CRYSTAL-GAZING

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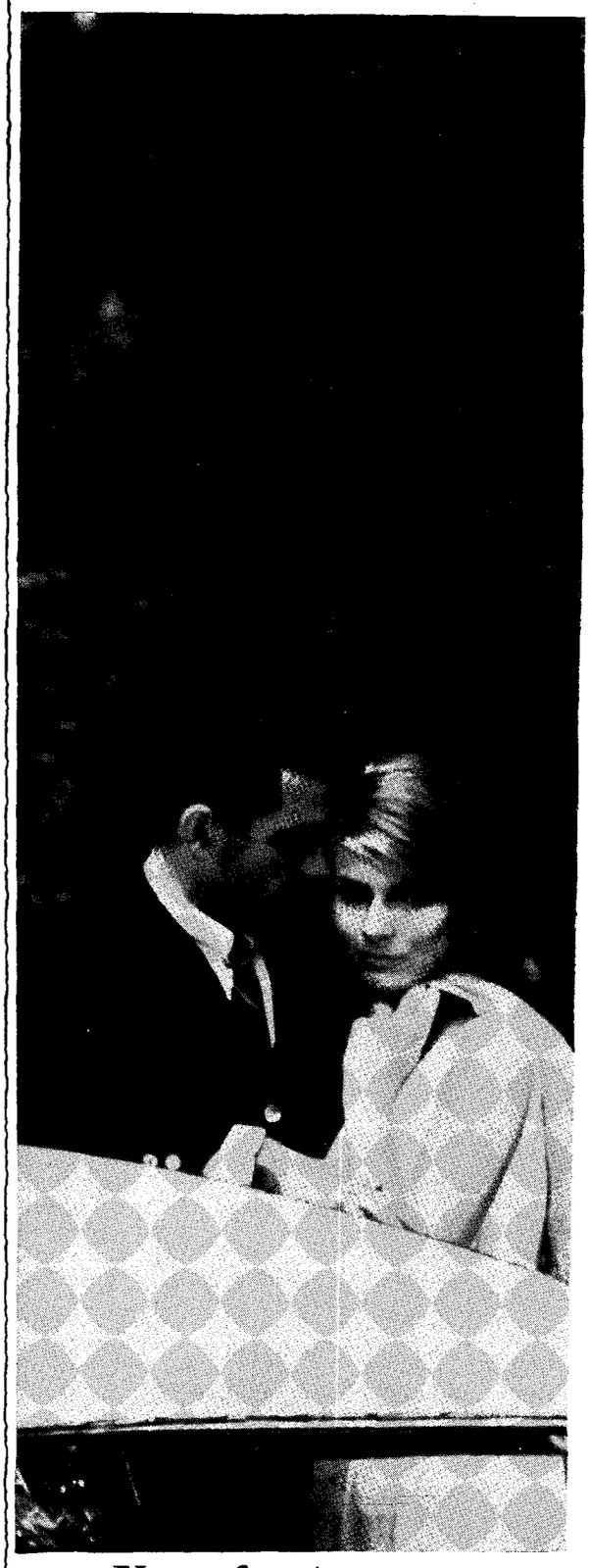
tailored woman, there is an incisive circular coat of black sheared Alaska seal that can reverse to show its emphatic black-and-white wool lining; a deep U neck, with a collar that turns up beside the ears, is part of it. A gray Persian lamb with a frosted look has a small split collar, and there are little pewter-gray shoe buttons at the double-breasted closing. Pale Russian otter is the essence of a narrow, clean-cut cape with a military band collar. Even in this era of automation, you hold it closed with your own hands. Another return to days of yore is a coat of black Alaska seal, slender through the body and with an elbow-length cape as a topper. Russian broadtail is forever a specialty here, but not for sports, though the long tunic top of a dress of it *does* have a buttoned shirtband coming down from the two-inch-high band collar. Formal evenings are the intent of a knee-length black broadtail that reverses to white mink. Its tuxedo front, furthermore, can turn back on itself and button down the sides to show more of the lining. It's the major portion of a costume; the remainder is an overblouse and skirt of broadtail. As always, the place teems with the utmost in formality: a coat of horizontal sable skins with deep revers; a cape of white mink, worked into chevron stripes, that sweeps to the floor; a coat of white mink gathered demurely at the natural waistline; a cape that is of white mink to about the hipbones, where black mink takes over and descends to the dance floor.

DOWNTOWN at the stately pleasure dome of Ben Kahn, which is retail despite the locale (150 West 30th Street), that smooth white Indian lamb is tailored in double-breasted style—princesse or tubular, but always dreamy. Here, as well, are all the regal furs. Creole mink forms his favorite trench coat—yoke flap across the back, deeply notched revers, and all. Dark-brown Lakoda seal manages to look slim even with its lining of Golden Glory fox, which emerges from within to make a shawl collar. Kahn has also done evening raincoats designed by Lawrence of London, whose branch office in the East is Lawrence of Arabia. These coats are not like any others I've seen. For them, peau de soie has been treated to make rain run off it like mercury, and it can be cleaned with a damp cloth. (I have a Trigère Alaskine dance coat, so treated, that is the love of my life.) A short, flaring coat of it in Shocking pink, with a bow at the collarless neck, is lined with white



News for twos who hate crowds

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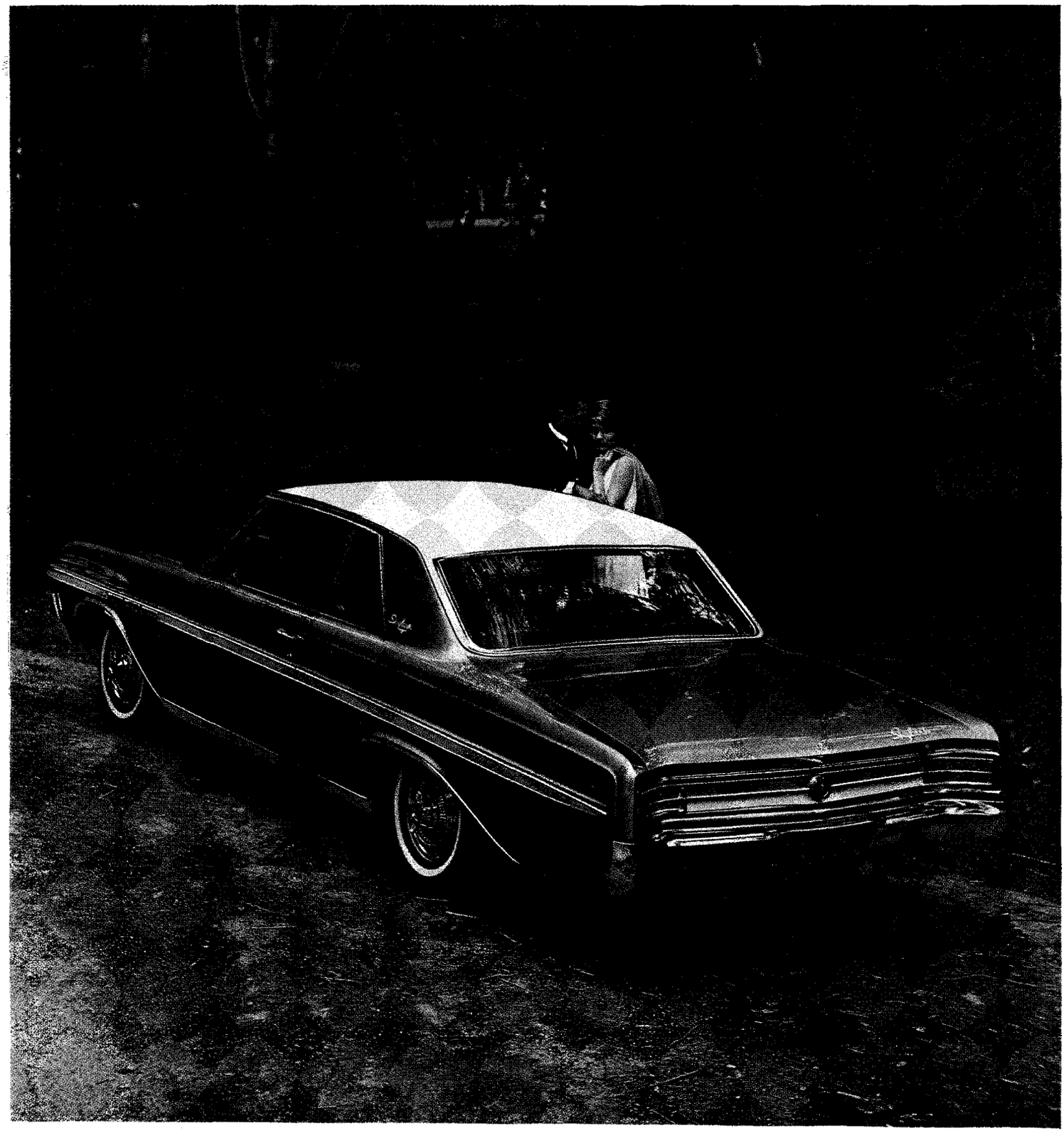
Below: Skylark 2-door coupe. Also see: Skylark convertible and 4-door sedan from Buick Motor Division.



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It's so easy. You're an escape artist the second you start your sleek new 1964 Buick Skylark. New 4-barrel carb V-8* has more power-per-pound than any other conventional production-car engine around. New Super Turbine 300 water-cooled transmission* helps give 21% more thrust. (Even has a built-in barometer to improve performance on mountain roads!). Inside Skylark, everything is posh and peaceful (outside noise stays outside). All this, and a price that's right down with low price names. And...

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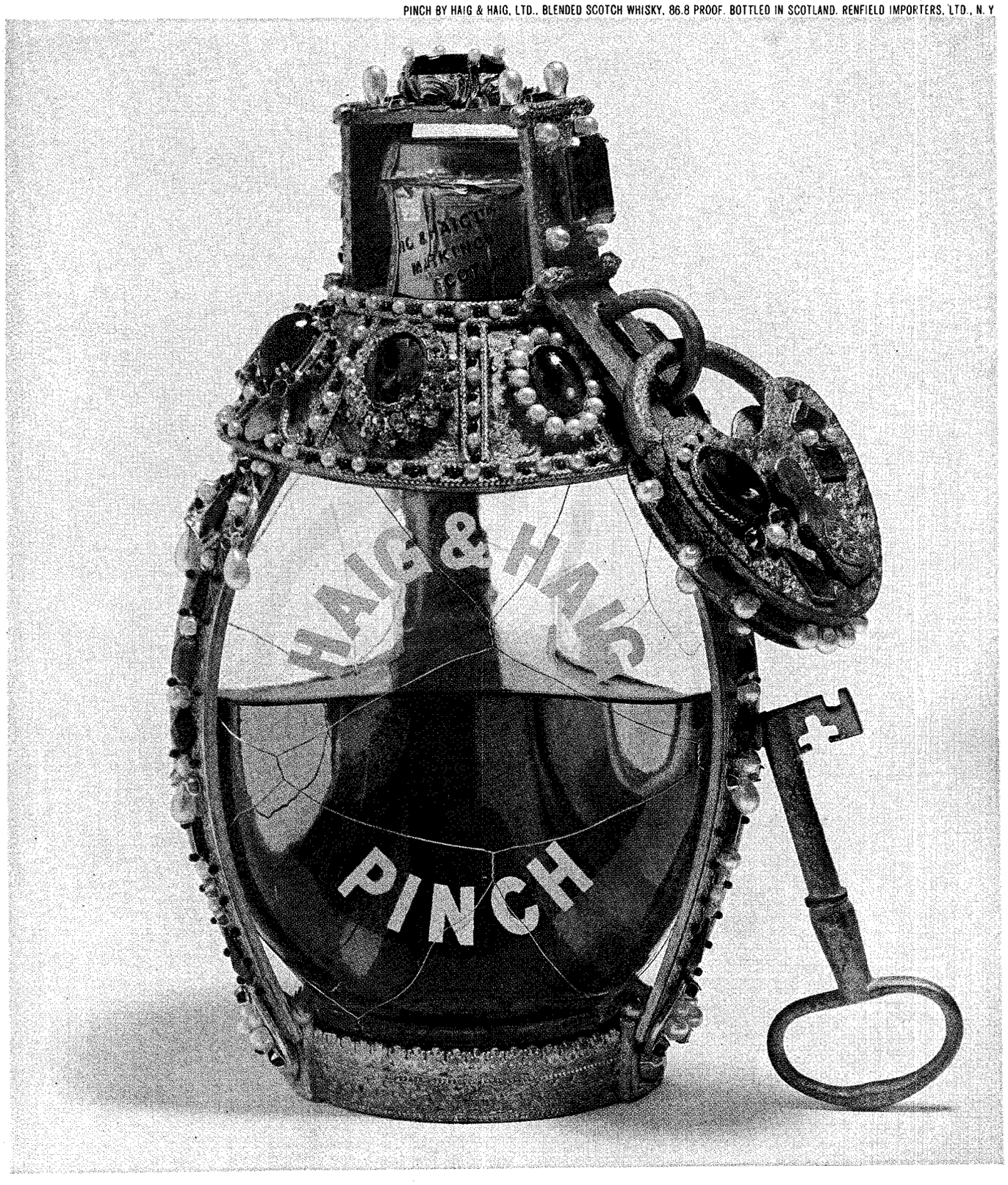

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mink; an enormous floor-length mantle of chartreuse peau is lined with sable. Sheer monkeyshines for sports in general assume sweatshirt forms here—perhaps Japanese marten dyed a bright yellow and zipping down the back, perhaps Somali leopard with a big turtleneck and black knit sleeves, perhaps hip-length possum (dyed dark brown to play sable) or wolf (soft and tawny) finished off by a hood and sleeves of black knit. And what might be the most *grande-luxe* shirt in town is here—white mink with three pearl buttons, band cuffs, and slits at the sides.

REVILLON, now ensconced in its own salon at Saks Fifth Avenue, is currently on a coat-dress kick, and fur is its means of expression. (You can wear the fur over a separate dress, too.) Every kind is employed. There's mink with two close-together rows of plain buttons or a single row of jewelled ones to the hem, there's white Indian broadtail, and there's jaguar. (This last is slashed down to the waist in front, and it sort of asks for a blouse or sweater.) For formal evenings, there's chinchilla, the skins in horizontal array, going straight to the ground; the bottom four pelts can zip off, to give you a street-length coat and a substantial stole—a fancy new stunt I was going on about last week. There's black Russian broadtail—a great sweep of it, with a portrait collar. And—dear me, I almost forgot—though mink is still *numero uno* among furs, it's seldom you see Labrador *wild* mink. Revillon has it in a truly simple street-length cut with the conventional shawl collar and big sleeves.

I MURMURED something about dyed-black calf a while back, and of Brady's affection for it this year. (Gunther Jaeckel, as I was saying.) Well, he shows it in divers forms. One is a little smock jacket that can be accompanied by a long evening skirt of calf; another is a coat with cape sleeves, a fastening down the sides, and a reversing side of his pet *cabaretta* leather in black. This is $795, plus tax, to give you an idea. Other ideas come flying at one so fast around here that I can record only a few dazed but happy recollections—the mannish look of a balmacaan coat of brown river otter, with a turtleneck (ending just under the chin), a fly front, and a cavalry vent to the rear, or of an officer's double-breasted coat of matara seal with slanting hip-pocket flaps. Very long, narrow sleeves are thoroughly evident, for

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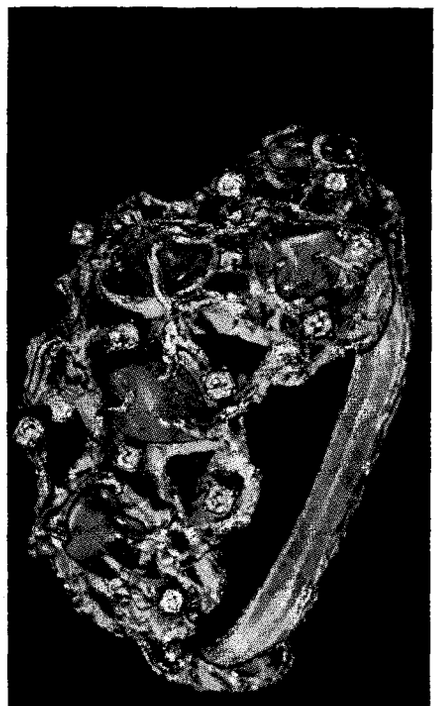
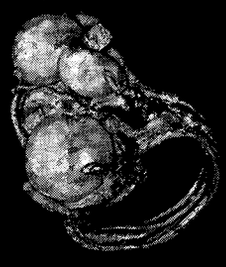


for herself



Nature takes eons to create her priceless treasures. No two stones are really ever alike. Gems inspire my individual settings sculptured in gold to compliment the lovely wearer . . . herself one of a kind.

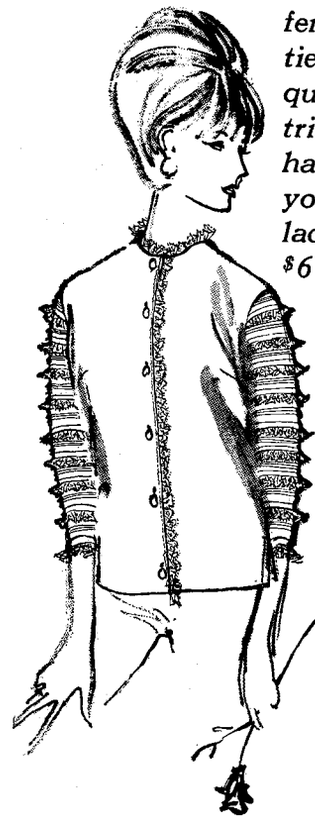
BRACELET with baroque emeralds and diamonds, $1,650. RING with cultured baroque pearls and diamonds, $225. Actual size. Fed. tax included. Other individual 18 karat pieces from $75. Brochure on request.

Arthur King

ARTHUR KING
611 Madison Avenue at 58th, New York
In London, at FORTNUM & MASON, LTD.

Mr. B. likes a stretched look in everything, even in Russian broadtail. A knee-length coat of it with a vent in back has eight double-breasted buttons descending the front, up-and-down pockets, and a tulip sort of collar rising to provide more elongation; horizontally worked dark mink skins, revealing nary a seam, make a slender coat with a sash belt and the longest, narrowest sleeves possible. The place is also rife with prankish furs (at under a thousand dollars), such as natural raccoon, for a below-hip-length kite-shaped poncho with the stripes of the fur causing Vs all over it, and such as American possum for a short cape that would be dandy with suits as well as with sportier clothing. And, as I've said before, Brady has hoods and hoods and hoods of fur, to dress up the cloth coats of women who never even see a ski slope.

IDEAS leap all around Esther Dorothy's premises, too. One is a kind of mandarin effect, slit to the hips at each side. She does it, say, of tawny zebra, in irregular horizontal stripes that go across the front and meet in an entrancing Oriental brand of design down the center back. The pockets are inside the side slits. She repeats this scheme in that silky black calf I was talking about, and also does a cape of the stuff with a flat little collar and a fold just above the elbows. Tiger makes a perfectly straight double-breasted coat, the stripes horizontal, for Ivy League moods. But Miss Dorothy does not hesitate to be dashing with important furs: ranch mink worked all on the bias, the seams invisible, in a coat with a little chiffon handkerchief tie around the neck—a trick she favors instead of a fastening button this year; ranch mink in a full-length cape buttoned to the hem in front. She whisks gracefully back to flapper days with that cupped-under-the-buttocks look (the coat is pulled upward in front), which appears here in foxes of various hues. Another thing she does is manage to make the combination of black Persian and ranch mink look young; one proof is a slender Persian tube with long, narrow sleeves (no cuffs this season for *this* girl) and a mink collar that has one hook under the chin and flares up to the ears in Queen Anne style. Black Russian broadtail does a day-length cape buttoned down the front; a huge godet at one side gives it an erratic flare there. She'll make the thing full enough to be buckled up on one shoulder in the cloak-and-dagger way. Finally, her broadtail suits may have straight skirts,



feminine tiers—quite a trick to have up your lacy sleeve, $6

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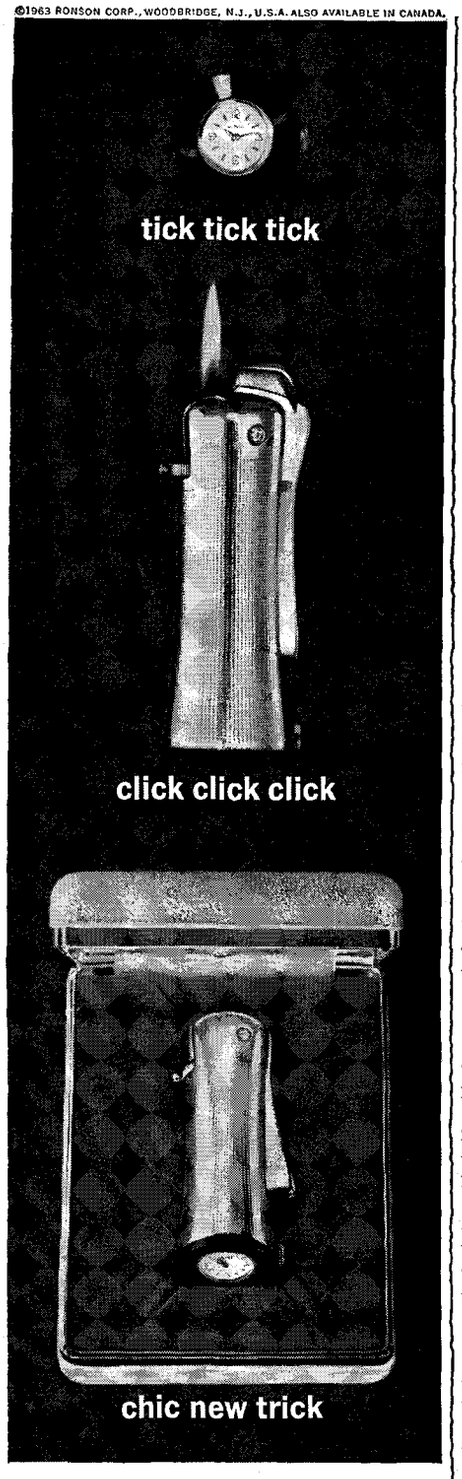

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RONSON®
Varaflame Lite-Time

black satin overblouses, and reversible jackets of broadtail and Russian ermine.

GLOBE-TROTTING customers who pass up African safaris in favor of the tables in Monaco expect Alfred Rainer to shower them with simple, understated elegance. (I hate that word, but what can you do?) Possibly the very end in subdued luxuriousness is his seven-eighths coat of Russian crown sable, to be worn over a little sleeveless shift of white Indian broadtail. Black Russian broadtail is adored here for all kinds of simple costumes—overblouses and narrow skirts and short jackets. Or you may prefer white mink, for very young jackets, three-quarter length or more, to wear with the Rainer one- or two-piece broadtail dresses. Coats of luxurious fabrics like brocade have linings of fur—sometimes buttoned in, sometimes reversible, and preferably with the lining peering out from the inside. A gold-and-black brocade has a full lining of ranch mink, olive-green silky mohair is lined with Autumn Haze mink, and a charming reversible dolman coat is dyed-black mink on one side, white *cloqué* brocade on the other. It looks its best with the brocade outside and the fur showing down the closing, though. Next come all-purpose raincoats for travellers. One, in sleek otter dyed pearl gray, falls in straight lines, and its collar detail ends up in an ascot in front; another, more luxurious, of gray poplin—treated to be water-repellent, I assume—has a buttoned-in lining of nutria. Shenanigans are disdained on these premises, but I did see two delightful furs. One is a small ranch-mink overblouse-sweater thing with a wide turnover collar, a zipper up the back, and bell sleeves; the other, best described as a kerchief with tiny sleeves (it is neither jacket nor stole), is mink, waist length in back, with a collarless crossed neck.

AND now, if only I could make up my mind. Which bank to rob, that is. —LOIS LONG

•

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—Letter received by a woman in Charlottesville, Va.

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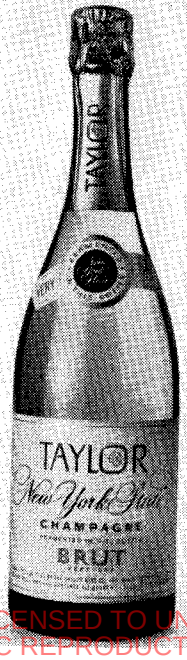

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He loves me.....
He loves me not
He loves me.....
He loves me not

He loves me
He loves me
He loves me
He loves me

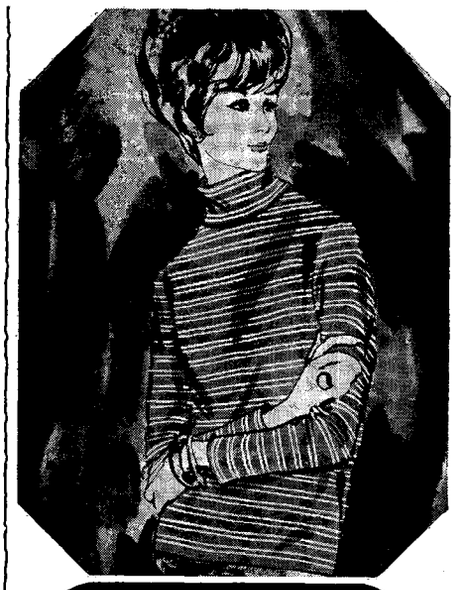
carven parfums—high fashion in fragrance from France. ma griffe...robe d'un soir... vert et blanc—from $4 to $125 (plus Fed. tax)

THE RACE TRACK

Grasscutter

ANY question of whether The Axe II is the best horse in the country over turf courses was settled at Aqueduct last Saturday in the Man o' War Stakes, the last of the season's hundred-thousand-dollar events on Long Island, in which the gray runner mowed down all opposition and won by five lengths from Will I Rule. Guadalcanal was third, another couple of lengths behind. The footing was unusually soft, and the time was a slow 2:45⅗. Never Bend was quickest out of the starting gate and tore ahead for nearly a mile, but in a race at a mile and five furlongs the early part is incidental. As the eleven racers approached the far turn for the second time, The Axe II, who had never been worse than sixth, and Will I Rule, who had been closer to the pace, began their challenge. They joined Never Bend within a furlong, and the three ran together for a hundred yards. Then The Axe II drew away easily, Never Bend faded out of the picture, and in the stretch Guadalcanal came from nowhere, it seemed, to finish third. The Axe II, a five-year-old, was bred and is owned by the Greentree Stable; he was sent to England as a yearling, raced there at two and for a few months at three, and learned to like turf courses. The Man o' War was his seventh victory in thirteen tries this year. He's done some travelling, too. Since wintering at Santa Anita, he has run at Aqueduct, Saratoga, Arlington Park, Atlantic City, and Woodbine, where he won the Canadian Championship Stakes. Never Bend's stable hoped—even expected, I'm told—that if he ran well in the Man o' War he'd be voted the best three-year-old of 1963 in the coming polls. It's only fair to say that he did his best for a mile and a furlong, but he finished tenth, beaten by twenty lengths.

JUST about the pleasantest surprise I've had in weeks was seeing Carry Back win the Trenton Handicap, which I caught on TV last Saturday from Garden State Park. He was his old self, going to the front with that burst



avant garde

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ALL BRANCHES

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of speed that has endeared him to racegoers. Incidentally, he turned the tables on Mongo, who had beaten him in the Trenton last year. I was glad, too, that Sellers, who rode Carry Back as a three-year-old, had the mount. Best of all is the news that the horse will now be retired. He's made his point; they do come back.

Not so pleasant were the surprises in the Garden State Trial Purse the day before. The race was run off in two divisions, and in the first Sophia's Boy, who came up from Bowie, beat Bupers, Traffic, Dunfee, and four other two-year-olds. In the second, Hurry to Market (what a name for a winner!) won by open daylight from Roman Brother. Maybe it was the sloppy track, but Roman Brother, who had run so brilliantly a couple of weeks earlier in the Champagne, had no speed. Which blows my figures for Saturday's Garden State Stakes right out the window.

WELL, here's the twelfth Washington, D.C., International up for attention. Perhaps the most interesting horse coming from abroad is Hungary's entry, Imperial (another deviationist, no doubt!). A big, rangy three-year-old—those who have seen him say he looks like Candy Spots without the spots—Imperial has won seven of his nine starts, among them the Austrian Derby and the Hungarian Derby. The Russians think he's a serious threat to their pair, Bryansk and Ivory Tower, the latter being the Irish-born horse who ran in the International last year under the name of Livan. Imperial beat top colts from the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany at Hoppegarten, in East Berlin, last summer, and later on he lost in a tight finish at Baden-Baden to Espresso, who will represent England. At present, ten racers from seven nations are training at Laurel for the International, which will be run on Veterans' Day. In addition to those I've mentioned, there are two from France, Nyrcos and Misti; Christmas Island, whose trainer, Paddy Prendergast, says he is Ireland's best contribution in years; Ferumbras, from Venezuela, winner of the recent Clasico Simón Bolívar at Caracas; and, of course, the standard-bearers of this country, Kelso and Mongo. This will be Kelso's third try (he was second to T.V. Lark in 1961 and second to Match II last year), and the first for Mongo, whose forte is grass courses. And there may be an added starter—The Axe II, if he gets an invitation.

—AUDAX MINOR

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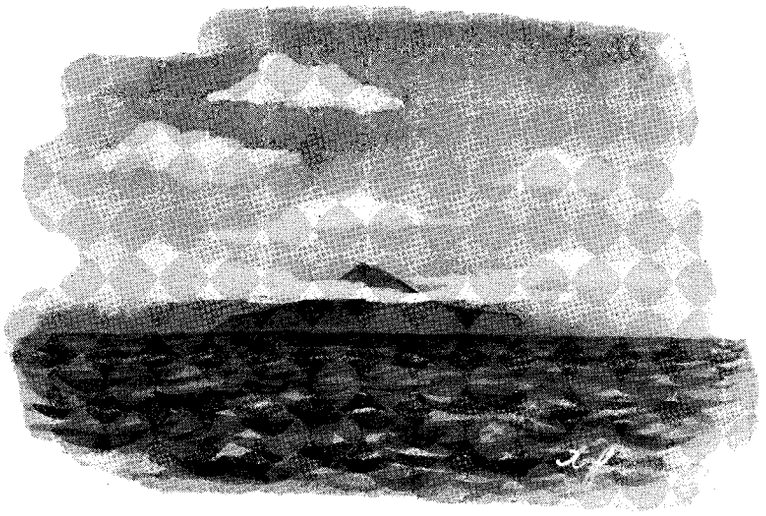
ANNALS OF MIGRATION

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE ISLAND



WHEN the British liner Stirling Castle steamed into Southampton Harbor from Cape Town on the morning of November 3, 1961, she was met by a cutter carrying a large contingent of reporters, photographers, and radio and television crews, who scrambled aboard eager to seek out the most unassuming lot of celebrities that any of them had probably ever encountered—two hundred and sixty-two men, women, and children constituting the entire native population of Tristan da Cunha, a tiny island in the remote waters of the South Atlantic. The islanders were humbly dressed—the men in well-worn, rumpled suits and cloth caps, and the women, for the most part, in shawls or cheap bandannas, with old-fashioned full, long dresses. Their faces were somewhat big-boned, and their manner markedly shy. Their complexions ranged from light to swarthy, indicating a variety of ethnic backgrounds, but their common language was English, spoken in archaic accents somewhat reminiscent of the speech of coachmen and domestics in the novels of Charles Dickens. They were, in fact, all interrelated, having among them only seven family names—Glass, Swain, Green, Rogers, Repetto, Lavarello, and Hagan. Newspaper dispatches from Cape Town had already informed the public that the way of life the strangers were accustomed to in their island home was as plain as their appearance and as anachronistic as their speech. Descendants, mainly, of shipwrecked mariners, they had inherited and contentedly perpetuated a spare, castaways' civilization based on such elemental activities as raising potatoes, which they hauled home in bullock carts mounted on solid wooden wheels; fishing from canvas-hulled longboats; and carding wool sheared from island-grown sheep and converting it into yarn on spinning wheels. In recent years, Great Britain, which annexed Tristan da Cunha in the early part of the nineteenth century, had been making sporadic efforts to superimpose some aspects of its own civilization on that of the islanders, but in the press of other matters it was easy to forget about them, tucked away as they were in geographical obscurity, seventeen hundred miles west of Cape Town, twenty-one hundred miles east of Rio de Janeiro, and fifteen hundred miles south of their nearest neighbors, on the island of St. Helena. Until the people of Tristan left their island, it was known as one of the most isolated inhabited spots in the world—and, except in the eyes of its natives, not a very inviting spot at that.

Tristan da Cunha—the largest of three islands that, ranged within a radius of twenty miles, are collectively designated by the same name—presents a formidable face to the sea. A cone-shaped mass, sixty-seven hundred feet high, with the crater of an extinct volcano in its cloud-ringed peak, it rests on a base, about eight miles in diameter, that is bounded by a bleak wall of cliffs of blackish lava rising almost unbroken to a height of between eight hundred and two thousand feet, either directly from the water or, in a few places, from narrow strips of rock-strewn but relatively level ground. These strips constitute Tristan's only arable land, and prior to the departure of its population one of them—a meagre plateau, four and a half miles long and half a mile wide, on the northwest coast—was the site of the island's only settlement, formally designated as Edinburgh but ordinarily known just as "the settlement." Wanderers in search of the exotic have not been lured to Tristan as they have been to the South Pacific, for while the island enjoys a climate that might be called mild, in the sense that the temperature has never been known to drop below thirty-eight degrees or to rise above seventy-eight, the place is subject to terrible gales, torrential rains, and raging seas. In recent times, navigators have tended to bypass Tristan, not only because it has no harbor and its offshore waters are notoriously treacherous but because vessels have had little reason for stopping there. At times during this century, eighteen months have elapsed without a single vessel's casting anchor off the island's coast. A hundred years ago, though, the situation was somewhat different. Numerous merchant ships under sail, taking advantage of the trade winds that carried them past Tristan, and numerous New England whaling vessels working the South Atlantic had no alternative but to stop at the settlement's anchorage in order to replenish their dwindling reserves of fresh water and other supplies. Many other ships stopped at the island most unwillingly, driven by storms against its rocky shores, and for these Tristan became the final port of call. Their crews—and those of vessels that foundered off Nightingale and Inaccessible, Tristan's two satellite islands—made their way, if they were lucky, to the settlement. Most of the castaways simply waited there for another ship to come along and take them home, but a few decided to go no farther and became islanders themselves.

The people of Tristan, as much of the world was aware by the time they had reached Southampton, did not abandon their island gladly. They were obliged to flee it by the same volcanic forces that originally created it, and which, after a preliminary series of earth tremors, struck again—not, of course, through Tristan's extinct crater but through the ground right on the edge of the settlement, where there rose a great bubble of earth that presently burst and became a volcano itself. Under the direction of a resident British administrator, the islanders hastily put out to sea in their longboats, and were picked up by commercial fishing vessels, which then put them aboard a Dutch liner. The liner took them to Cape Town, where they were transferred to the Stirling Castle, bound for England. At the end of the voyage, they looked subdued and bewildered as they stood around on deck

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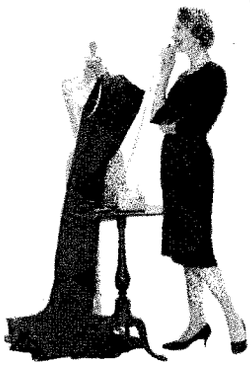

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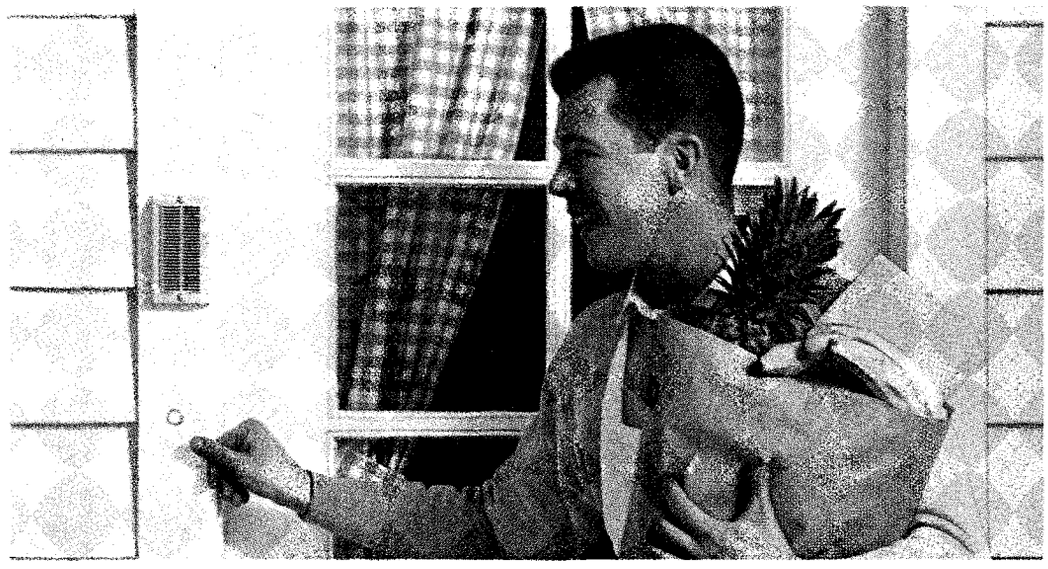

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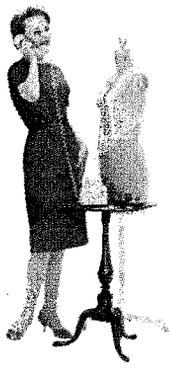

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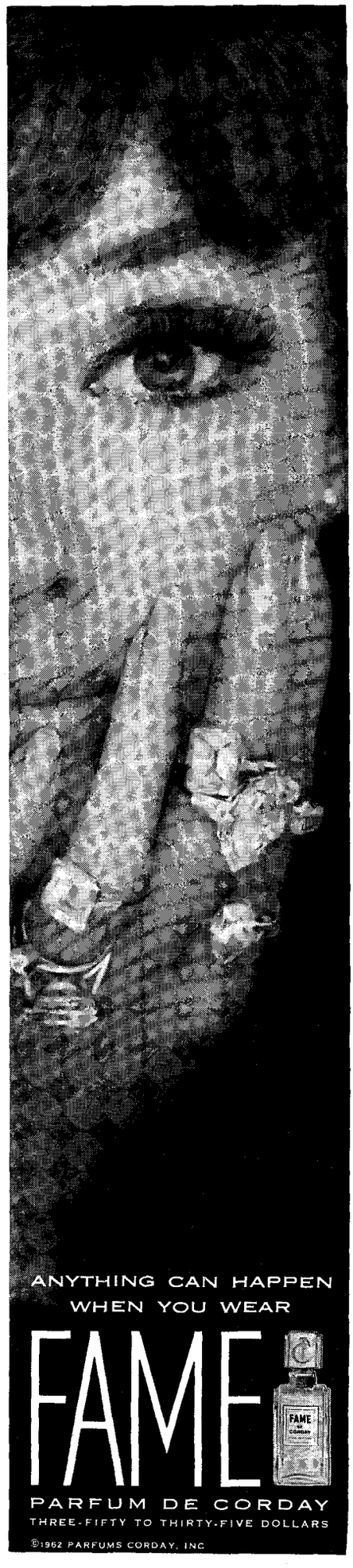
with the flickering of flash bulbs playing over them like heat lightning. Briefly but politely, and with dignity, they replied to the questions of the reporters, recalling, in their curious accents, details of the "wolcano on our hisland." They seemed pretty much agreed that it was very strange to venture into "the houtside warld" but that, considering the circumstances, they were "werry 'appy" to take refuge in England. Among various English officials on hand to deliver welcoming speeches was a representative of the Colonial Office, which had arranged for the islanders to be housed at Pendell Camp, an unoccupied British Army barracks in Surrey, until it could be determined whether they might safely return to Tristan or, if not, where they could best be settled permanently in Britain. The islanders took the formalities fairly well in stride, courteously giving each speaker generous applause, but they seemed altogether confused when the man from the Colonial Office, having uttered his first sentence of welcome, perceived that the television cameramen weren't quite ready for him and, after a pause, began his speech all over again. It was like one century gazing at another.

At last, the speechmaking ended, and the islanders were escorted ashore and driven in chartered buses (instead of bullock carts), over paved roads (instead of dirt ruts), past automobiles and motorcycles (instead of donkeys), to Pendell Camp. Not surprisingly, by the time they arrived there many of them, especially the older people, were numb with exhaustion from the experiences they had undergone since their flight from Tristan, twenty-five days earlier. But there were exceptions, among them one of the Glasses, a young man who was found by a London *Times* reporter seated in the camp's social center, in his cloth cap and scarf, studying an article in a slick-paper magazine entitled "How to Change Your Personality."

TRISTAN DA CUNHA, together with its satellite islands, was discovered in 1506—some three hundred years before the first settlers arrived—by a Portuguese expedition under the command of Admiral Tristão da Cunha. The Admiral apparently did not land anyone on Tristan, but in 1643 a party from a Dutch ship went ashore there and took on fresh water, with which the island is abundantly supplied by streams flowing down from a lake in the crater at its peak. Later in the seventeenth century, other ships, representing either the



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Dutch United East India Company or its English counterpart, visited all three islands to explore the feasibility of using them as revictualling stations for merchant shipping on the great southern trade route from Europe to India via Cape Horn, but the masters of the vessels, after looking around, concluded that Nightingale and Inaccessible were uninhabitable, and therefore out of the question, and that the usefulness of Tristan was dubious at best, since it had no harbor. The two companies thereupon abandoned any notions they may have had of colonizing the group.

As it happened, the island was first settled under the leadership of an American. He was Jonathan Lambert, of Salem, Massachusetts, who in 1810, at the age of thirty-eight, engaged the captain of the Boston ship Baltic to land him on Tristan, with two companions, one of whom was a native of Italy now remembered as Thomas Currie but whose name originally was probably Tomaso Corri, and the other a man named Williams. Lambert's idea, too, was to establish a revictualling station, and, less cautious than his predecessors, he went prepared to set himself right up in business, taking along geese, chickens, turkeys, ducks, pigs, potatoes, sugar cane, and corn, plus a coffee tree, with which to start a farm and raise the produce he expected to barter with passing ships. In July of the following year, Lambert placed an advertisement in the Boston *Gazette* announcing that he was creating on Tristan "a Home where I can enjoy life without the embarrassments which have hitherto constantly attended me . . . and remain, if possible, far removed beyond the reach of chicanery and ordinary misfortune," and inviting ships to call there for supplies "at a reasonable price." It was a remarkable ad, for in it Lambert boldly proclaimed himself the sole proprietor of the whole island group, which he had renamed the Islands of Refreshment, and which, he declared, was thereafter to be regarded as a sovereign state, with a flag of its own.

Just how much business Lambert did on Tristan nobody knows, but his enjoyment of the island as a haven from misfortune lasted only a couple of years. In May, 1812, he, Williams, and another American, name unknown, who had joined the venture, were drowned in the course of an offshore fishing expedition. That left Currie as the only inhabitant of the island—a distinction he seems to have held for some time. He was not entirely without occasional company, though, since word had got

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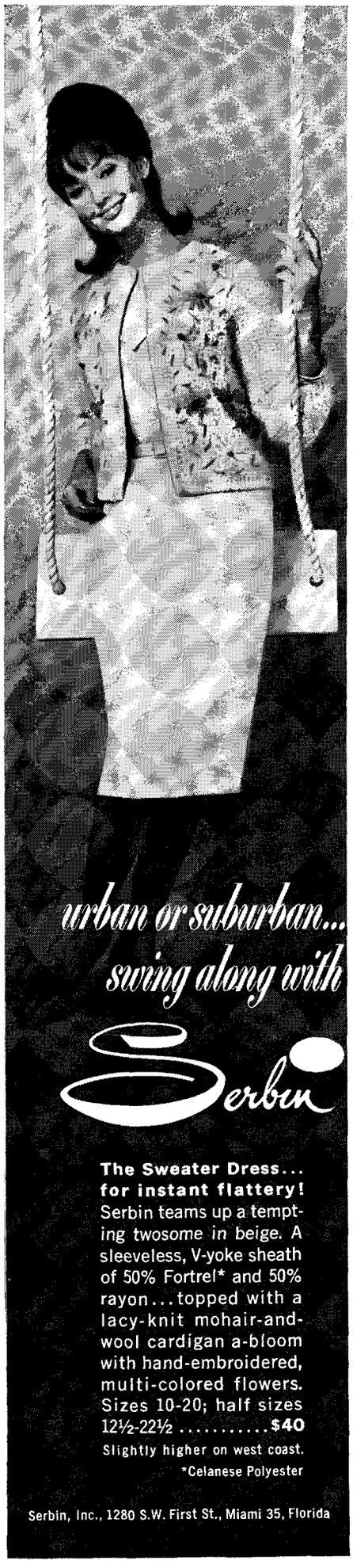
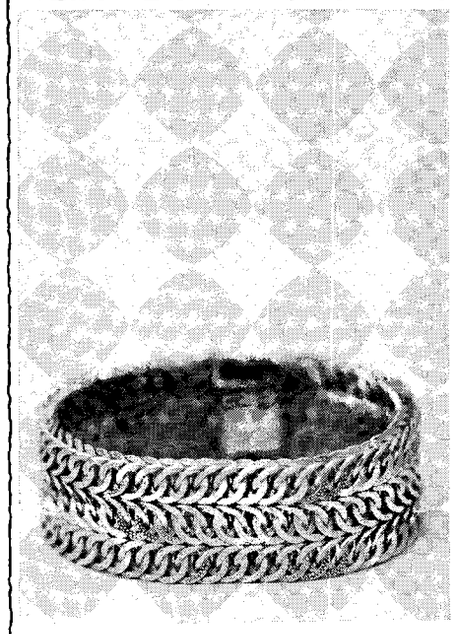


around that Tristan was now a source of food as well as water. Some of his callers were quite unwelcome. During the War of 1812, a number of American privateers used the island group as a refuge from which to dart forth and attack British merchantmen, and Currie complained that some of the landing parties from the American ships, instead of buying or trading for what they wanted, simply made off with it. In 1815, or thereabouts, Currie was joined by two would-be settlers named John Tankard and John Talsen, but apparently they were soon discouraged, for they left within a few months. Meanwhile, the war had ended, but several of the privateers continued to hang about and prey on shipping near the islands—to "the great annoyance of all vessels" in the South Atlantic, according to the British governor of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1816, in an effort to rid the area of these marauders—and also as a precaution against Tristan's being used as a base in any attempt to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena—Britain took possession of the islands, no other power ever having formally claimed them. To make their claim stick and to accomplish their military purpose, the British established a garrison of fifty men, accompanied by a number of civilian workers, ten women, and twelve children, on Tristan's northwest coast, which the newcomers shared with Currie and a Spanish youth known as Bastiano Pancho Comilla, whom Currie had imported to help him with the farm work.

The garrison and its entourage were withdrawn from Tristan after a year, during which Currie died and Comilla departed, but the island was not left wholly unoccupied, for one of the soldiers (with the permission of his commander), his wife and two children, and two of the civilian workers stayed on. The settlers were William Glass, a thirty-year-old corporal in the Royal Artillery, who was born in Kelso, on the Scottish border; his wife, a colored woman from the Cape, and the first two of sixteen children she ultimately bore him; and John Nankivel and Samuel Burnell, two stonemasons from Plymouth. Reviving Lambert's old dream of running a farm and trading station, the three men formed a partnership based on a written agreement that all their possessions, at the time consisting mainly of some grain and a few head of livestock, were to be communally owned, and that in their relations with one another none of them "shall assume any superiority whatever, but all [are] to be



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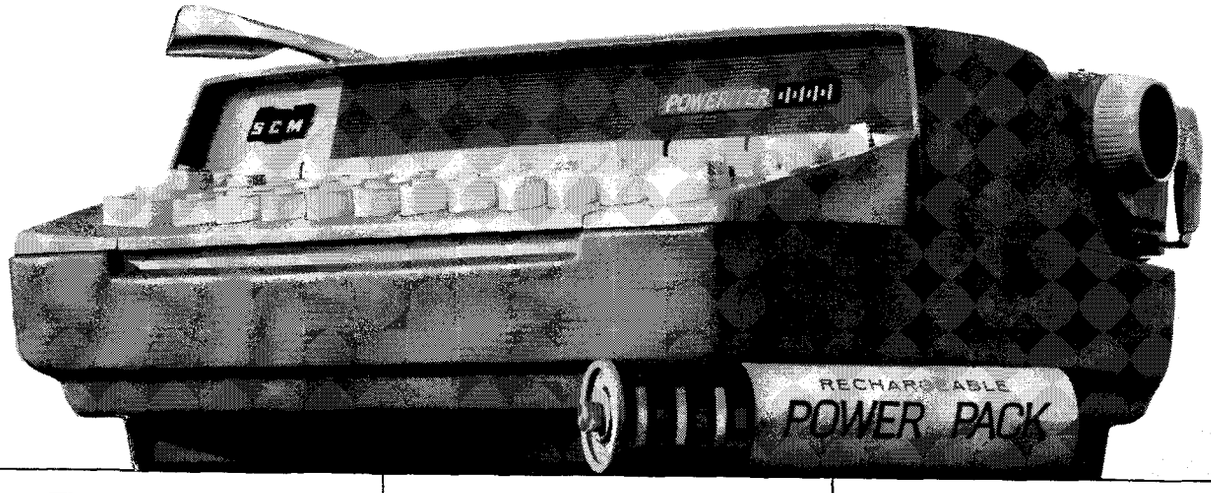

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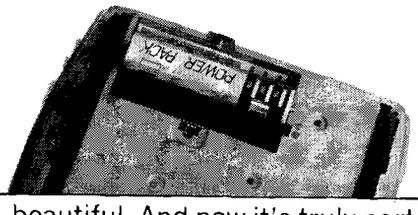

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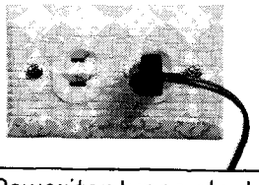

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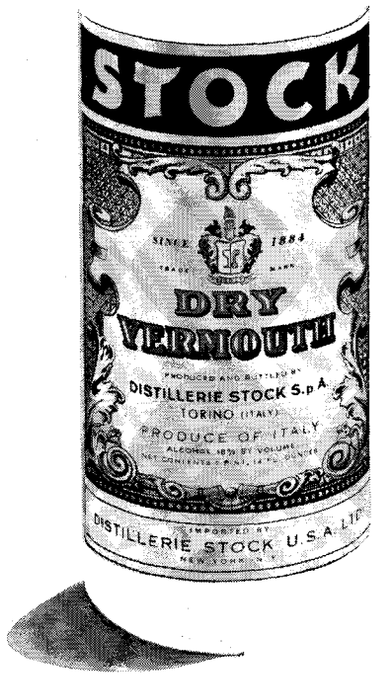

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considered as equal in every respect." In time, however, Glass, more of a natural leader than the others, came to be called "Governor," and for the rest of his life he was looked up to as the island's first citizen.

In 1820, there began a series of shipwrecks that were to provide the little community not only with a variety of much needed salvage, including tools and lumber (the only indigenous island growth approximating a tree is a shrub-like species of buckthorn), but with the additional inhabitants it needed to keep it going in the face of emigrations and a series of nautical misfortunes. In that year, the adult-male population was cut by a third when the partners, having killed a number of elephant seals, which in those days swarmed along Tristan's rocky coast, sent Burnell to the Cape of Good Hope to barter the animals' skins for various items and he failed to return. The island's permanent population inched up again when eight men from three separate wrecks arrived on the island. A few months later, the Blendon Hall, bound from London to Bombay, foundered off Inaccessible, eighteen miles southwest of Tristan. Fifty of the fifty-two persons on board survived, and managed to stick it out on Inaccessible for several months, living on sea birds and their eggs, while a flat-bottomed boat was built from the remains of the Blendon Hall. The boat proved seaworthy enough to take a few of them to Tristan, where Glass and his fellow-settlers received them in most hospitable fashion, giving up their beds to them and making a series of dangerous longboat trips to bring the rest of the survivors across. Two of them elected to remain on Tristan—an Englishman named Stephen White and a half-caste Portuguese servant girl called Peggy. The others were taken off the island in January, 1822, by two passing vessels. This left the adult-male population of Tristan at eleven, but within a year seven men quit the island, bringing the total down to four—two men named Alexander Cotton and Richard Riley, who were among the castaways who had arrived just after Burnell's departure, plus Glass and White—who, together with Mrs. Glass, Peggy (now Mrs. White), and six children, constituted the whole community.

This group was in no way enhanced by the next newcomer—a man named Smith, who had once been captain of a large ship but latterly had been reduced to running a small, ramshackle sealing sloop. Landing on Tristan quite

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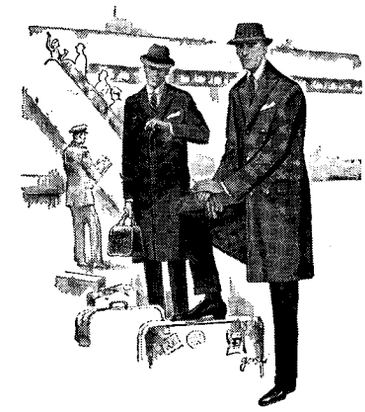

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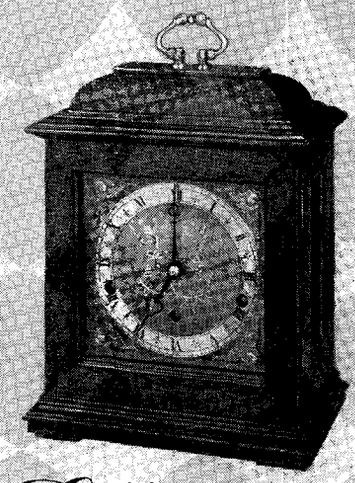

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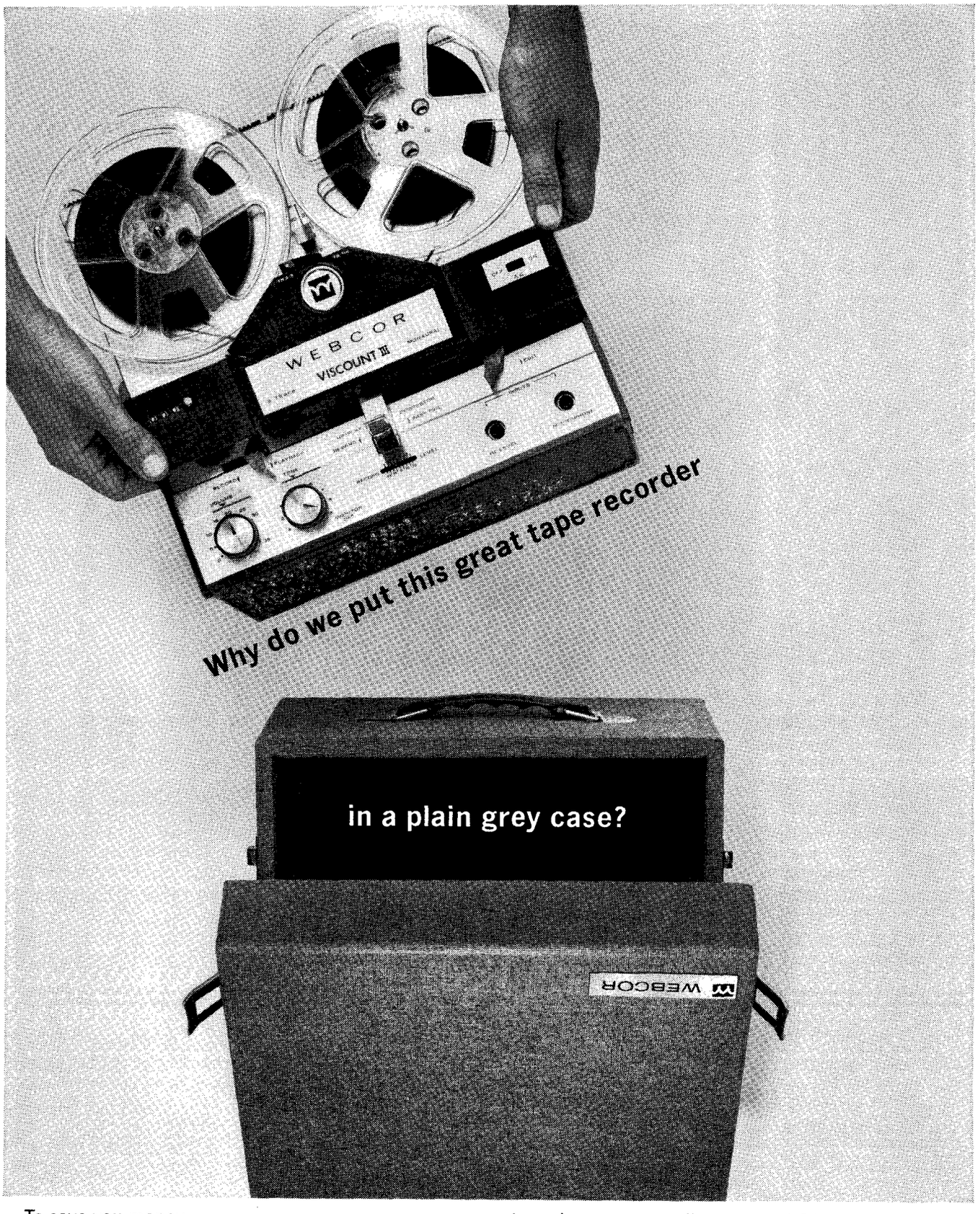

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insane, he roamed the island alone for several months, and was eventually found dead. A more welcome arrival was Augustus Earle, a young English artist, who became an involuntary sojourner under circumstances rather different from those of most of the stranded transients. In 1824, when a sloop on which he was a passenger called at Tristan to take on water and to barter for potatoes, Earle went ashore to make some sketches, and decided to stay overnight while the islanders were loading the supplies onto the vessel from their longboats. In the morning, just as a longboat crew was preparing to push off with the last load of potatoes, atop which sat Earle, a severe squall broke, making it impossible for the boat to reach the sloop. The squall soon became a gale of such violence that the sloop's master was obliged to seek the safety of deep water, and sailed away, leaving Earle stranded. The artist stayed eight months on Tristan, as a house guest of the Glasses, while waiting for another boat to pick him up, and it is clear from a journal he kept during that time that he was impressed with the starkness of the island:

> Looking out from my abode, no spot in the world can be more desolate. . . . The roar of the sea is almost deafening, and the wind rushing furiously down the perpendicular sides of the mountains, which are nearly nine hundred feet high, and are masses of craggy rocks, has the most extraordinary and almost supernatural effect.

Day after day, during his sojourn on Tristan, Earle scrambled from one rocky vantage point to another, looking out to sea for deliverance, and he soon reduced his clothes to tatters, whereupon Glass considerately ran him up a new pair of trousers, Robinson Crusoe style, with a sailcloth front and a back made of dried goatskin, hairy side out. Earle, for his part, made a sketch of Glass in which the subject is shown in a tartan bonnet, a loose, smocklike shirt, baggy pants, and a pair of moccasins, placidly smoking a long churchwarden pipe as he leans on a rough wooden fence (fashioned from the spars of wrecked vessels, the artist explains in his journal), with a couple of hens scratching around in the earth nearby. In the background is a low-slung thatch-roofed house that resembles the crofters' cottages of the Hebrides, and, indeed, most of the twentieth-century Tristan houses. "The houses, and all around them, had an air of comfort, cleanliness, and plenty, truly English," Earle

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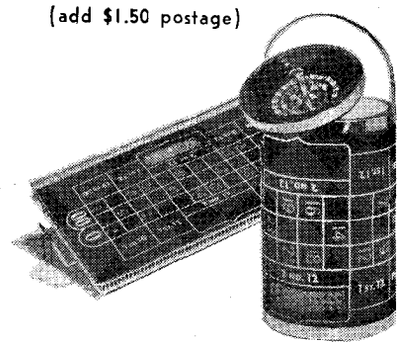

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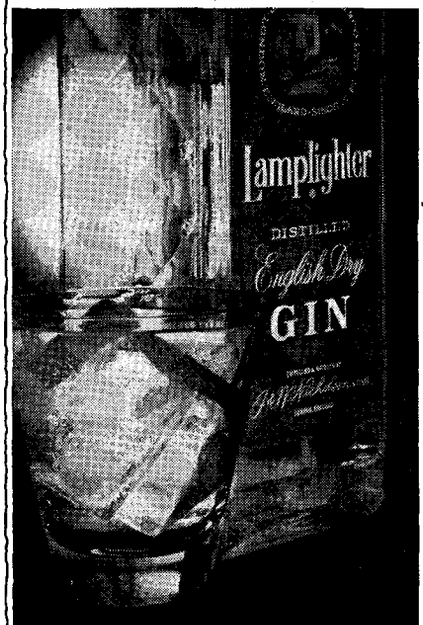

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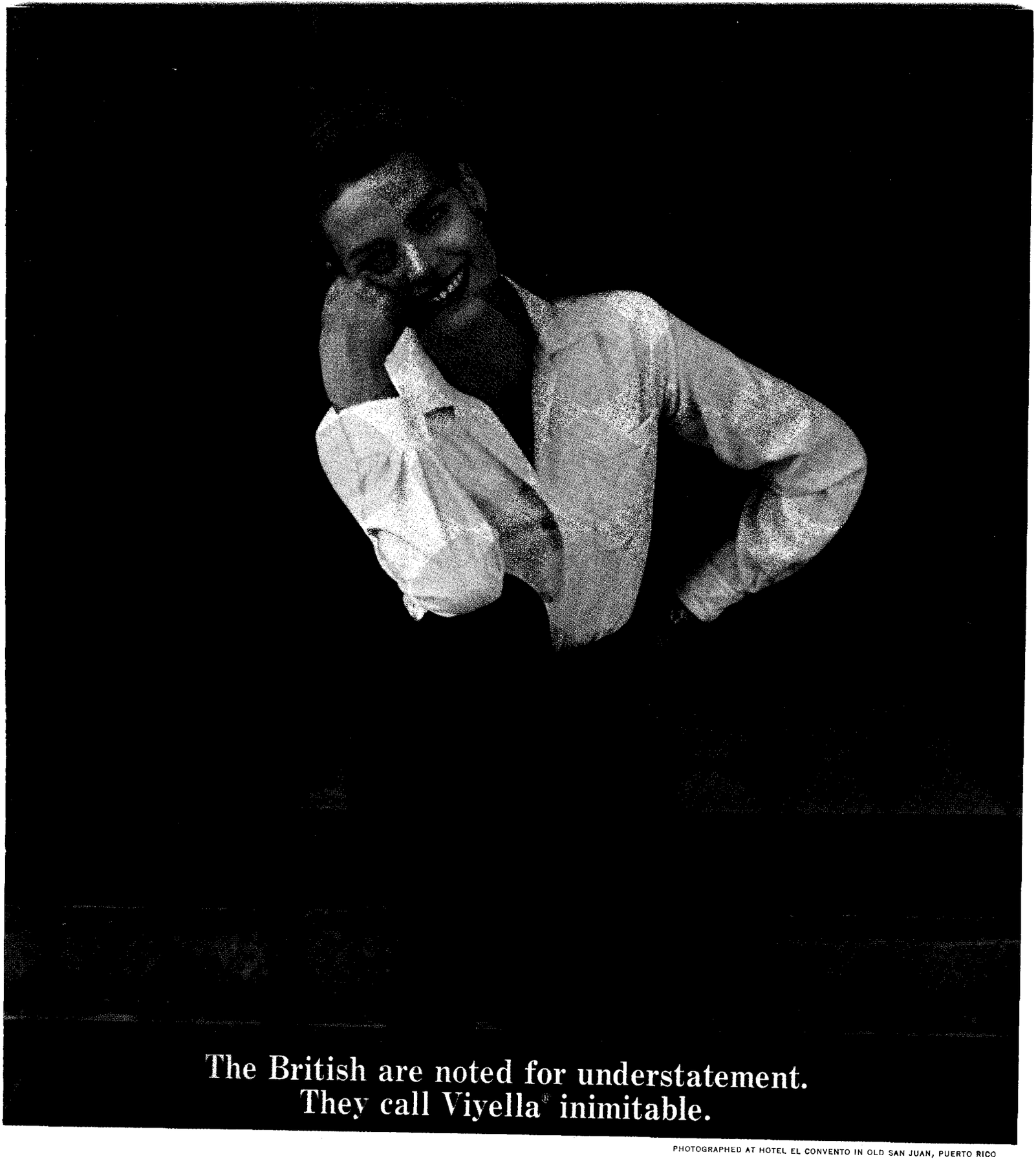

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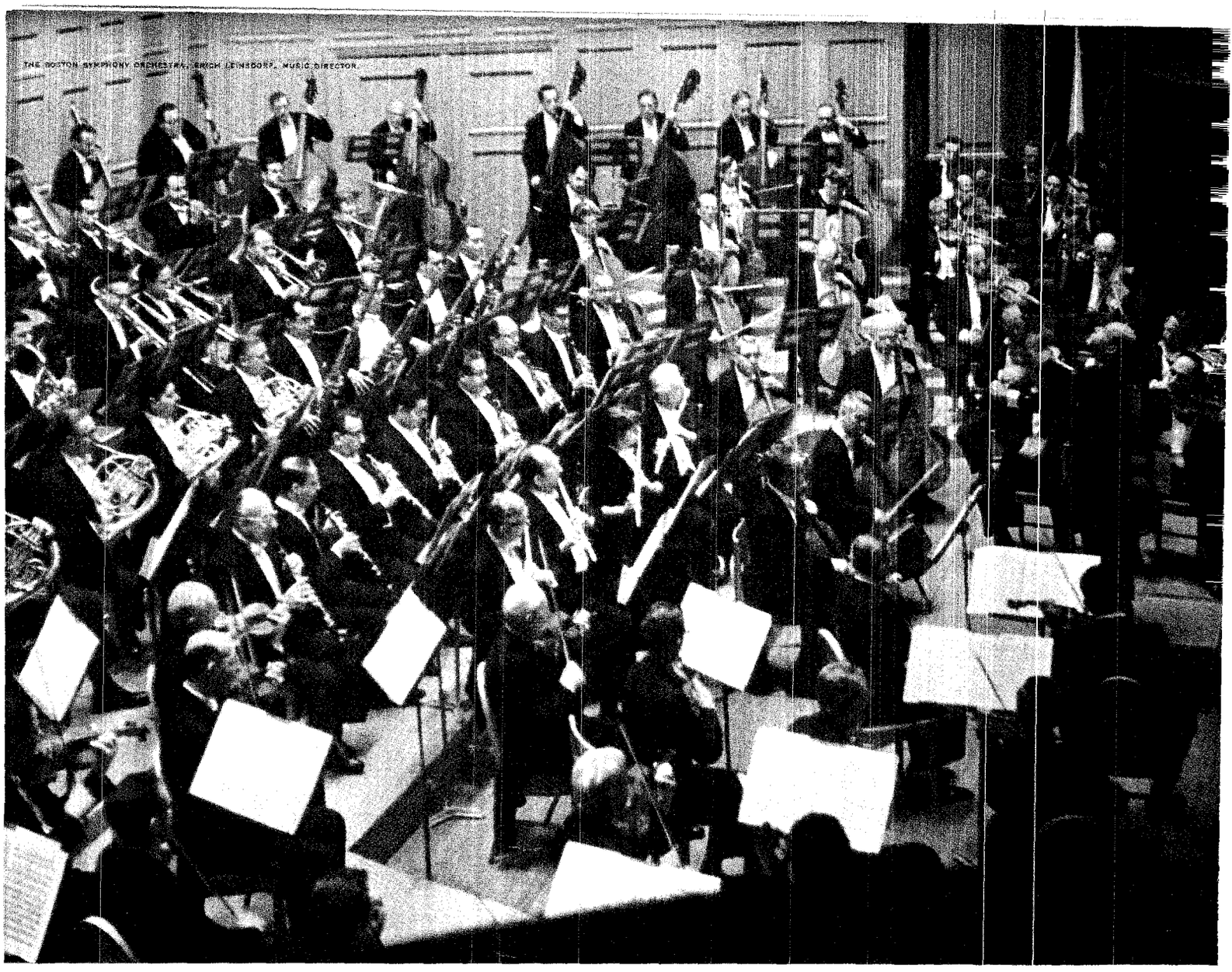

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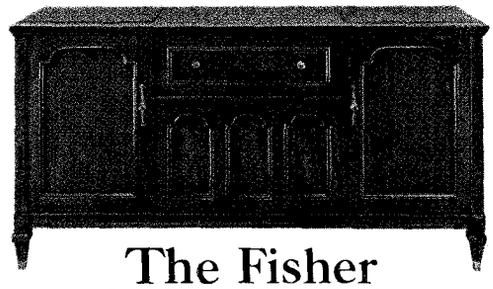

Fisher stereophonic high fidelity instruments are available in 10 basic models and 43 different styles and finishes priced from $359.50 to $2,695.00. (Prices slightly higher in the West.)

For your free copy of the Fisher Console Catalogue in color and name of nearest franchised dealer, write Fisher Radio Corporation, 21-58 44th Drive, Long Island City 1, N. Y.

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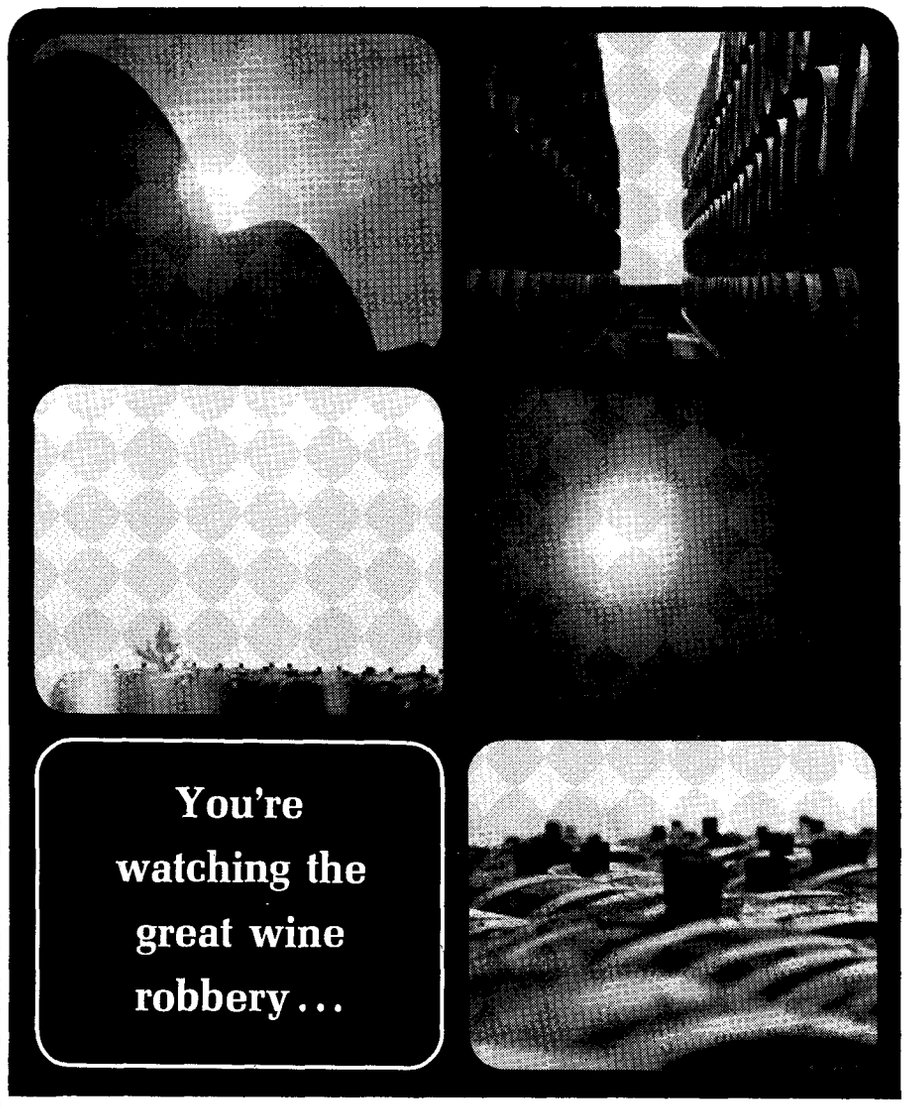
wrote. "The cows, oxen, sheep and poultry, all thrive here; but the pigs, owing to their eating so much kelp or seaweed, have a very fishy unpleasant taste."

A full year after Earle finally got a lift off the island (he later was a draftsman aboard the Beagle on the voyage that Charles Darwin made so famous), the sloop that had left him there turned up again, this time with two male passengers who went ashore intending to stay not just overnight but for good. One of them, to be sure, soon became disenchanted with the place and departed, but the other, a fifty-two-year-old English bachelor named Thomas Swain, had good reason to stay on, and he did. Swain, after spending eighteen years in the British Navy and serving under Nelson in the Mediterranean during the French Revolutionary Wars, had deserted and been captured by the French, who compelled him to fight in their own Navy against Britain. While he had been thus engaged, he was captured by the British, who, since he shrewdly did not reveal his true identity, held him as a prisoner of war for the duration. With such a past, Swain found a hideaway like Tristan much to his liking, and he remained there until he died, in 1863. All the Swains of Tristan are his descendants, and the fact that there are any such can be accounted for by a yearning for gentle companionship that in 1827 impelled the old Navy deserter and four other bachelors, newly arrived on the island, to commission a ship captain to import five women from St. Helena—at the rate, according to legend, of eight bushels of potatoes per passenger. The women—four mulattoes and a Negro—arrived in due course, with four children in tow. This influx, combined with other comings, and despite a few goings, brought the total population of Tristan up to twenty-four—seven men, six women, and eleven children. During the next eight years, the total rose to forty-two—a population explosion by any standards.

Although Britain's claim to Tristan was undisputed and the islanders always thought of themselves as British subjects, for decades the outside world exerted its greatest influence on them through the crews of American whalers. The Americans bartered flour, tea, coffee, tobacco, clothes, and tools for Tristan's fresh farm produce, and, with so many of their vessels scouring the nearby seas, they inevitably accounted for a relatively large proportion of both shipwrecks and new settlers. In



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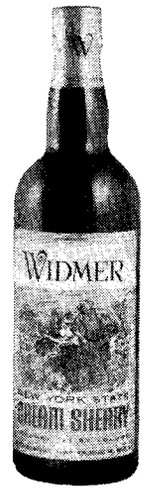

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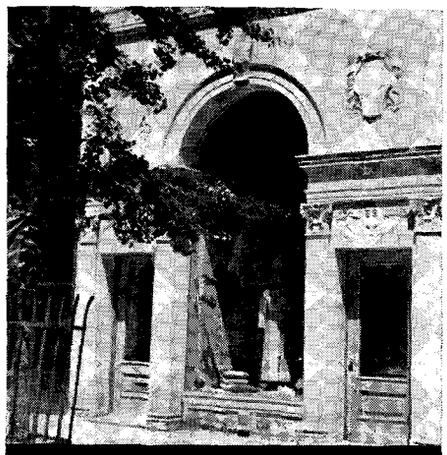

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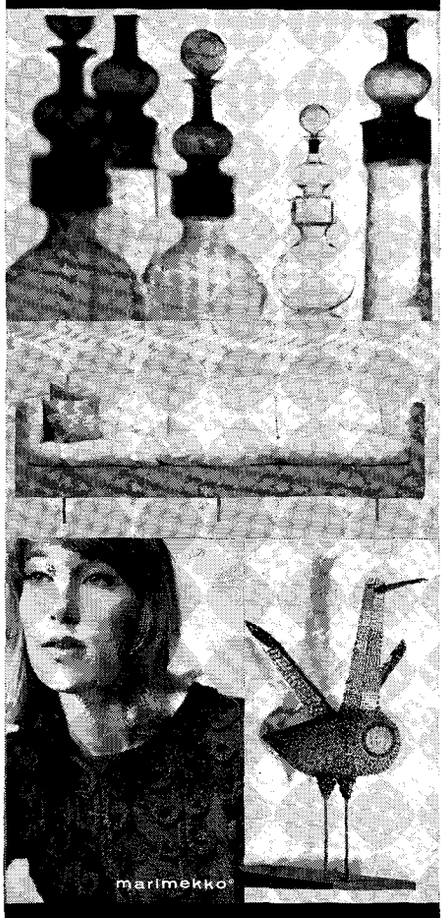

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1835, for example, when Tristan's adult-male population was down to six, it was increased fifty per cent by one American shipwreck alone—that of the schooner Emily, out of New York. On reaching the settlement, three of the surviving members of the crew—William Daley, Peter Miller, and Peter Green—decided to stay there. All three were soon married—Daley to one of Glass's several daughters, Miller to a daughter of one of the women from St. Helena, and Green to another daughter of the same woman. All the Tristan Greens are his descendants. Not many months after the wreck of the Emily, another of Glass's daughters married a man named Rogers, who had arrived on Tristan as a member of the crew of an American whaler and remained behind when it sailed. Rogers left the island after a while, never to return, but in the meantime he had sired offspring from whom all the Rogerses of Tristan are descended. Samuel Johnson, a crewman of another American whaler, who quit his ship to join the Tristan community and presently married Glass's eldest daughter, Mary, appears to have taken his domestic responsibilities more seriously, for when, in 1847, after spending fourteen years on the island, he moved back to the United States, he brought his wife and children with him. His family was the first of several to migrate from Tristan to this country in the middle of the century, with obviously disruptive effects on life in the little settlement, but at least Johnson's place as one of its able-bodied men was soon filled by Andrew Hagan, the captain of an American whaler, who married yet another Glass daughter, Selina, and became the progenitor of all the Tristan Hagans.

ALTHOUGH Tristan's population had tended to fluctuate sharply right from the start, the general drift during the first half of the nineteenth century was upward—a state of affairs that made it steadily more difficult for the islanders to support themselves, since, aside from what food they could obtain by fishing in the precarious surrounding waters, they were almost entirely dependent on what they could grow on the little fertile land at their disposal. This was probably the underlying reason that for half a dozen years, beginning around 1850, Tristaners chose to leave the island in ever-increasing numbers. For example, by the time Glass died—of cancer, in 1853, when he was sixty-seven—five of his

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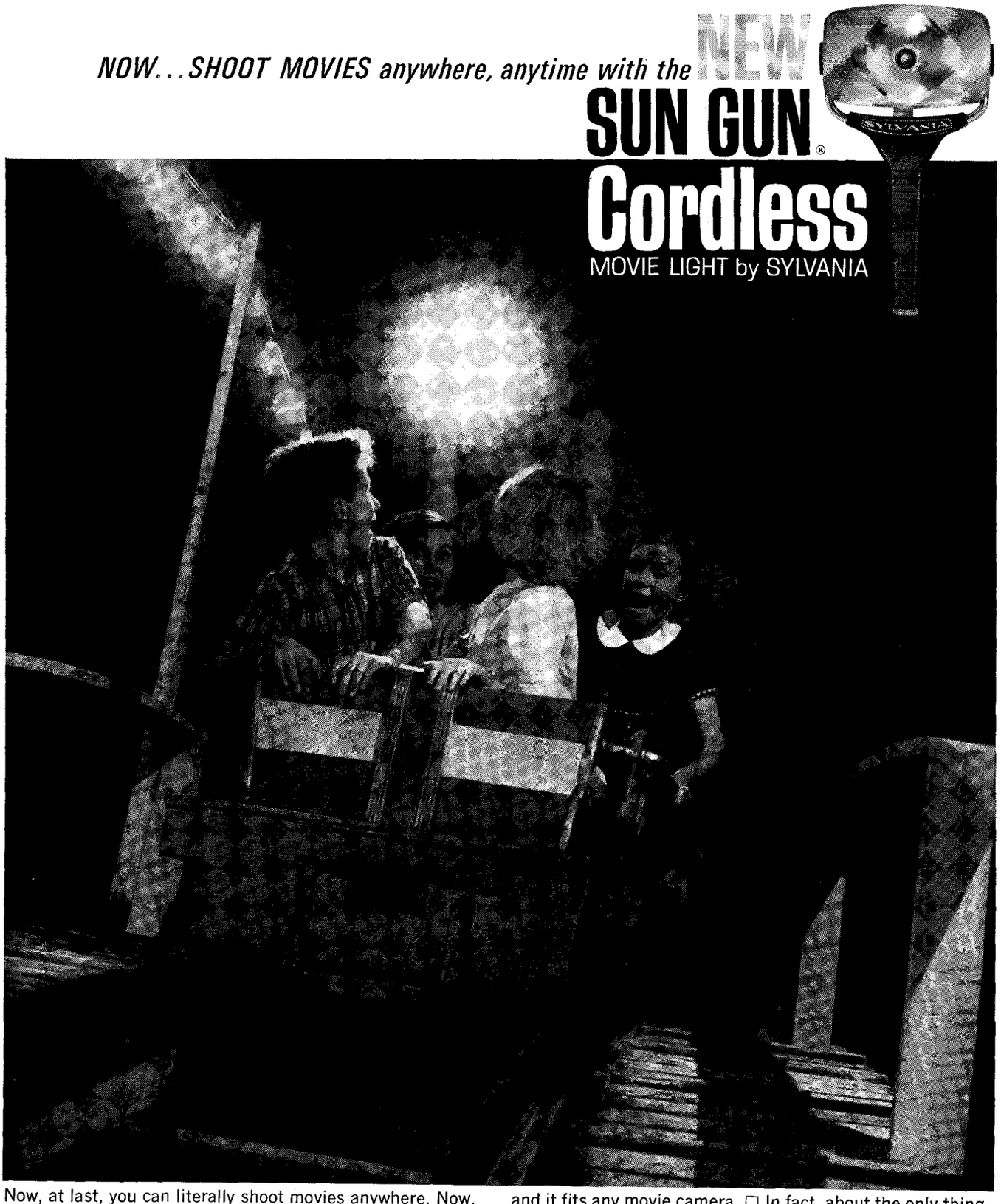

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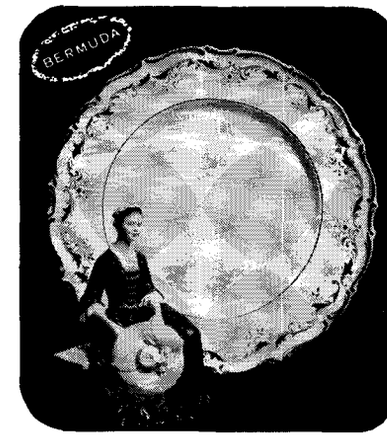
fifteen children had left the island and were living in New England whaling ports. Three years after his death, his widow, three of her sons, five of her daughters, a son-in-law, and ten of her grandchildren decided to follow them and boarded a whaler bound for New Bedford. In fact, the year 1856 must have been an exceptionally discouraging one for those Tristan people who loved the island too much to leave it. A month after the departure of the Glass party, the British colonial authorities, having been informed that the remaining inhabitants were in serious want, sent a man-of-war to Tristan with an offer to evacuate them to the Cape of Good Hope and settle them there, and more than half of them—some forty-five, it appears—ultimately accepted. After they were gone, the population of the island stood at a mere twenty-eight, including only four heads of families.

For most of the century that followed this wholesale hegira, the people of Tristan became more and more cut off from the outside world. During the eighteen-sixties, the number of American whalers hunting in the Tristan area diminished considerably, owing not only to the general decline of the whaling industry but to a perverse migration of the whales to the vicinity of South Georgia Island, some seventeen hundred miles to the southwest. Then, thanks to the advent of steam, ships of all sorts became independent of the trade winds that had formerly taken them near Tristan. And, as a crowning blow, in 1869 the Suez Canal was opened to shipping, drastically reducing the number of merchantmen everywhere in the South Atlantic. All this meant, of course, that the Tristan people had fewer and fewer opportunities to barter for the supplies they needed. It also meant that, with the gradual withering away of their island's role as a provisioning center, when they did get a chance to barter they found that homemade garments and hand-carved curios were more in demand than livestock and vegetables. But no matter what they offered, or at what point in their history, some outsiders considered them extremely naïve when it came to striking a bargain. "The islanders have no real idea of values," the Bishop of St. Helena told a reporter after visiting Tristan in 1932. "They will exchange a goose for a shilling knife or for a suit of clothes worth five pounds." On the other hand, as early as 1889 a Captain R. A. Stopford, in command of a British ship that put in at the is-



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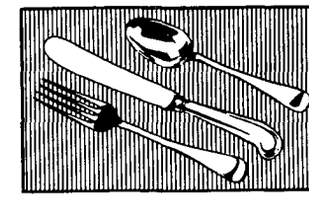

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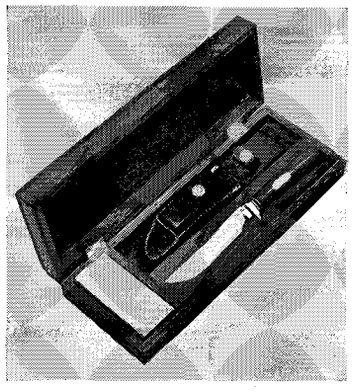

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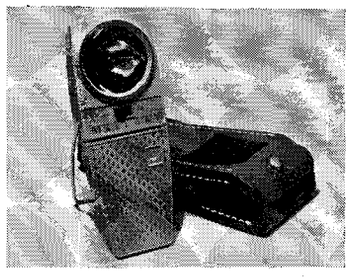

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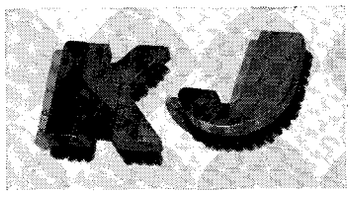

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Of the pathetically few ships that approached Tristan in the latter half of the century, some proved to be more of a burden than a boon to the community. During the American Civil War, for instance, the Confederate privateer Alabama hove to off Tristan with a Union prize, the Shenandoah, dumped the latter's crew of twenty-seven on the island, despite the hard-pressed inhabitants' protests (which the Tristan people emphasized by running up the British flag), and sailed away. Faced with this *fait accompli*, the islanders lodged and fed the sailors in characteristically kind fashion until a Union gunboat arrived, a few days later, and removed their unwanted guests. Then, too, however much the new trade routes had diverted merchantmen from Tristan, shipwrecks there were not altogether a thing of the past—between the time of the mass migrations in mid-century and the end of the century, fifteen vessels foundered off the island and its two satellites—and these also endangered the continued existence of the community, for whenever necessary the handful of men left to support it would risk their lives to rescue the survivors, and always, no matter how scant their reserves might be at the moment, the inhabitants would shelter and feed the castaways with unstinting generosity until another ship happened by and took them off the island. For these acts of kindness the Tristan people asked nothing in return and usually got nothing. From time to time, however, the British government, aware of how little the islands could afford such hospitality—particularly since their permanent population was again on the rise—reimbursed them by sending provisions, and even, infrequently, small sums of money with which to buy supplementary supplies from ship captains. In addition, the settlement received a limited amount of material assistance from a succession of Anglican missionaries sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the first of whom arrived in 1851—five years before the Widow Glass and her family sailed for New Bedford. The Society, a London organization, did what it could to raise money among well-wishers in England, but the pickings were lean and the missionaries' contributions to the community were therefore restricted largely to religious instruction and supplying

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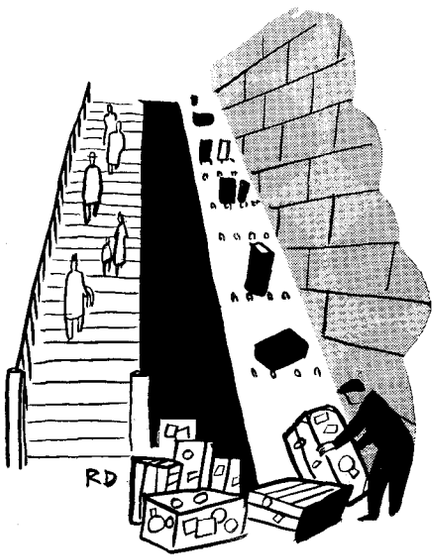
the island children with the rudiments of an education.

The Tristan people needed every bit of outside help they could get, and they never needed it more than in November, 1885, when a longboat in which fifteen of their ablest men were rowing out to barter with a waiting British vessel capsized and all aboard were drowned. Among those lost were the heads of twelve of the nineteen families then on the island—in three of the seven others, the woman of the house was already a widow—leaving the community, which then had a population of ninety-two, with only four grown men, just one of whom was fit to do a day's work, and making its survival contingent on the diligence of its teen-age boys. The British government, upon learning of this catastrophe, reacted in a spirit of generosity hardly comparable to that which was traditionally shown by the Tristan people toward shipwrecked Britishers. After some delay, the Colonial Office forwarded clothing, flour, and other provisions worth about seventy pounds all told, and the Admiralty announced that it would send a warship to Tristan once a year to look into conditions there. Following one such inspection, in 1892, the captain in charge expressed the belief that the island would eventually have to be evacuated, because it lacked enough men capable of sustaining its population, but he failed to take into account the traditional resiliency of the islanders. Slowly, the community recovered from the blow as its teen-age boys grew older and castaways continued to settle there, among the latter being Andrea Repetto and Gaetano Lavarello, who survived the wreck of an Italian bark in 1893 and founded the Tristan families that now bear their names.

With the outbreak of the Boer War,



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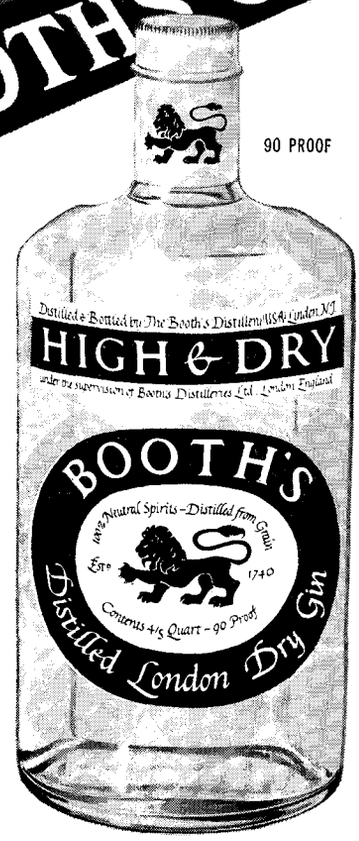

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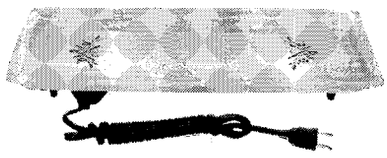

Of course you can keep casseroles and beverage servers at serving temperatures on the new *CORNING WARE® Electromatic Immersible Platter.* But that's not what's different about it.

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in 1899, the Admiralty discontinued its annual inspections of the island, and when the fighting ended, three years later, it did not resume them. Instead, the British government again proposed that the islanders move to the Cape. The majority of them, however, refused to consider the idea, and when, in 1907, they declared that they "would rather starve" than leave their homes, the government took them at their word; in fact, for the next decade or so it had little or nothing to do with them, their principal contacts with the mother country being through the Anglican missionaries. After the First World War ended, the government did infrequently arrange for a vessel of some sort to stop at Tristan with supplies and mail, and the Royal Family sent a few gifts, but, aside from whatever radio broadcasts might be picked up on the resident missionary's set, Tristan heard little of "the houtside warld" until 1942, when a meteorological station was established on the island by the Union of South Africa and, later that year, was taken over by the British Navy.

Neglected though the Tristan people had been by their government, the missionaries on the island reported that they remained determinedly patriotic. "People here are very loyal, and Empire Day is a great festival with us," one of them, the Reverend Mr. H. M. Rogers, wrote in an article printed by an English paper in 1922. "The National Anthem, saluting the Flag, a march past of the schoolchildren, three cheers [for the king], and music and dancing figure in the program." Stirred by such dispatches, people back home sent parcels of old clothes and kitchenware to the islanders, but not very many, apparently, for several years later Rogers' wife wrote from the island that "a kettle is a precious possession, to be lent from person to person." During the twenties and thirties, Tristan was so nearly forgotten by the rest of the world that the sighting of a ship off its coast was the occasion for a wild celebration. "Every soul on the island stops work and, screaming 'Ship ho!,' rushes to my house," one of Rogers' successors wrote in the London *News Chronicle* in 1933. "The women pick up their skirts and dance, the men leap in the air and turn somersaults, the children scream, and hundreds of dogs bark frantically." Rogers himself had not thought too highly of the islanders' preoccupation with the sighting of ships. "The men are rather lazy," he told a reporter for a Cape newspaper in 1923. "They live in perpetual hope of a ship coming in with fresh stores, which tends to slow up any work. They prom-

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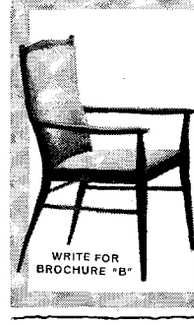

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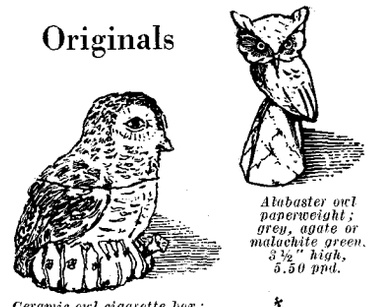

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ised to build me a church, but after several months they have done very little." Rogers might as well have said "after several decades," for missionary efforts to get the people of Tristan to build a church dated back at least forty years, to a period when the Reverend Dr. E. H. Dodgson, a brother of the author of "Alice in Wonderland," was stationed there. In 1882, he persuaded the captain of a British Navy vessel to give the community ninety pounds of gunpowder with which to quarry stone for the building, and the project got under way. Several months later, however, the captain of another ship that called at the island estimated that at the rate the work was progressing it would take from twenty to thirty years to complete the church. Evidently, the rate of progress slacked off after that, for the church was not finished until 1923. In 1928, Queen Mary sent a harmonium to be installed in the building, and four years later the *Cape Argus*, while describing it as "a handsome organ," noted that "unfortunately there is no one on the island able to play it." Happily, King George V had come through with a simpler musical gift, consisting of a phonograph and some records, and this was much appreciated by the islanders, whose favorite selection was "The End of the Road," sung by Sir Harry Lauder.

BETWEEN the end of the Napoleonic era and the nineteen-forties, as the vicissitudes of an increasingly complex civilization far from their shores first brought the Tristan people into closer contact with the outside world and then left them almost entirely to themselves, their manner of living appears to have remained practically unchanged. In little walled fields, each perhaps a hundred feet square, situated at the southwest end of the small plateau on which the settlement is built and explicitly called the Potato Patches, the men raised the island's staple crop, while their womenfolk—whether at home or walking over to a neighbor's house or even making an excursion on donkeyback—knitted away at great speed, converting the yarn from their spinning wheels into thick, natural-tone pullovers, cardigans, and knee-length stockings, adorned only with thin bands of yarn dyed red and blue. The men, who had once worn blue denim pants and jackets obtained from American whalers, now wore nondescript garments picked up in trade with mariners from many nations, but both they and their women and children were still shod in cowhide mocca-

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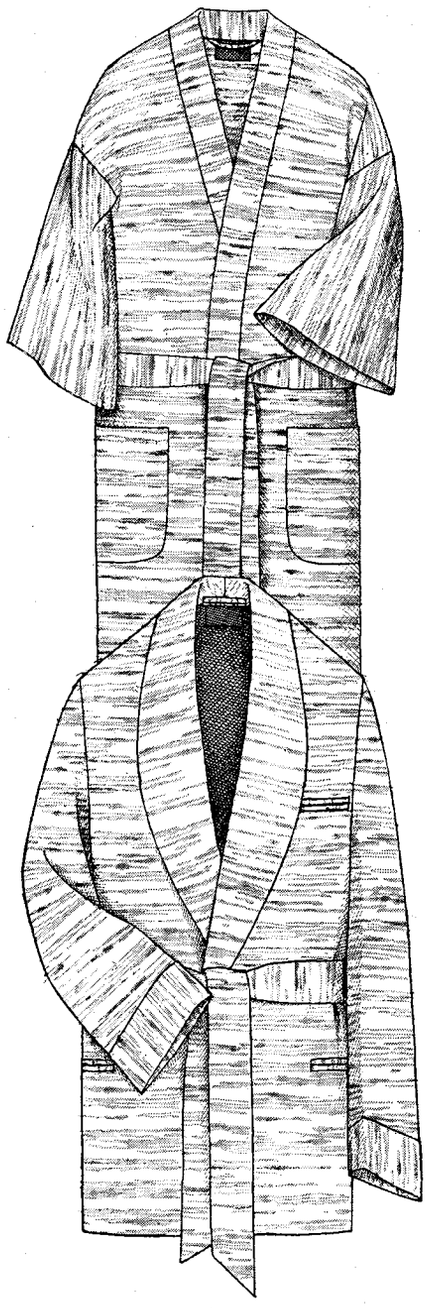

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sins of the kind that Earle's sketch had shown Glass wearing. As in the earlier days of the settlement, the women wore voluminously skirted dresses and headkerchiefs of colorfully printed material, and the little girls wore white Dutch-style headpieces locally called "kapies."

The islanders continued to build their houses along the lines of Glass's, except that they now used blocks of soft volcanic stone—fitted together, without mortar, into walls three feet thick—to make the gable ends, rather than thatching, as in the past. All their houses were laid out along an east-west axis, so that the stone ends might bear the brunt of the violent westerly winds, but apart from this uniform alignment the settlement had no semblance of order, and was innocent of streets. Inside the houses, the sparse furnishings commonly included nautical-style bunk beds and wooden sea chests, these being used both for storage and to sit on. The older houses were distinguishable from the newer ones principally by the fact that in the former whatever little woodwork there was consisted of timbers from ancient shipwrecks, and sometimes there were ship's cabin doors between one room and another, while most of the more modern houses either were without such luxuries or were lined in part with strips of wood from packing cases.

Each year, on a fine morning in March—just before the start of Tristan's April-to-September winter—practically the whole community would sail around Sandy Point, on the east coast of the island, to pick apples in an orchard that had been started by some of the early settlers and that still flourished there. This event, known on the island as Happlin' Day, was a jolly affair, with a picnic lunch under the apple trees as its high point. Just as festive was another event, known as Rattin' Day, which had originated as a serious effort to rid Tristan of a plague of rats and in time became one of the islanders' principal sporting occasions. On Rattin' Day, the men would band together in teams and, with their dogs, head for the Potato Patches, where they would dismantle sections of the stone walls separating the plots and expose nests of rats concealed within. The rats would then be finished off by the dogs while the men stood by to cut off the tails from the remains of the victims, and at the end of the day the team with the most such trophies would be declared the winner. The women and children attended these proceedings as enthusiastic spectators, and around the middle of the day the men would

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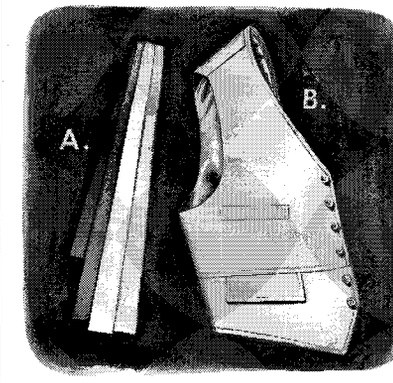

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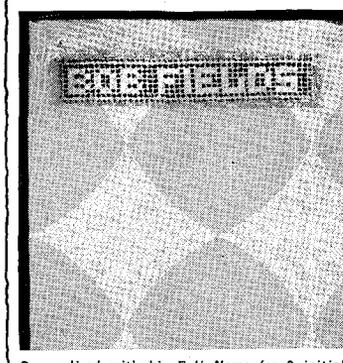

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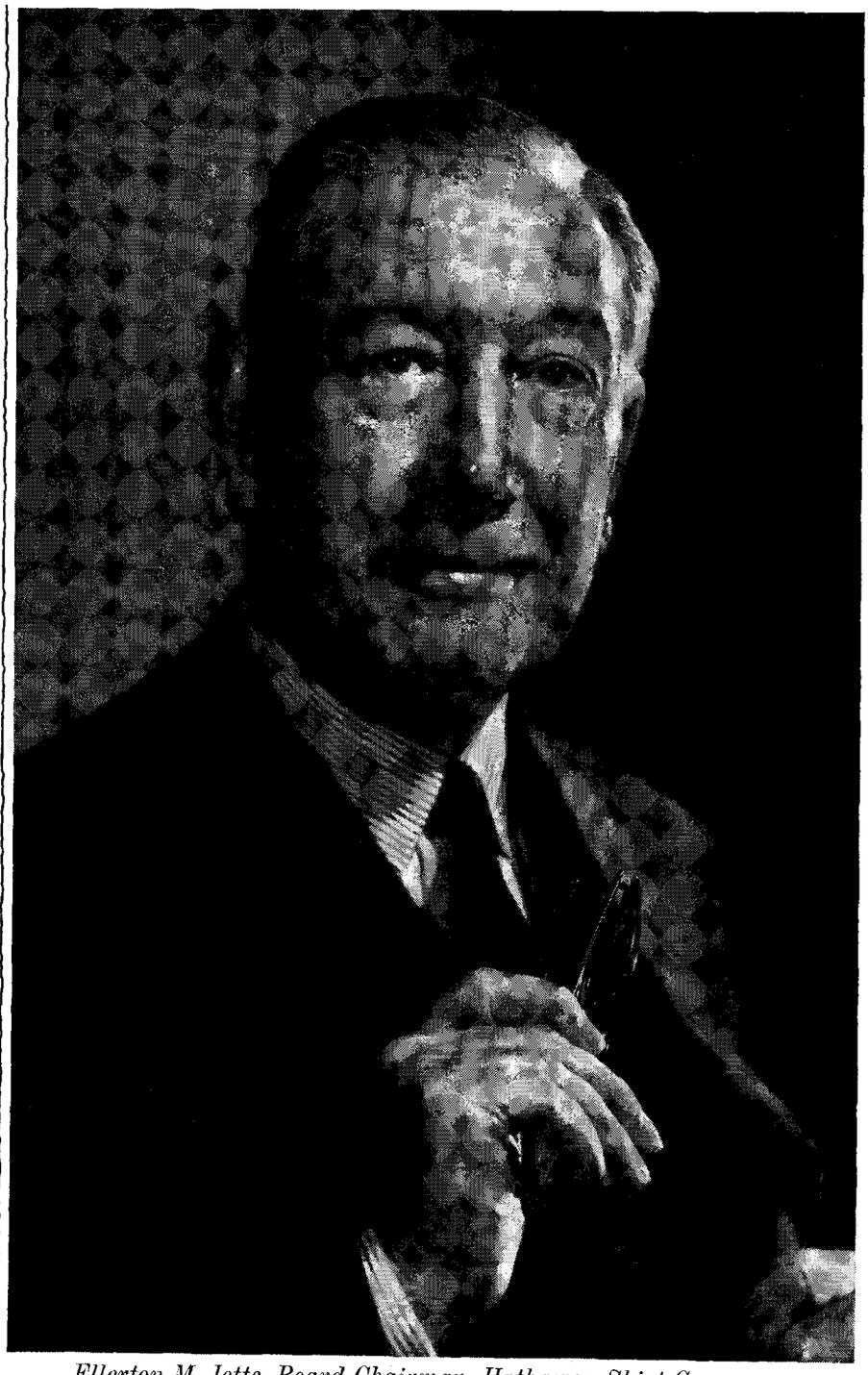
take time out to join them in a picnic on the grass. In the evening, after the last of the rattails had been totted up, there would be a dance—held, in recent years, at a newly built community hall.

July and August—late winter—were planting time in the Patches. The potatoes were harvested in December, January, and February, and while the supply lasted, the islanders consumed them in enormous quantities, boiling them and often eating them "bare"—meaning unsalted and unaccompanied by any other food. While the islanders occasionally slaughtered one of a number of half-tame cattle that grazed among the apple trees at Sandy Point, they were interested in the animals less as sources of beef or milk than as sources of leather for making moccasins. Similarly, the sheep were valued mainly for wool rather than for mutton, and in general meat was eaten only on holidays. The islanders were not, however, averse to varying their diet now and then with certain rather special domestic delicacies. In favorable weather, the men, if they felt so inclined, would set out on foot or in their longboats to hunt for these elsewhere on the island, ranging over or skirting sites they identified by such names as Ridge Where the Goat Jump Off, Down Where the Minister Land His Things, The Ponds Up the East'ard, Noisy Beach, and Deadman's Bay. Sometimes the men's objective would be an all but barren slope, rising toward the island's summit, where, with their hands, they would kill yellow-nosed albatrosses—known to them as mollymawks, or mollies. Or, in September, during the spring nesting season, they might journey by longboat to a small rookery of rock-hopper penguins near Sandy Point, where they would gather the incubating eggs as a prized form of food and kill some of the adult birds for their fat, which was used both in cooking and as lamp oil. But in time both the penguins and the mollies were pretty well killed off on Tristan itself, and as they became scarcer, the men, during the nesting season, would sail the twenty miles to Nightingale, where there was a very large bird colony. They would stay there for days at a time, living on penguin eggs and the flesh of mollies, and return home laden with enough food to last the community for weeks. In March or April, the men might go back to Nightingale, this time accompanied by several of their hardier womenfolk, to build up their reserves of lamp oil by killing large numbers of penguins and greater shearwaters—birds resem-



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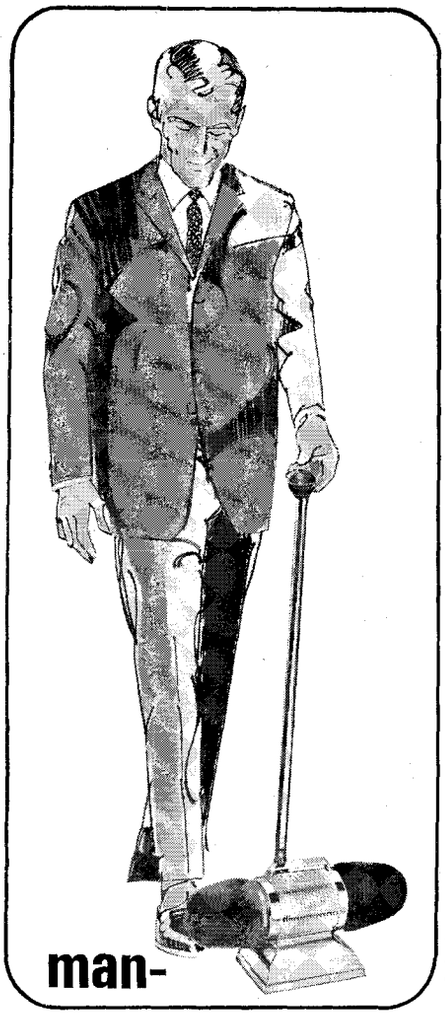

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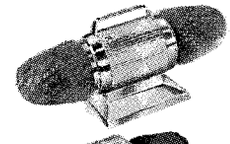

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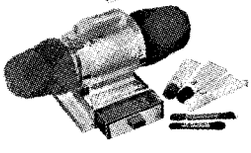

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bling petrels and called petrels by the Tristan people. The women would render the fat of the prey on the spot, and spend idle moments collecting penguin down to use as stuffing for pillows and mattresses back home.

And, at any season, the men of Tristan—again provided both the weather and their mood were favorable—might take to their longboats and go fishing. Here, though, the idyll was flawed, for in winter, just when the islanders were beginning to run short of potatoes and were most in need of fish, it was the weather, far more than the men's mood, that decided when they could venture offshore, and the weather then was rarely favorable. Moreover, with the passing of the years, winter fishing expeditions became increasingly perilous because the longboats engaged in them were not as sturdy as they had once been. In the days of recurrent shipwrecks, the Tristan people had been able to fashion the framework of their craft from salvaged whole timbers, but by the early nineteen-hundreds they were having to make do with any bits of lumber they could find for the purpose—even, in some cases, nailing together struts ripped from packing crates. A piece of driftwood substantial enough to be made into a keel became a great find on Tristan, and some of the older islanders still talk with wonder of a log that washed up on the shore back around the beginning of this century and that they called simply the Big Tree. Nobody knows where it came from or what kind of wood it was, but it was a hundred and twenty feet long and had a maximum circumference of twenty feet. Sawing it up sparingly, for only the most necessary timbers, the islanders made it last for twenty years.

IN 1876, Captain Lindesay Brine, commander of the British warship Wolverine and a seafarer with a reflective turn of mind, if not always a penetratingly observant eye, wrote after calling at Tristan:

Here we have, in a civilized community, society reduced to its most elementary form. In fact, the community exactly fits Herbert Spencer's definition of a simple society which "forms a single working whole unsubjected to any other, and of which the parts cooperate with or without (in this case without) a regulating center." . . . The islanders render each other voluntary assistance as occasion demands, but there is no compulsion, neither is there any jealousy or dissension, envy, hatred or malice, or any uncharitableness, that could be detected. In case of variance of opinion the minority submits to the will of the majority with resignation and self control, and the majority carries their point with-

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out exultation or triumph. . . . Needless to say, the community is absolutely moral. Living in honesty, sobriety, and harmony, free apparently from all crime, vice, dissension, or double dealing, they seem to have unconsciously carried out the purpose entertained by the original settler in 1811, Mr. Jonathan Lambert.

The utopian qualities that Captain Brine saw in Tristan society were also stressed in the writings of several of the missionaries who served on the island. Glass was not only the first governor of Tristan but also the last, and the community ran itself peacefully along egalitarian lines from his time on. To be sure, a succession of islanders have borne the honorary title of "Chief," but this has been used primarily when the people as a whole found it expedient to be represented by a single spokesman at bartering sessions. The only real authority recognized by the Tristan people was that of the father over his family, and it was absolute; any other pretensions to leadership were alien and repugnant to them. (Children were periodically reminded of the paternal role in the household by bouts of what the islanders call "hammering.") Although the islanders' society could be described as a coöperative one, in most ways it stopped short of Socialism. The houses, land in active use, most livestock, and the longboats were privately owned, either by families or—most notably in the case of boats—by groups of men. The island had its rich and its poor; a rich man might own thirty head of cattle, sixty sheep, a score of geese, and a share in a boat, and a poor man only a half share in a cow. Indeed, remarks in the writings of a couple of Tristan missionaries indicate that the island society stopped so far short of Socialism that now and then in winter, when the poorer or less provident members of the community ran out of potatoes and were on the verge of starving, they had to barter precious timbers from their houses with their wealthier neighbors in order to get something to eat—not precisely an example of the "voluntary assistance as occasion demands" that impressed Captain Brine.

Some of the missionaries, and some of the ship captains as well, also saw the community as a slightly tarnished paragon of virtue. The Reverend Mr. Rogers, for example, not content with complaining about the laziness of the men, particularly when it came to building him a church, wrote in the Manchester *Guardian* that the islanders were addicted to cadging supplies from him that he could ill afford to part with, and his wife told a reporter that every

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time a ship bringing mail from home put in at Tristan, parcels addressed to the Rogerses disappeared on the way from the beach to their house. As for the sobriety of the islanders, which Captain Brine virtually took for granted, some visitors to the community were led to suspect that the people abstained from alcohol only for lack of opportunity to get the stuff. A Captain W. J. P. Pullen, of the British Navy, wrote in 1862 that he was "sorry to believe" that, besides the more humdrum commodities that the islanders acquired from Yankee whalers, they also got "spirits, for some appeared at the close of our stay to be in a rather excited state from something stronger than water." And the Reverend Mr. Dodgson felt obliged to note that "drunkenness, I am sorry to say, has a hold on a few of the men when they get the chance."

Because the islanders supposed that the missionaries were acting more or less on behalf of the British government, as loyal subjects they put up with a lot of what, in view of their traditional scorn for authority, they must have considered nonsense, or worse—since even the best-intentioned missionary believed that the object of his activities was to gently lead his flock in ways he felt would be beneficial to it. But sometimes a missionary would go out of bounds, perhaps by exerting pressure to have his favorite installed as Chief. When such puppet leaders were set up, however, they were largely ignored by the islanders, who continued to carry on in their own haphazard fashion. As one of the clerics lamented, it was terribly hard to get the men to "pull together." What with the lonely lives led by the solitary missionaries in this remote outpost, and the passive resistance of the islanders to many of their efforts, it is small wonder that, according to the press, one of them, in 1923, was "trembling with emotion" when he boarded a visiting vessel to enjoy the companionship of its passengers for a few hours, and that five years later another, under the same circumstances, was "wild with excitement"—so much so that, according to a Cape paper, although "divine service could have been held on the ship, [he] was in too nervous a state to conduct it."

As long as the weather station on Tristan was being run as a wartime operation, the British Navy saw to it that the island was adequately supplied, and also employed some of the inhabitants, paying them partly in currency but mostly in chits redeem-

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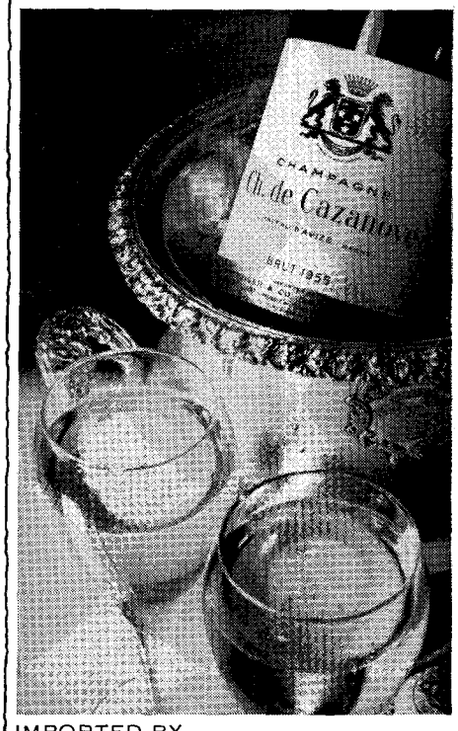

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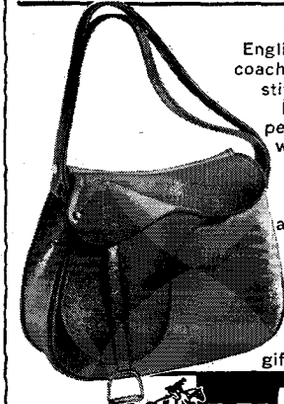

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able for goods at a canteen it had set up. In 1946, however, the Navy pulled out of Tristan, closing the canteen and returning control of the weather station to South Africa (which manned it with a staff of two), and the islanders found themselves pretty much the same forgotten people they had been before the war. Then, three years later, their situation began to change again, this time very considerably, when—largely through the efforts of the Reverend Mr. C. P. Lawrence, an Anglican who had served as a Navy chaplain on Tristan during the war—some South African interests organized the Tristan da Cunha Development Company to fish in the waters around Tristan and to exploit, with the help of local labor, rich beds of crawfish, otherwise known as rock lobsters, lying just off the island. The company built a small canning plant near the settlement, and later a freezing plant to preserve crawfish tails, which, under the name of South African rock-lobster tails (zoologically accurate enough, even for those originating in Tristan waters), have become quite popular in the United States in recent years. The more able-bodied Tristan fishermen could earn as much as a hundred pounds a year, and the company opened a store where they could spend this cash on food, household goods, and hardware. In 1950, the Colonial Office, which had had a hand in the establishment of the fishing enterprise, in an effort to familiarize the islanders with a few elementary modern techniques, assigned a team of four specialists—an administrator, an agricultural officer, a doctor, and a nurse—to steady duty in the community, meanwhile taking over the company store and providing facilities for post-office savings accounts, in which the islanders were encouraged to salt away some of their earnings.

Although the stubbornly individualistic Tristan people did not take very kindly to the threats to their independence that were raised by these outside influences, even they could see that from a material viewpoint they were decidedly better off. The agricultural officer may have found them indifferent to suggestions that they employ up-to-date methods of grazing and fencing, but they were not so aloof when it came to spending their money on articles designed by a newer civilization to make life easier—paraffin-burning stoves and lamps, for instance, which made it unnecessary for them to scour the island for firewood or hunt penguins and

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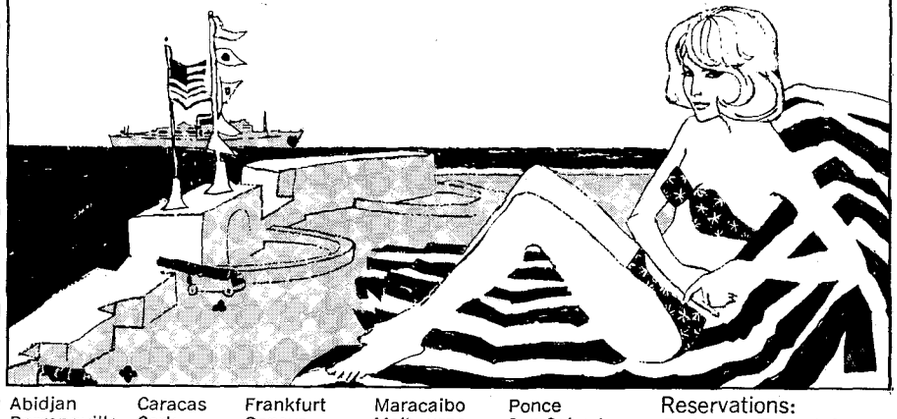

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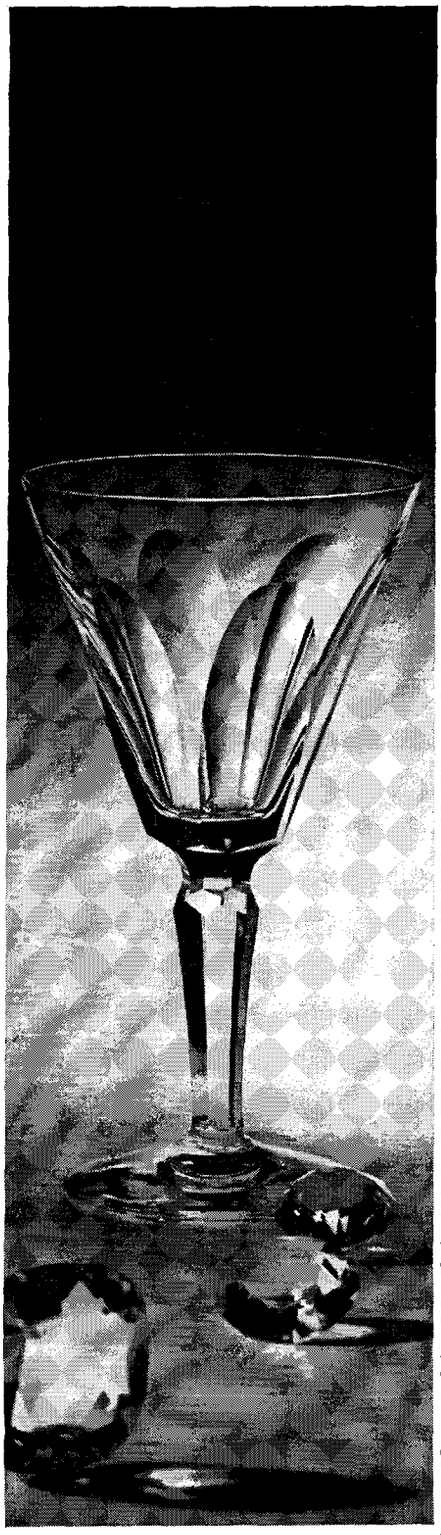

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petrels for their oil. "Things were changing all the time—getting more Europeanized," according to Miss Rhoda Downer, an Englishwoman who taught school on the island during the late nineteen-fifties. "The women still wouldn't dream of giving up their heavy knitted stockings in favor of nylons, which were considered rather indecent, but a few of the young girls started buying ankle socks. Sewing machines were selling quite well, along with dress patterns for Sunday clothes, and some of the girls were going in for home perms." Nor was that all. Under the direction of the new administrator, water was piped from a communal spring into the Tristan people's homes, flush toilets were installed, and drainage facilities were introduced, giving the primitive little community on the edge of limbo a sanitation system superior to those of some villages that may still be found in parts of Britain.

SUCH was the affluent state of society on Tristan, whose population now numbered two hundred and sixty-one persons—apart from a mushrooming British supervisory staff of twenty-one, headed by Peter J. F. Wheeler, who, at thirty-two, was the island's administrator—when, at around noon on August 6, 1961, the inhabitants felt something that was entirely new in their experience: a sudden slight tremor of the ground beneath their feet. It was felt by men working at the Potato Patches, by housewives in the settlement, and, at Sandy Point, almost on the opposite side of the island, by Wheeler and a party under his supervision, who were spending a few days there planting saplings. Wheeler didn't think much about the single tremor until he got back to the settlement about a week later and learned with some concern that four or five additional tremors had been felt there since the first one. (He had felt no others at Sandy Point.) The disturbances continued to jolt the settlement for about three more weeks, increasing slightly in frequency and intensity, and then they stopped. For a few days, everybody breathed easier, but toward the end of the first week in September the tremors began again, and now their jolts were sharper still. The Tristan people were well aware that their entire island had once been an active volcano, and their uneasiness was not much dispelled by South African seismologists who, in response to radioed reports sent out by him, advised Wheeler that the tremors were probably just a matter of an adjustment in a geological

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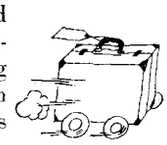

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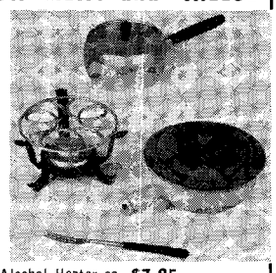

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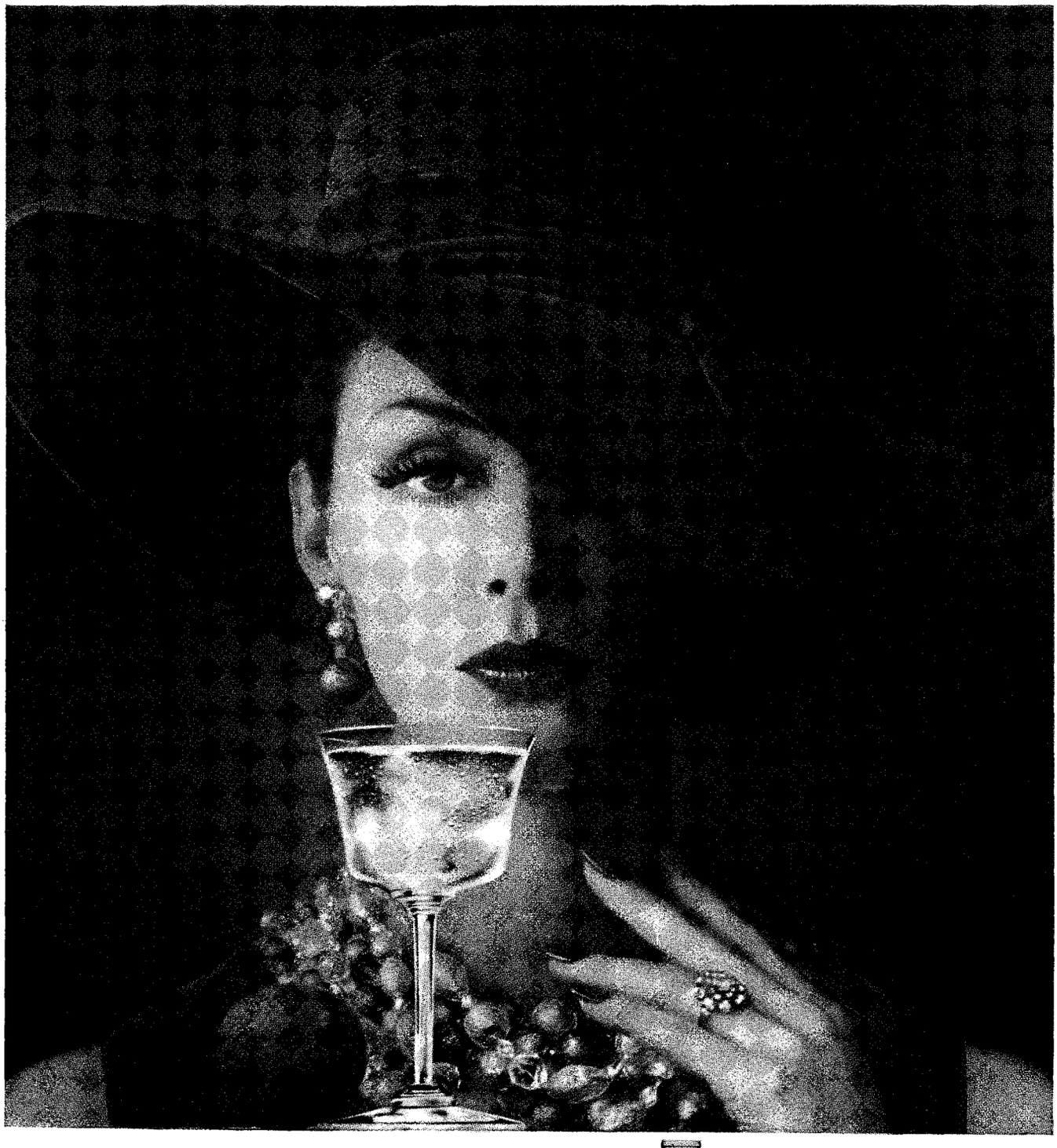

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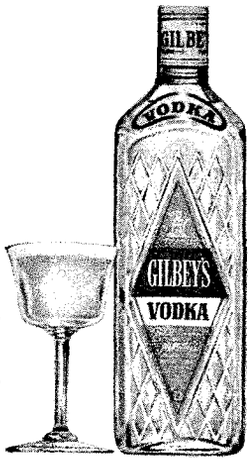

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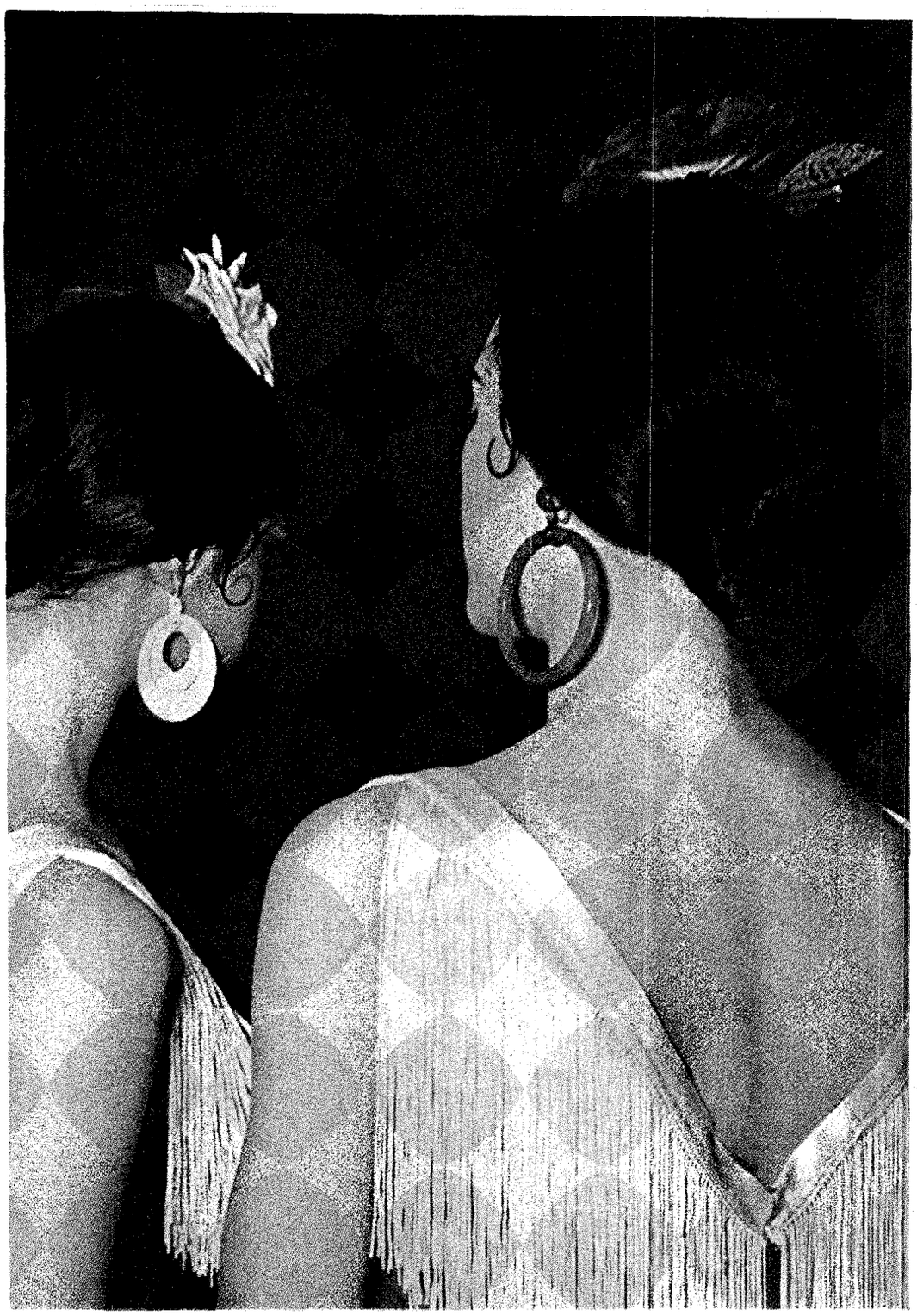

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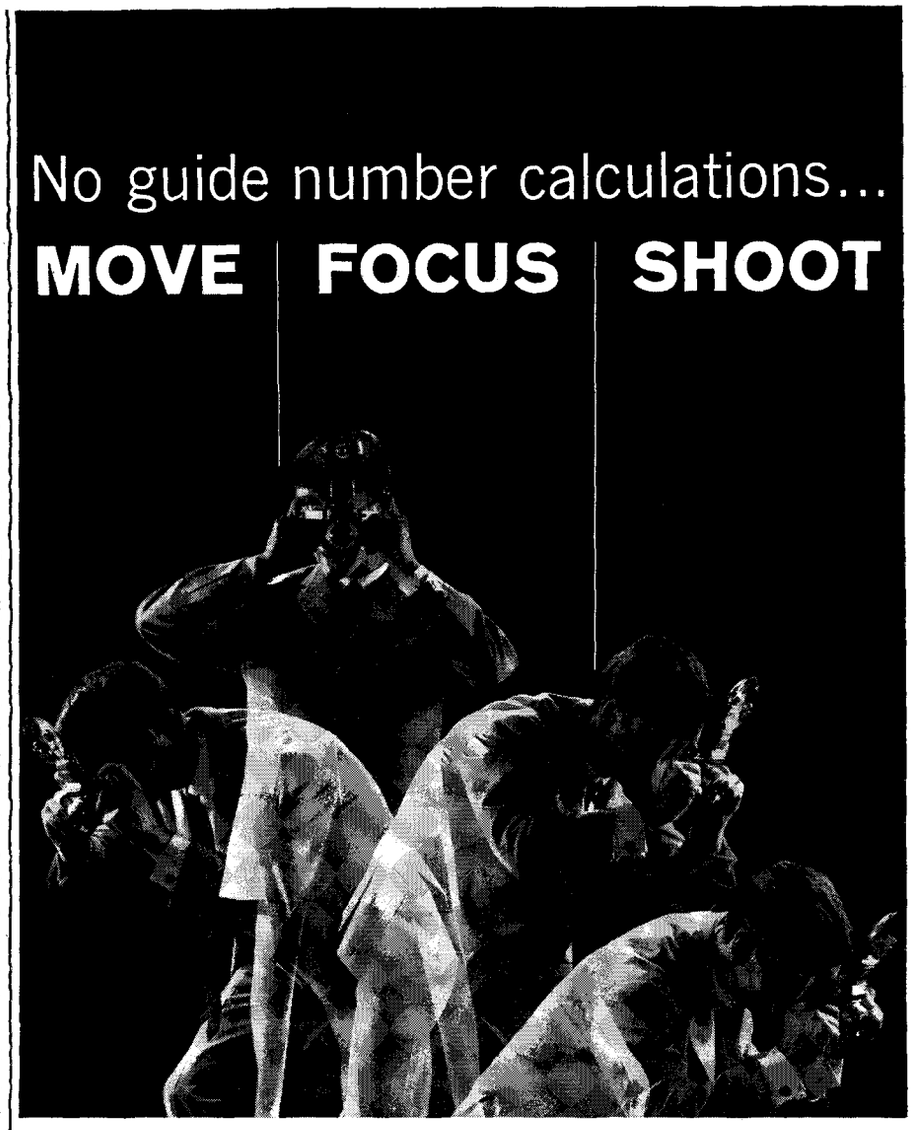
fault along the Mid-Atlantic Ridge and that Tristan's once active volcano was not of a kind given to recurrent flareups. "I began to be quite conscious of the fact that we were sitting on a ledge with a two-thousand-foot escarpment behind us and only the sea in front of us," Wheeler recalled when he got back to England. "After all, we hadn't so much as sighted a ship in five months. But fortunately the commercial fishing season off Tristan starts around the middle of September, so we knew we could expect a couple of the Development Company's boats to show up pretty soon." The first to arrive was the hundred-and-sixty-four-foot Tristania, and her captain, on coming ashore, was quite perturbed by the violence of the tremors that greeted him.

In the hope of getting some idea of how widespread the disturbances might be, the agricultural officer and three islanders took off aboard the Tristania for Nightingale, where they stayed five days, maintaining a round-the-clock check for tremors there, while a corresponding team kept track of those felt in the settlement. During that time, the settlement team recorded eighty-nine tremors, but, to Wheeler's dismay, when the four men returned from Nightingale they reported that they had felt no tremors at all there. Their report, coupled with the fact that he had felt only one tremor at Sandy Point while the settlement had experienced several, led Wheeler to suspect the worst—that the underground pressures were pinpointed on the plateau. He immediately radioed his fears to the Colonial Office, and asked if it would be possible to send a volcanologist to Tristan on the Tjisadane, a Dutch liner that was sailing soon from Buenos Aires to Cape Town and was due to stop at the island to pick up a British nurse who had completed her tour of duty there. The Colonial Office replied that there wasn't time to assemble enough of the appropriate seismological instruments to make a visit worthwhile, but it conveyed reassurances, much like those Wheeler had received from South Africa, as to the unlikelihood of the Tristan volcano's coming to life again.

As if to confirm this optimistic view, almost simultaneously with the receipt of this message the tremors now subsided—but only for a couple of days. When the shocks began again, they were ominously accompanied by subterranean rumblings and thumpings, and they became progressively more severe, shaking pictures from walls and



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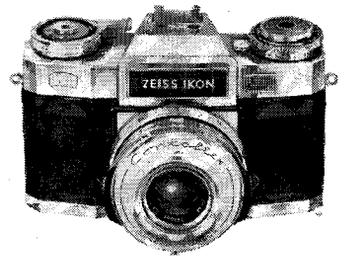

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crockery from shelves. Far worse—potentially, at any rate—they touched off rockslides on the cliff behind the settlement, sending boulders as big as automobiles tumbling down perilously close to some of the dwellings. During the first week in October, the rockfalls occurred at a rate of almost one an hour. As the rocks came hurtling down, they would throw up clouds of dust hundreds of feet high, which sometimes, depending on the direction of the wind, would envelop the whole settlement and, in the daytime, obscure the sun. But alarming though the sight of these repeated slides certainly was, what the islanders found even more unnerving was the sound of the rocks thundering down from the cliff at night, when there was no telling where they might end up. While the Tristaners remained outwardly calm in this time of anxiety, they could not help realizing that they were in serious trouble. As one of them said later, "The people was werry un'appy, because they knew there was something wrong with the hisland."

Any lingering doubts that the people may have had were dramatically dispelled on Sunday, October 8th—now commonly referred to by the Tristan people as "the day the harth cracked." In accordance with their Sabbath custom, most of the islanders had attended evensong services in the church, and as they were on their way home those living at the eastern end of the settlement discovered a number of cracks in the earth, extending across the width of the plateau from the base of the escarpment to the sea. At the time, the cracks were barely discernible where they cut through the turf that covered most of the plateau, and could be clearly distinguished only where they crossed a footpath or wagon track. As the afternoon wore on, however, the cracks gradually widened, breaking underground pipes and causing small jets of water to shoot up all over the settlement. By nightfall, doors in some of the houses near the cracks had to be pried open.

All night, the cracks continued to widen, and during intervals when masses of rock were not crashing down from the cliff, many an islander could hear in his own living room a small imitation of those massive cascades as showers of pebbles, loosened from the masonry of his chimney, rattled out of the fireplace and onto the floor. But there were not many such intervals, and shortly before midnight the rockfalls became so threatening that nearly all the islanders at the eastern end of the settlement, acting in wordless accord,

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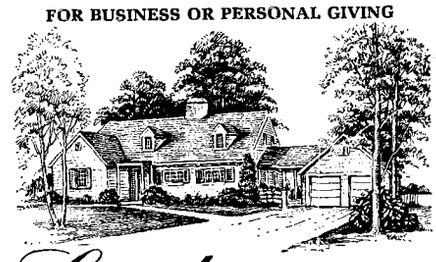

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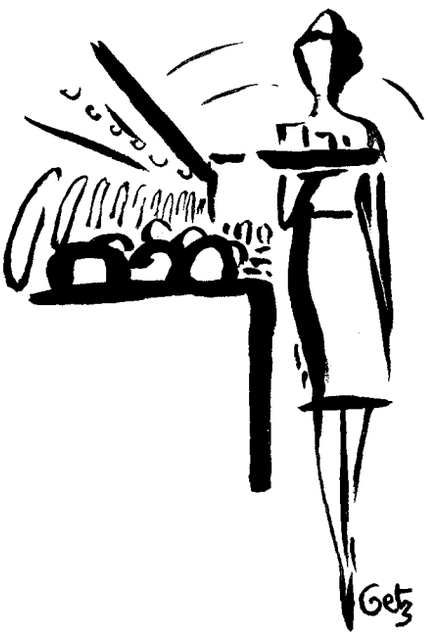
quietly left their homes almost at the same moment and, shouldering sacks full of their possessions or carrying babies in their arms, straggled over to spend the rest of the night with relatives on the western side. Among them were Mrs. Ida Green, who had given birth to a baby four days previously. Mrs. Green moved in with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rene Green, taking the baby with her, and shortly after she arrived the Reverend Mr. Charles J. Jewell, the island's Anglican minister, who had learned of her move, stopped in to see if mother and child were all right. Finding the mother chiefly concerned because her baby had not been baptized, he set about remedying that situation on the spot; using a pudding bowl as a font, he performed the ceremony amid the furious roar of falling rocks.

By morning, things seemed to be a little better. Some of the east-enders, returning to inspect their homes, found that some of the cracks in the ground had closed up, and that doors that could not be budged the previous night now opened and closed readily. Many of the Tristan people began to express the hope that they had experienced the worst of the disturbances, but their optimism faded at about three o'clock that afternoon, when a crack far wider than any of the earlier ones appeared in the ground about three hundred yards east of the settlement. Wheeler and a few of the island men went to take a look at the new crack, and as they drew near it they saw a section of the ground along its far side start to rise. It rose gently and silently, at a rate of perhaps four inches a minute, until at the end of half an hour or so it had attained a height of about ten feet, all the while slowly as-



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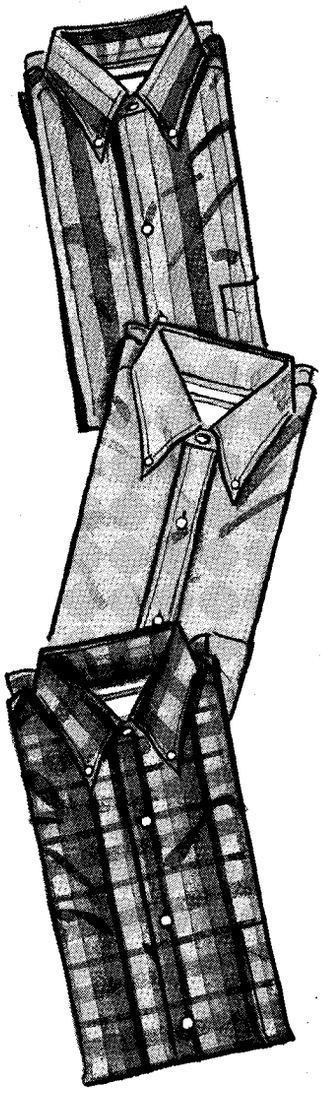

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suming the shape of a bubble, whose grass-covered surface was severely lacerated with fissures. At one point, a sheep grazing too near the edge of the large crack, which was now a gaping V-shaped trough, fell into it and disappeared. But as the grassy boil continued to rise, the bottom of the trough rose, too, and on it was the sheep, which, upon reaching ground level, scrambled back onto the turf and resumed its grazing.

Hurriedly, Wheeler left the scene and made his way to the center of the settlement, where there hung an old naval shell case, ordinarily used as a gong to summon the islanders on mornings when the sea was deemed safe for fishing. After he had struck this with an iron bar and the men had gathered around, Wheeler told them that they would have to evacuate the settlement the next day, aboard the Tristania, which, fortunately, was standing by off the landing beach. The Tristania would take them to Nightingale Island, he continued, and he advised them to have their womenfolk prepare for the emergency by packing blankets and warm clothing. Next, he got in touch by radio with the Royal Navy, at Cape Town, informed it of the islanders' predicament, and asked for help, since the Tristania and its sister ship, the much smaller Frances Repetto, did not have the facilities for carrying so many passengers any great distance. The Navy reminded him that the liner Tjisadane was due very soon at the island, and also promised that the frigate H.M.S. Leopard would leave South Africa for Tristan immediately, and that, proceeding at top speed, she should arrive in three or four days. Then, toward dusk, Wheeler returned to inspect the earth bubble. He found that it had swelled to a height of perhaps thirty feet and was resting on a base of about the same diameter. Moreover, it was continuing to grow, and, staring at it, Wheeler, though he admittedly knew nothing about such matters, became convinced that he was witnessing the evolution of a new volcano. He went back to the gong, banged it again, and told the men that the settlement would have to be evacuated right away. Because of the impending darkness, however, and because he feared that the bubble might suddenly erupt and flood the landing with lava, he decided against trying to get the islanders into their longboats and out to the Tristania that night; instead, he instructed the men to take their families to the Potato Patches and bed them down there.

In the gathering twilight, the island-

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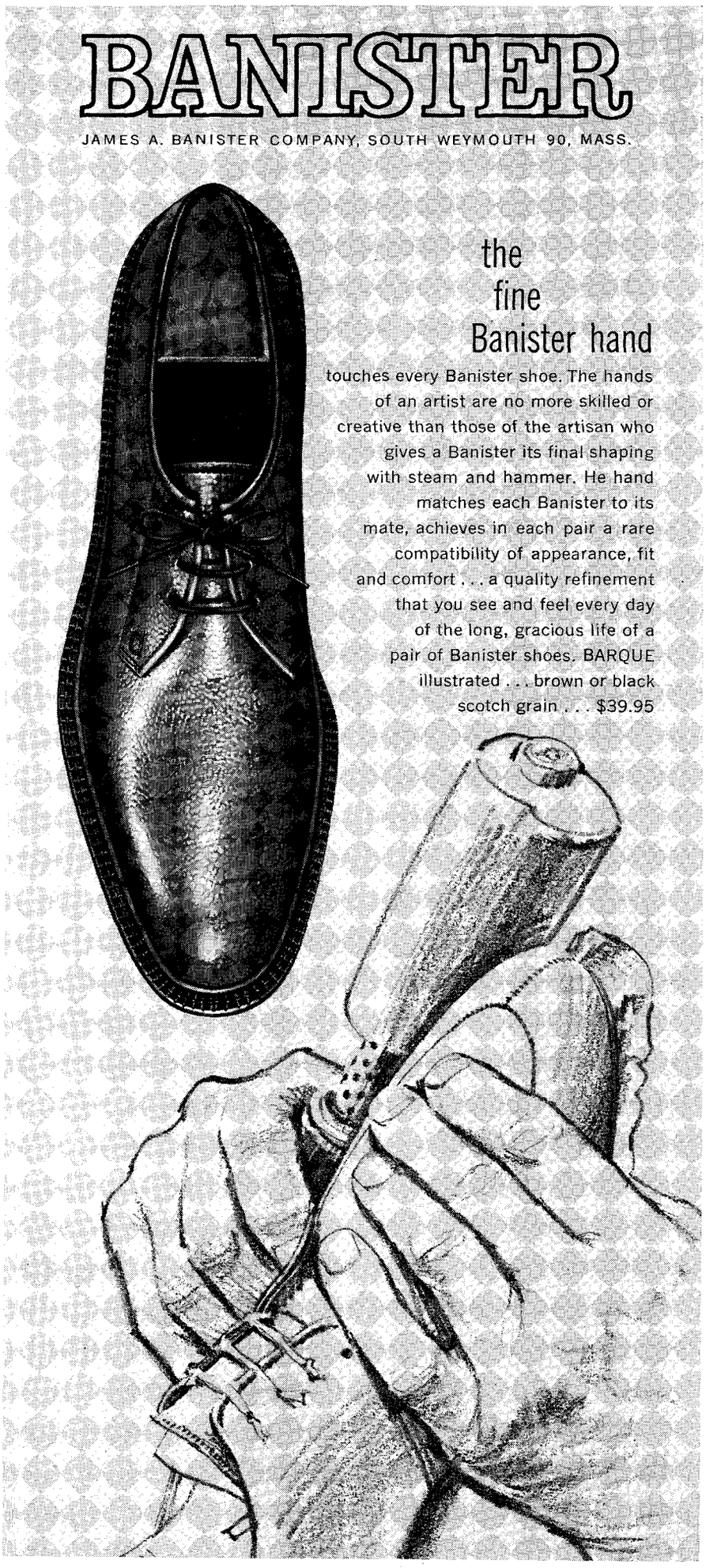
ers, walking in twos and threes and carrying the things they had packed in the last few hours, set out for the Patches. There some of them slept, or tried to sleep, in little sheds that ordinarily served as bad-weather shelters for the men working in the fields, and the rest huddled in ditches to escape the full force of a strong, cold west wind. It was a miserable night for everybody. In the darkness, the people could hear the roar of rockfalls from the great cliff, and at each fall the dogs—nearly every family had one—would set up a furious barking and the donkeys on the plateau would bray in strident unison. At about two o'clock, the shivering refugees heard an exceptionally loud boom, for which they had no explanation until dawn. Then, after making a prearranged radio contact with the Tristania over a portable transmitter, Wheeler learned that the bubble had blown open at about that time and could now, from the ship, be seen pushing up hot boulders and glowing cinders. On hearing this, Wheeler and a group of Tristan men hastily set out toward the settlement. They got their first glimpse of the new volcano from the brow of a hill. "The men run like wild to see what the wolcano look like, and when they get to the toap of the hill they stand werry still, just watching it," one member of the group said later. "When I see it, I think, Well, that's the end of hour hisland." The bubble of grass had become a cone of lava some seventy feet high, with sulphurous-smelling smoke alternately streaming and puffing from its top while boulders and cinders rolled down its sides.

The Tristan people's longboats lay drawn up on the shingle only a couple of hundred yards from the volcano, and Wheeler, more loath than ever to risk herding the islanders onto the landing beach now that it was practically at the base of the smoldering heap, directed the men to row their craft to another beach, near the Patches—one that was seldom used, because it bordered on a rock-strewn bay and could be reached from the plateau only by a narrow path leading down the face of a two-hundred-foot cliff. The sea was rough there, and breakers were sweeping across the mouth of the bay, making it difficult for the longboats even to get in to the landing, but after some time one of them managed it, and, having taken aboard a load of elderly persons and mothers carrying babies, successfully got off again, bound for the Tristania. But the second boat to try to reach the landing almost capsized, and



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it became apparent that the chances of evacuating all the remaining Tristan people from that beach without a disaster were very slim.

Accordingly, Wheeler, reversing his tactics, directed the rowers to return to the regular landing beach, and then called the rest of the islanders together and told them that they would have to proceed there on foot as rapidly as possible; there was no time for them to go back to their homes and salvage anything more, he said. Clutching the few possessions they had brought with them, the people patiently turned back, climbed the two-hundred-foot cliff, and made their way from the Potato Patches to the landing beach—past their homes, behind which stood the smoking volcano, whose peak now stood about a hundred and fifty feet above the ground—and waited their turn to clamber aboard the longboats. The sea off the settlement was calm, and by one o'clock in the afternoon every man, woman, and child was safely aboard either the Tristania or the Frances Repetto, which had returned from a fishing trip that morning. As the two ships turned and headed for Nightingale, islanders looking back could see a second bubble of earth beginning to rise in a bog right beside the most easterly house in the settlement.

The refugees spent Tuesday night on the barren coast of Nightingale. The next morning, their immediate cares vanished when they saw the Tjisadane appear off the island, its mission to pick up one nurse at Tristan now expanded to include picking up all the fugitives from the volcano and taking them on to Cape Town. "By mid-afternoon, everybody was on board," Mr. Jewell noted in his diary that night. "We set sail and as we passed [the settlement] we saw there were now three cones, all emitting smoke and great rocks that rolled down the sides. As people gazed at what had been their homes . . . there were many tears, especially among the older folk."

The British Navy's Leopard reached Tristan three days after the departure of the Tjisadane, and put a landing party ashore to go through each house in the settlement and remove all the portable valuables to the frigate for ultimate return to their owners. The members of the party found that the original bubble (the two others eventually merged with it) was two hundred and forty feet high and still growing. Before leaving the island, they rounded up and shot all of the dogs they could find, as a precaution against their going wild and preying on the other domestic

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animals, which were to be left on the island.

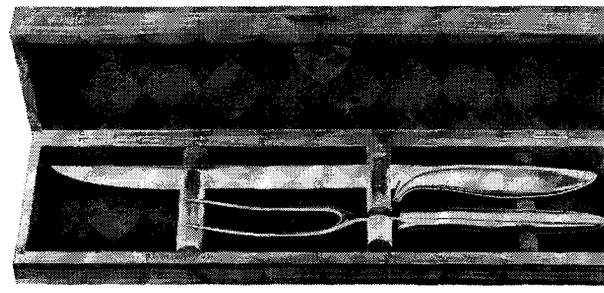
The Tjisadane arrived at Cape Town on October 17th, and the refugees received a warm welcome, for South African newspapers had been printing detailed accounts of their misfortunes. Some of the islanders who had relatives in the vicinity considered settling down with them, but in the end they decided to go along with the majority in accepting an offer from the British government to transport them, as British citizens, to England. (Thereby, they avoided the likelihood of being classified, under South Africa's policy of Apartheid, as "colored" persons and so being segregated, because of the mulattoes from St. Helena among their ancestors.)

Aboard the Stirling Castle, while completing their six-thousand-mile voyage into exile, the Tristan people were given numerous inoculations against the communicable diseases of Western civilization, since few of them had ever been exposed to, and even fewer had contracted, any of these ailments, with the exception of the common cold, which usually beset the settlement after a ship called there. In fact, it was widely assumed at the time, on the basis of what visitors had observed and what the islanders had said about themselves, that the people of Tristan enjoyed almost perfect health—an assumption that failed to stand up once the refugees reached England, where they became subjects of close study by teams of physicians representing the British Medical Research Council. The doctors found that many of them were afflicted with anemia, asthma, and roundworms, and concluded that although in their natural environment they had a somewhat longer life expectancy than Englishmen living in England, they were generally in poorer physical shape. Even the condition of their teeth was disappointing. In 1937, a group of Norwegian scientists, after a decade of periodically checking up on the islanders, had reported that their teeth "had no more decay than those of ancient man" and that over the ten years covered by the survey "only 1.84 to 3.96 per cent of the teeth were found to be carious"—a fact that was all the more remarkable in view of the islanders' predominantly soft diet. But that was before the canteen was established on the island, providing the community for the first time with a relative abundance of sugar in one form or another. It was discovered in England that the islanders ate an average of half a pound of sweets a week, and that a

'Tis more by art than force of num'rous strokes

ALEXANDER POPE

...but woe is the host whose art is betrayed by a dull blade



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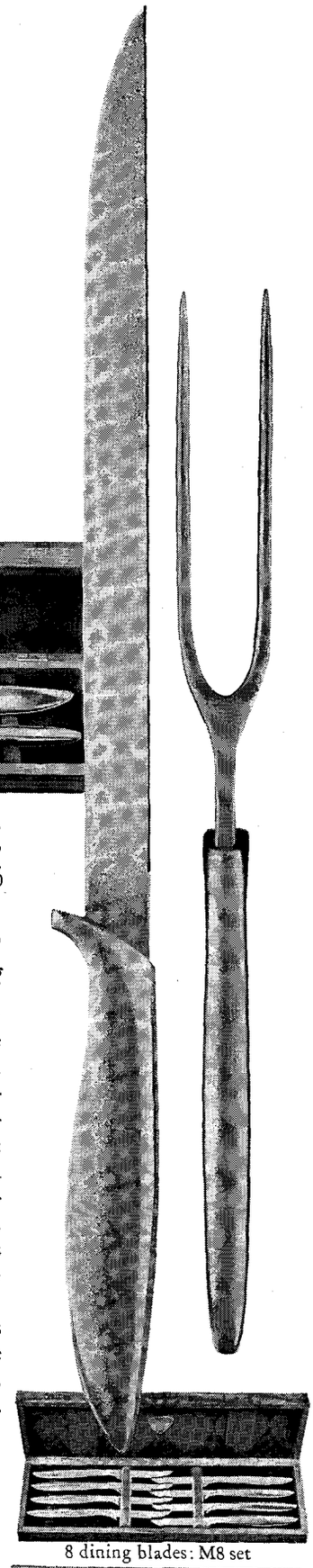

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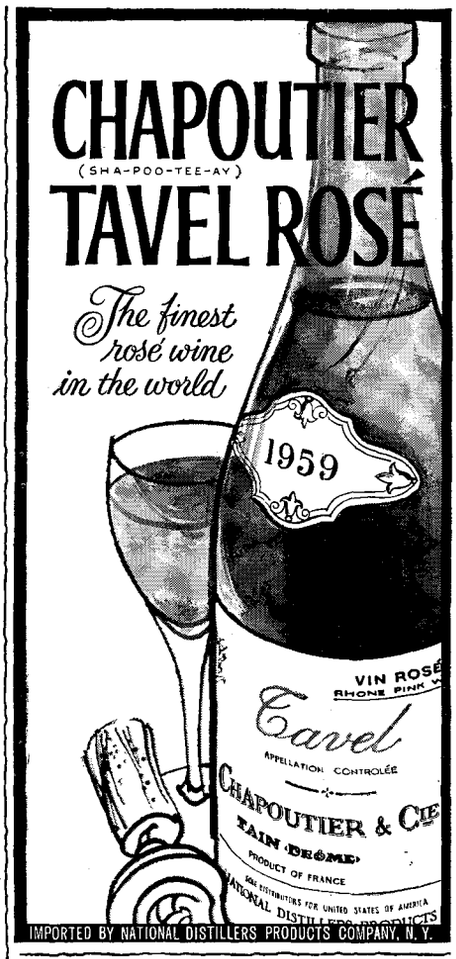
third of them had cavities in their teeth. Furthermore, genetic malformations among the islanders, while perhaps less prevalent and extreme than laymen might expect in so inbred a group, were found to exist at more than twice the comparable rate for the population of England as a whole. Some of these abnormalities were of a relatively minor nature—lobeless ears, for instance—but others were more serious. Ominously, several islanders were found to be suffering from a congenital abnormality of the eye identified as retinitis pigmentosa, which is marked by progressive retinal changes and deterioration of sight. A recently published report of the Medical Research Council has bluntly warned, in connection with this abnormality, "The incidence of retinitis pigmentosa is of grave significance if the islanders continue as an isolated, inbred community. The genetic implication is a high incidence of blindness in future generations."

The Tristan people's susceptibility to the common cold became all too evident when they reached Pendell Camp, for ninety per cent of them were stricken with it almost at once. It some cases, severe respiratory complications developed, and despite intensive medical treatment four of the older people died. ("The weather didn't help any," Mr. Jewell—who was still with them, living nearby—pointed out at the time. "After all, the islanders came directly from the end of a Tristan winter into the beginning of winter here in England.") Those who remained physically able to get about were shown how to operate the electric stoves and heaters in their quarters (on their island, only the community hall and the installations of the Development Company were equipped with electricity), were told what the duties of a policeman are and how he can be helpful to confused but law-abiding citizens, and were subjected to a series of lectures by civil servants that introduced them to the complexities of the welfare state—social security, unemployment insurance, health and hospitalization services, maternity benefits, and so on. The newcomers needed considerable help in finding their way around the camp and the countryside, for their natural bewilderment in getting about in a strange setting was compounded by the fact that their sense of direction was still oriented to the sun as it appears in the Southern Hemisphere; when it showed up in the southeast, for example, they took it to be in the northeast and proceeded accordingly. The resulting confusion was



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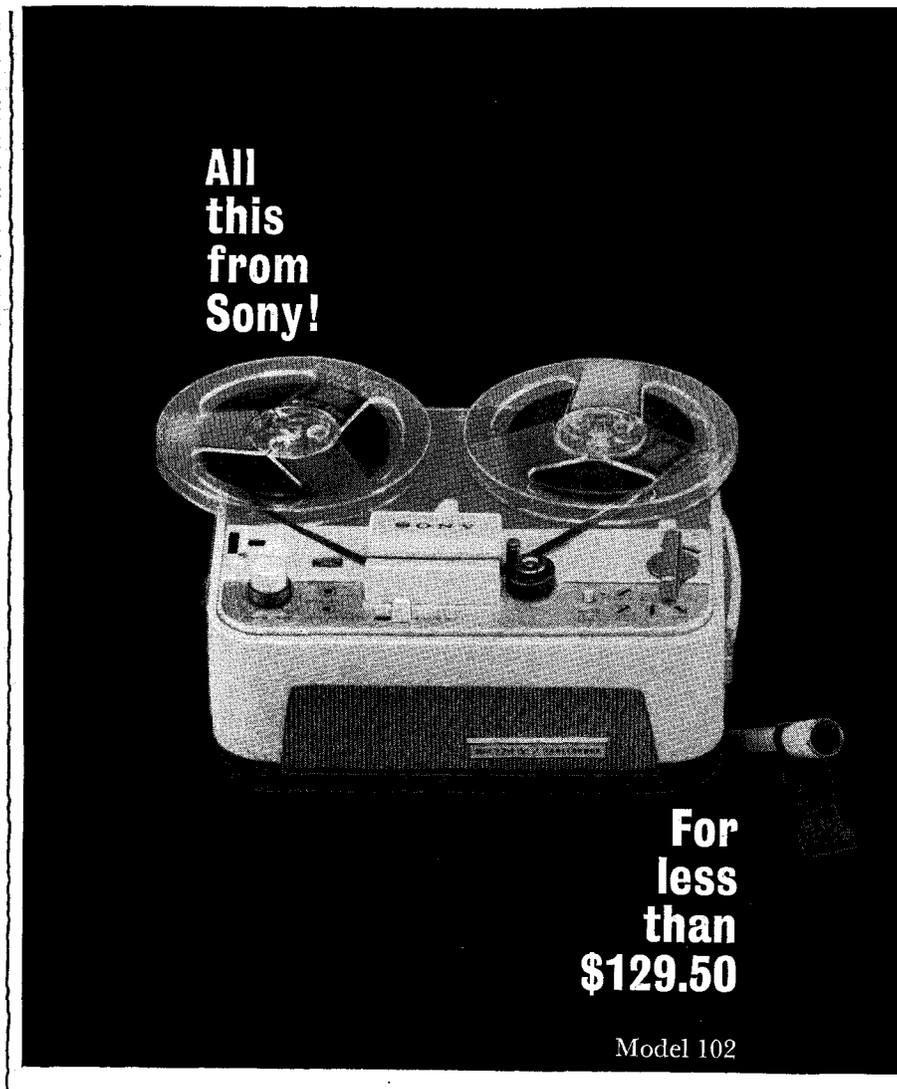
particularly galling to them because they, far more than most Westerners, had been brought up to rely on the sun as a guide. At home, their sense of direction was so well developed that they were accustomed to describing the position of objects not in terms of left or right but by their compass position; thus, a Tristan housewife asking her daughter to fetch a thimble from across the room might tell her she would find it "on the heast hend of the shelf, just west of the teapot," and one Tristan man who was being examined by the island doctor on account of a bothersome tooth exclaimed, "No! Not that one, Doctor. The one heast'ard!"

While the Tristaners were struggling to adjust themselves at Pendell, the government was considering the question of their future. According to the few reports it had been receiving about the Tristan volcano, the prospect of their being able to return to the island soon seemed dim. At the end of October, the master of the Tristania reported that the volcano had grown to a height of about four hundred feet and that although only one of the houses in the settlement had been destroyed, the cannery and freezing plant had disappeared beneath a mass of lava. In December, two geologists who had been sent, aboard a British vessel, by the Royal Society to observe the volcano reported that the main crater was throwing "blocks or bombs" a hundred feet into the air, and that lava had overrun the greater part of the landing beach. The Society thereupon announced that it was organizing a full-scale scientific expedition to land on Tristan and make a thorough study of conditions there. The government, while not saying so officially, made it clear that, regardless of the findings of this expedition, it had no enthusiasm at all for reëstablishing a community on Tristan. Early in 1962, the islanders were settled in some houses that had served as family quarters for enlisted men at a former Royal Air Force base at Calshot, on the west bank of the Solent, eighteen miles from Southampton—a semi-industrial region in which oil refineries, chemical plants, and housing developments are spread out between old villages and the chances of getting a job are reasonably good.

HAPPENING to be in England around that time, I paid several calls on the Tristan people in their new homes—rows of small, attached two-story houses of gray stucco, each with its own bay window looking out on its own miniature square of grass, which



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was enclosed by a trimmed hedge with a gate in it. I soon discovered that it was no easy matter to seek out any particular islander in the community—recently designated as Tristan Close by the post office—since it contained twelve Green families, along with eleven Swain, thirteen Glass, eight Lavarello, seven Repetto, seven Rogers, and two Hagan families. Furthermore, some of the islanders with the same surname also had the same Christian name, but, confusing though this might seem to an outsider, the residents kept all such identities clear enough among themselves by preceding the Christian names with "Big" and "Little" (denoting seniority) or with the name of a spouse or parent. Thus, there was a Big Gordon Glass in one ramification of the Glass family and a Little Gordon Glass in another; Margaret Repetto, the wife of John Repetto, and her daughter-in-law, another Margaret, who was married to Lindsay Repetto, were called Johnny's Margie and Lindsay's Margie, respectively; and Dick Swain's wife, Margaret, was known as Dick's Maggie, while their unmarried daughter Margaret enjoyed the more formal name of Dick's Margaret.

The islanders' characteristic speaking habit of intruding "H"s before words beginning with vowels and of substituting "W"s for "V"s applied liberally to their pronunciation of their neighbors' names. So, among the men's Christian names, there were h'Adam, h'Allen, h'Albert and h'Ian, and among the women's and girls' there were h'Isabel, h'Ada, h'Emily, h'Ida, h'Ivy, h'Irene, and even h'Asturias, a thirteen-year-old Repetto girl named after a luxury liner that had occasionally called at Tristan during round-the-world voyages. Where a name or a word began with an aspirate, it was often, but not always, dropped: "Henry" was "Endry," but "Helen" remained "Helen." "Violet" invariably came out "Wiolet," and there were three Wiolets in the community—Granny Mary's Wiolet, Crissy's Wiolet, and Edith's Wiolet.

Like their complexions, the speech of the islanders varied considerably, and there were differences in accent between, say, some of the older people, whose talk could be quite hard for an outsider to understand at first, and some of the younger ones, whose use of archaisms was not nearly so noticeable as that of their elders. But in varying degrees they all talked in a broad-vowelled early-nineteenth-century Southeast yeoman's English ("It do be a foine day," they might say) that was slightly over-

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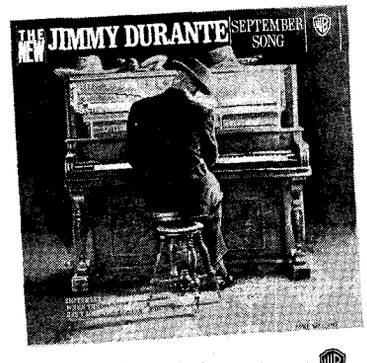

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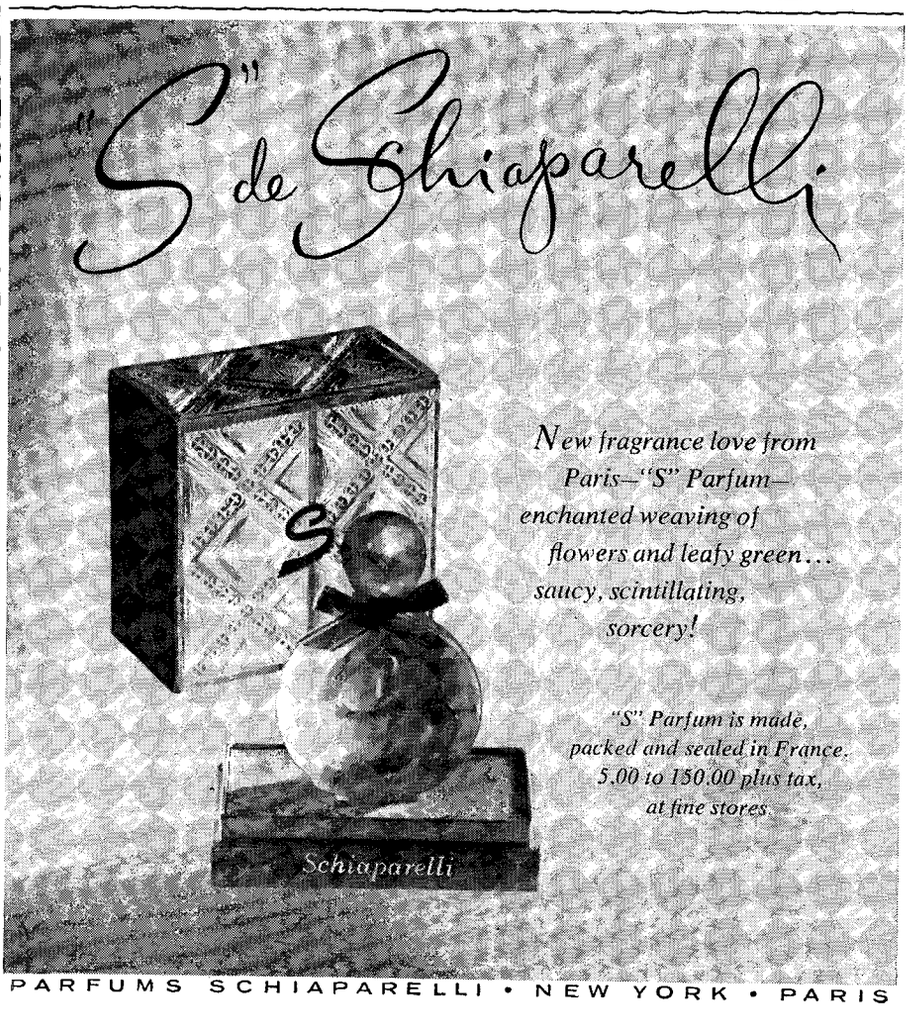
laid, perhaps, with the accents of the colored people of St. Helena. The peculiar drawl of the Tristan people gave certain words great character; when they talked about Tristan the word came out "Tri-ist'n," like a sigh, and when they said "yes" it could come out either as an acquiescent breath that faded into nothing ("yeaazzzz") or a brightly responsive affirmation ("yess" or "yass!").

The language of their English ancestors seemed to have hung on with the Tristan people to the almost complete exclusion of the speech of their forebears of other nationalities. Back in the eighties, the Reverend Dodgson wrote home that the Tristan people "speak English slightly Yankeefied," but the islanders' speech at Calshot retained no such characteristics that I was able to distinguish, except for the use of one or two essentially American words, like "gulch," which they applied to the innumerable ravines that radiate outward and downward from the island peak. A few words were pronounced in a way that sounded slightly Scottish, but without the burr—"fairns" for "ferns," "buds" for "birds" and "wuk" for "work." And the islanders called their home-knitted sweaters "ganseys," a word, still in use in some parts of Scotland and Ireland today, that derives from the name of the island of Guernsey, and that was used by sailors in the last century to describe seamen's sweaters. I was often reminded that the Tristan people were descended from shipwrecked mariners when I heard the nautical terms with which their conversation was salted. Among them, string was not called "string;" it was known as "line." And an islander, in recounting how, before the eruption on Tristan, the earth tremors shook loose the large stones in the gable ends of houses in the settlement, did not say that the stones "came apart;" he said that they "come adrift." Also, when Tristan people in Calshot were describing a moderate distance between one object and another on the island, they sometimes measured it in fathoms.

When the Tristan people moved into the Calshot houses, they found that their landlord, the government, had outfitted their quarters with new furniture, crockery, and cutlery, and even with alarm clocks. In a way, the alarm clocks seemed to symbolize the changes that the exiles were having to make in their habitual mode of living. Before long, these changes began to irk a considerable number of them, and what appeared to bother them most about life in England was the tyranny of the timetable. On



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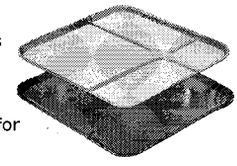

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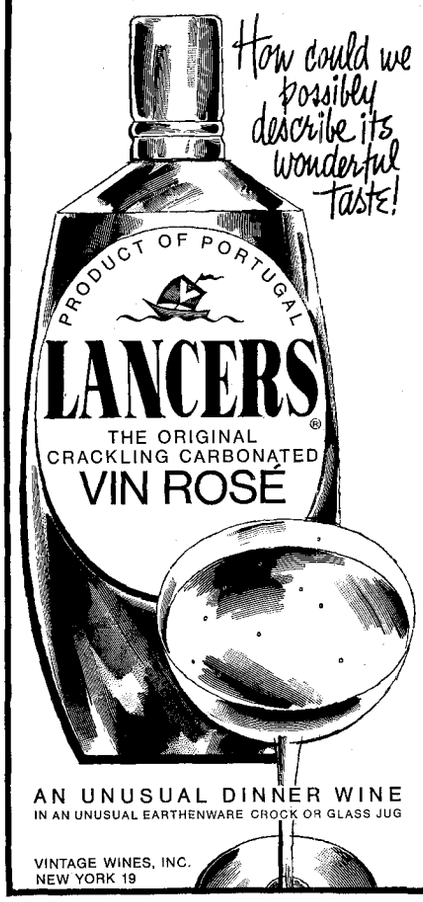
Tristan, where the men would occasionally wait for weeks before the weather eased enough to allow those who felt like it to go fishing, nobody bothered much about the passage of time, but now, regardless of the weather or personal inclination, everyone had to keep track of the hour, and even the minutes in it. Nearly all the men and single women at Tristan Close had found employment through the local Labour Exchange—the men mainly as building laborers, and the women as workers either in a frozen-poultry plant at Lymington, ten miles away, or on the assembly lines of an electronics factory in the same general area—and that meant getting up at a certain time every weekday morning, catching a bus that ran on a tight schedule, and, as menials subject to discipline by some impersonal authority, toiling the day through until a certain hour at jobs not necessarily of their own choosing. And the timetable, I soon learned, wasn't the only offender in the eyes of the Tristan people. Paying taxes was another; indeed, this was an even more disagreeable obligation to them than it was to most of their contemporaries, because they had never paid any before. Some of them even grumbled at being charged a shilling to have a prescription filled, as the National Health Service required, instead of receiving their medicine free from the local medical officer, as they had on Tristan, that bleak Arcadia where, in a small way, they had had what many people the world over would like to have—a share in the benefits of a welfare state without the necessity of putting up a penny toward its support. In other islanders, though, I sensed not only resentment but a kind of underlying terror of the society of which they were supposed to become a part. This, I gathered, stemmed largely from a nagging, uneasy awareness that, now that they no longer owned their own homes and had no way of raising or catching their food, they must without fail earn money, week in and week out, to feed and shelter their families. "Our people go around and they feel heverything pressing in on them," one of the men told me. "It's like they tie you in a sack and you hopen your eyes and you don't know where you iss."

There was one aspect of life in England that proved to be particularly strange and disturbing to the islanders—the existence of open violence. After I had been around Calshot for a few days, I learned that the community, in addition to facing its other difficulties, was in distress over the news



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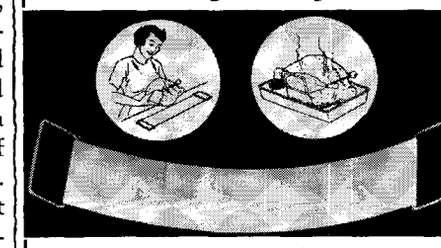

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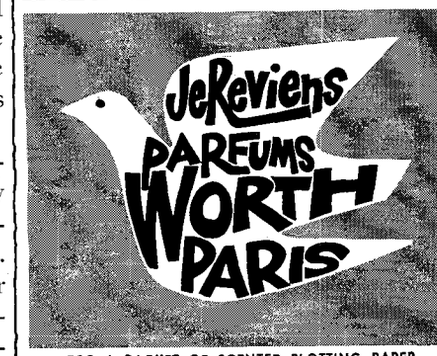

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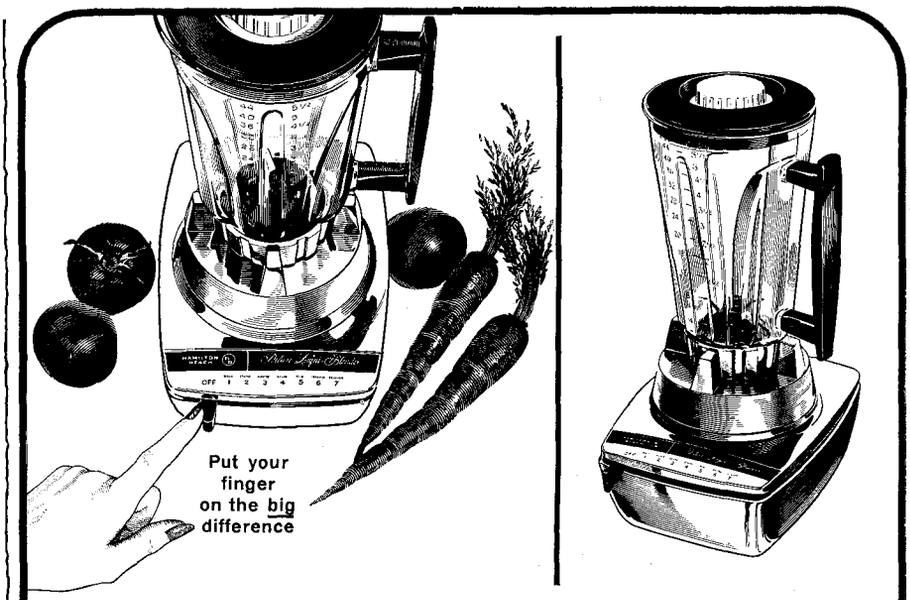
that Big Gordon Glass, a gray-bearded and very gentle-mannered islander who had lost an arm some years before on Tristan as a result of an accident in the fish cannery, and who had obtained a job in a factory near Southampton as a night watchman, had been robbed while making his rounds one night. The robbers were a couple of Teddy boys, who, after demanding money from the bewildered islander and finding none, had taken his watch out of his pocket and smashed it to pieces on the ground before his eyes. The victim himself was so shaken up by the incident that he took to his bed for several days, and would hardly talk about the matter to anybody.

But in general, with all their problems, the Tristan people seemed to be trying gamely to do what was expected of them and at the same time to live their normal lives as well as they could under the circumstances. Weekdays, once the workers were off to their jobs and the children—there were forty-four of them between the ages of five and fifteen—had boarded buses for schools in the neighboring town of Fawley, Tristan Close became a quiet place. Having done their housework, the womenfolk might go shopping, knitting unconcernedly as they strolled over to the nearby general store, where they bought all of their foodstuffs except meat, fish, and bread, which tradesmen's vans brought to their doors. Possibly because they didn't like the available fish—they missed the fresh flavor of the Tristan catch, they said—the islanders were eating more meat than formerly, most of it of the cheaper types. (A Tristan housewife in Calshot, when told that it smelled as if she was cooking something good in her kitchen, replied, "Yess! I got a sheep's head in the hoven.") As for bread—once a rare luxury on Tristan, because of the shortage of flour—the women were now buying pre-sliced loaves daily from the Mothers Pride Bread man. At the store, they bought detergents (especially Surf, which was the brand that the island canteen had stocked), canned milk (which they preferred to fresh), and oranges and bananas (novelties to them). But mainly they bought great quantities of their old favorite—potatoes, in hundred-pound sacks. "The older ones who come in here don't know much about handling money yet," the proprietor of the store told me. "They're very trusting. Sometimes they just leave their purses lying on the counter while they look around. And then on the way out they hand them to



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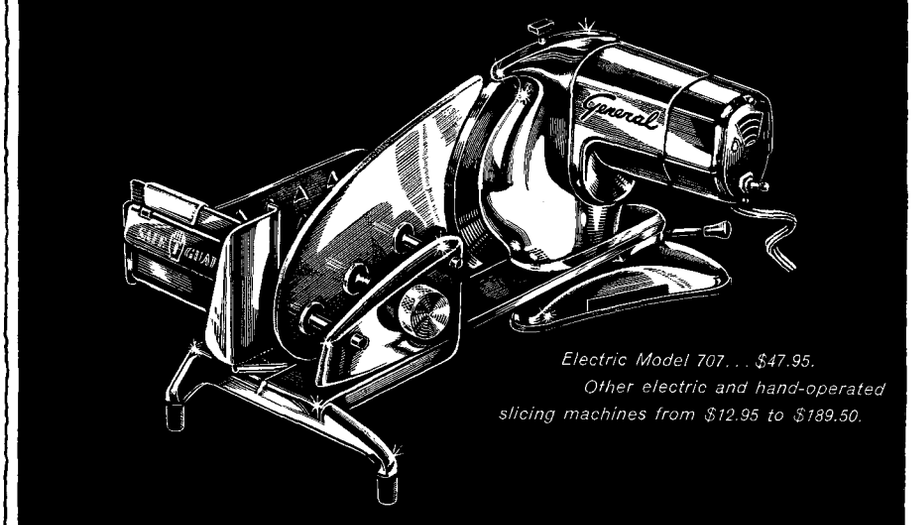

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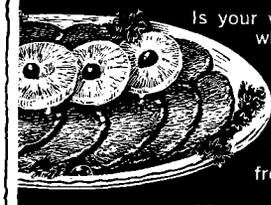

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by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President
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you and ask you to take out whatever they owe you."

On weekends—and especially on Sunday afternoons, between morning church services and evensong—the inhabitants of Tristan Close kept moving about, drifting into and out of one another's houses ("wisitin'," they called it) in such numbers that the whole community was constantly being reconstituted into new formations. Groups of them would slip silently into one of the small living rooms so rapidly that within a minute the place would be jammed. There they would always be served tea by their hostess, who, depending on her mood, might start chattering or remain absolutely speechless, just staring at the floor. In either case, the visit was likely to end as abruptly as it had begun; one minute the room would be full of people and the next minute the hosts would be sitting there alone, all of their guests having disappeared without, as far as I could detect, any word or gesture of farewell—not even with the "Cheerio" that the islanders ordinarily gave when taking leave of outsiders. But when they encountered each other on the street in the morning, there was usually an exchange of greetings that consisted of the polite question "How you iss?," to which the answer, equally polite, was, if the respondent was well, "I's fresh" or "I's werry fresh," or, sometimes, "I's tight"—a reference to an attack of asthma.

Sociable though the islanders were when together, Tristan Close had a certain ghetto-like air about it, imposed from within. Two or three of the more daring Tristan girls—wearing lipstick and eyeshadow, and even, perhaps, beehive hairdos and stiletto heels—were known to have gone with Tristan boys to a dance hall in Fawley, and a few of the Tristan men were in the habit of going over there of an evening, on foot or by bus, for a few beers at the Fawley pub, but otherwise the islanders saw almost nothing of the other inhabitants of the region after working hours, and mingling of their young people with those of the opposite sex outside the community seemed to be discouraged. The Tristan people even remained aloof from the movies, although they assured me they had enjoyed the films that had been shown now and then in their community hall on the island, and although at Tristan Close they were only a short bus ride from the nearest motion-picture theatre. The more I saw of them, the more thoroughly convinced I became that their shunning of any company but their own was not

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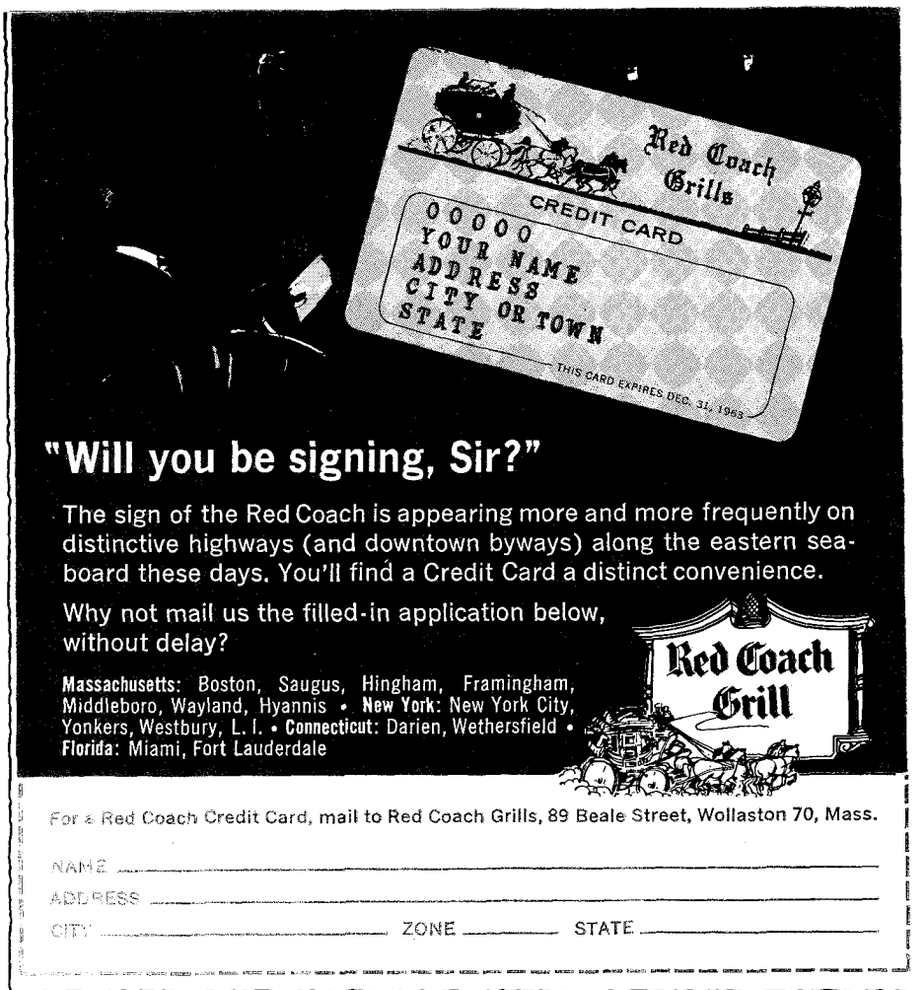
merely a reflection of their dissatisfaction with life in England, deep and widespread though this unquestionably was, but also a reflection of their deep-seated urge to keep their community intact and ready to return, as one man, to the island.

The islanders were quite aware, as they must have been when they lived on Tristan, that they were objects of curiosity, under intensive observation by strangers. When they arrived in England, the press swarmed all over them, and newspaper reporters from the big English dailies were always whisking one or the other family away from Pendell to London so that readers could have exclusive demonstrations, through pictures and words, of the Tristan people's amazement at being shown through a big department store, or the Regent's Park Zoo, or Piccadilly Circus, or the Tower of London, or even a supermarket. Hardly a week went by without a London newspaper's rigging up a new gimmick around the Tristan people, whether it involved a Christmas party, with supposedly the first Santa Claus the islanders had ever seen (the children were represented as being "scared to death" at the sight), or exclusive pictures of the first Tristan baby born in England, together with an interview with the happy mother. On the inspiration of a press agent, Tristan men were lured, for a fee, into constructing a Tristan longboat in public at the annual British Boat Show. Day after day, Tristan men, women, and children were interviewed before the television cameras about their reactions to modern England and everything else. One group of islanders, drawn by lot, were taken to Buckingham Palace, where they made a formal presentation to the Queen of one of the two longboats they had brought with them—more pictures, more stories, more TV interviews. Chief Willie Repetto, the titular headman, was on screen a good deal, and so was Basil Lavarello, a thirty-year-old islander who had previously had some experience of the world outside Tristan as a deckhand on ships in the South Atlantic. One Tristan girl whose voice I heard on a B.B.C. tape was getting to be quite an old hand in front of a microphone, judging by the way in which, at the beginning of the interview, she started right off with "My name is—" and went on fluently from there.

One effect of all the publicity was that the islanders became thoroughly tired of it, and of all the questions put to them about themselves, either by reporters or by English people generally. (Apart



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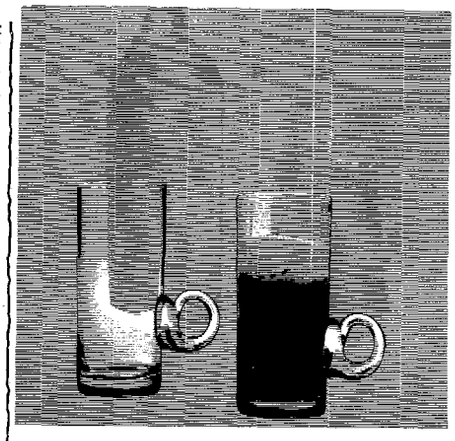
from anything else, the very form of direct questioning was a rather alien one to the islanders, who tended to regard it as an intrusion upon their privacy.) A number of the islanders, I discovered, were demanding a fee before they would grant any sort of interview, but I did not take this as necessarily a sign of a simple people's fast corruption by twentieth-century society, because it seemed to fit in with things I had previously gathered in reading about Tristan. During most of this century, for one thing, until the government tried to make the island self-supporting by bringing in the commercial fishery, a good part of the trading in souvenirs and so on that the islanders did aboard visiting ships—sometimes luxury cruise ships—amounted to a kind of begging. And because the islanders, as a people to whom the sighting of a ship had always meant so much, had become accustomed over the years to the idea of receiving meagre but free supplies from missionary societies and other sources of relief, they tended to regard charity as something as natural to their lives as the hardships they had always endured on Tristan. Indeed, just the hardship of rowing their frail longboats through dangerous seas to reach the visiting ships might help to explain this attitude. The mendicant streak among them had no quality of guilt; what begging existed in the community seemed to be regarded as something to be pursued as another island skill, like fishing.

THE people occupying No. 14 Tristan Close were one of the twelve Green families at Calshot, and now and again when I was in the neighborhood I stopped in to visit them. The family consisted of Mrs. Sophie Green, a widow in her sixties; her son Harold, twenty-six, who had a job in a boat-building yard in Lymington; his wife, Amy, twenty-three; and the young couple's two small children, Richard and Pamela. The first time I called there, late one chilly afternoon, I found them all gathered in the living room, where a coal fire was burning in the grate. Over the fireplace were two alarm clocks—one battered-looking and with a black dial, the other newer-looking, with a red frame. On a table by the bay window stood a vase filled with cheap plastic flowers, and next to the table sat Mrs. Green, a broad-faced woman with her hair drawn back in a bun. She was knitting a sock at a furious pace, as was Amy, a slightly built girl, with somewhat slanting eyes and a sharp nose; between the showers of impatient



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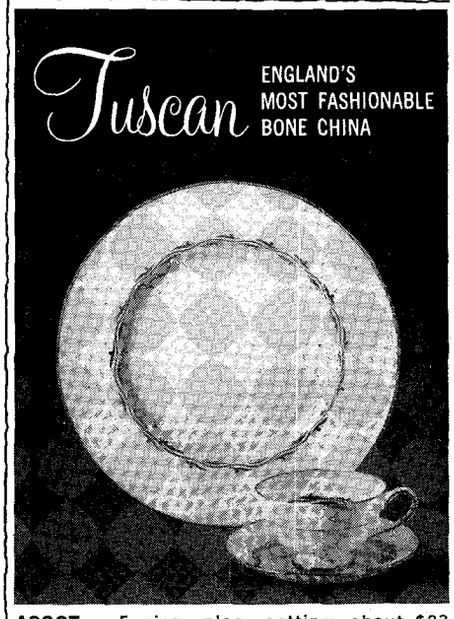

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clickings coming from the women's flashing needles and the slower tickings of the two clocks beating away side by side on the mantelpiece, the place had a wonderfully busy air. Amy's husband, a round-faced, well-built, rather dark-skinned man, was seated beside her, while their children played on the floor.

I offered Mrs. Green my sympathy about the death of her husband. "Yea-ass," Mrs. Green said. "He passed away just two weeks to the day after we get to Pendell Camp. It wus a shock and a blow. It wus a blow for me because we wus just come to the houtside warld, which we don't know nothing about. It wus all so strange. It seemed werry strange when we fusst come here, but we get a warm welcome. It wus real strange. We hear a lot about h'England on the hisland, but we didn't know if all the things we hear is true."

I tried to get some idea from Harold of what the islanders had expected England to be like.

"All we know about the houtside warld wus we had to wuk," he told me. "We knew if you got no money on the houtside you went hungry. On Tristan, if you got no money you don't need it. Everything you want here you got to buy, and we ain't used to it, you see. On Tristan, we don't have no income tax and we don't pay no rent, because we all has our own houses. On Tristan, when you want to wuk, you wuk. If you don't want to wuk, you don't wuk. You can lie in bed all day if you feels like it. Here I got only one job, but on Tristan I got all different jobs. One day I can go farming, another day I can go to the horchard, another day I can go to Nightingale for buds. And when I want to fish, I can get as many fish in five minutes as I can carry away. *Fresh* fish, too."

"On Tristan, you got all the potatoes you want," Amy said. "Potatoes is so expensive here—thirty-six shillings a hundredweight."

I asked Harold if he was really unhappy in England, and he replied, "I wus happier on Tristan. We got dances there, but we haven't felt werry good to have dances yet in England."

"Me and Harold went to Southampton once," Amy said. "We didn't like it at all. There's too much traffic. We bought those flehrs there." She indicated the vase on the table.

"A home without flehrs is like no home at all," Mrs. Green said. "Every house on Tristan has flehrs."

"Southampton is nothing to what Cape Town iss," Harold said. "We stop in Cape Town a few days on our way

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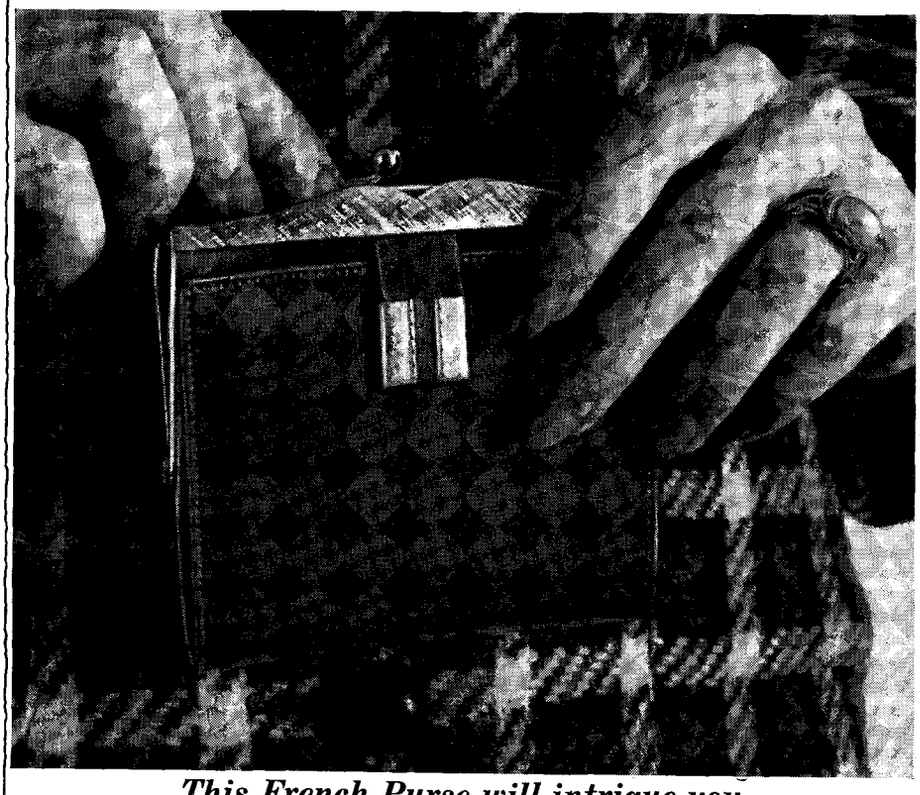

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to h'England. Cape Town to us wus the beautifullest place we ever see. A friend took us on toap at night. It wus just like stars out, all over. In one of the big shops I see in Cape Town they got a hescalator. I never seen that in h'England. A hescalator is a ladder and when you step on it it turn round and round and it takes you right up to where you want to go. If you get your toes in it, it'll cut your toes off. When it come to the level of the platform, you *got* to step off. Really lovely!"

"Once in h'England we wus taken up in a bus to the sarcus," Amy said.

"Yess!" Harold said. "And a man came out and throws knives all around a lady"—a big, interested smile—"but he never touched the lady! Hany hanimals they got in the warld there! They got bulldogs playing football. That's the best thing I see in h'England, the sarcus." And he and Amy told how the islanders didn't have to pay to get in to see the show; somebody took them.

I asked Harold whether he had been on a train in England yet. He replied that he hadn't so far. "I seen one, but I ain't been on one," he said. Mrs. Green said, "I ain't seen a train yet." I urged Harold to tell his mother what a train looked like. "A train is the same as a bus, but it goes by steam. It can't go all over the road like a coach—it got to go on the railways," Harold said to her. "I seen one in pictures, but I ain't *seen* one," Mrs. Green said.

I asked how they felt about returning to Tristan.

"The people don't want to go back if the hisland ain't fit," Mrs. Green replied cautiously. "But if the wolcano die down, then the people wouldn't want to stay in h'England."

"I'd go back any day if I had a chance," Amy said, with a big smile. "I don't think there's so much enjoyment here than what there is on Tristan."

"When the day come for Tristan, I don't think there'll be one family what will stop," Harold said, his eyes bright. "That's all what the people talk about—getting back to Tristan. That's what they talk about in the bus going to wuk in the morning and that's what they talk about coming back in the bus at night. I know with the freezing plant gone it would be harder living on Tristan than when we left—at least, for a year or two. But even if the outside *don't* step in and run things again—with the administrator and doctor and schoolteacher and padre—the people won't starve. Tristan would be just the way it wus before I was born."

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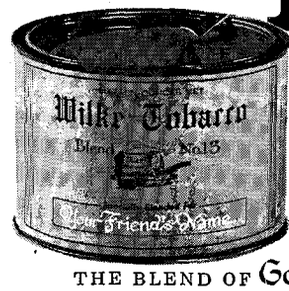

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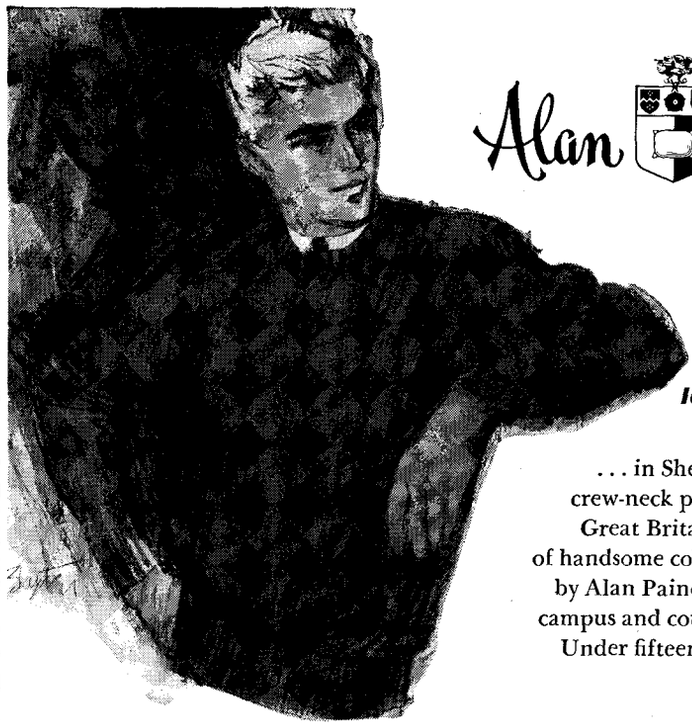
ers at Calshot, I found the same pervading nostalgia, the same yearnings for Tristan, that I found among the Greens at No. 14. Islanders were always remarking on what they would be doing now on Tristan rather than in England. One evening, I was standing in front of the general store at Calshot with a couple of islanders, waiting for a bus, when one of them, a man in his thirties, pointed to a pile of apples in the store window. "Oan Trist'n, it's just about the time for the happlin' at Sandy Point," he said. "You don't have to buy no happles on Trist'n. They's just lyin' there, nobody to heat them but the rats. The rats is goin' to be fat this year." Another islander would tell me how "it's just about the time for takin' the mollies and the penguin heggs on Nightingale." It seemed as though anything could set the people off about Tristan. Once, a young Tristan man, while walking around the edge of camp with me, looked toward the waters of the Solent, perhaps half a mile away, and remarked, "I ain't seen a whale since I been yere. Not a single one."

A PIOUS group, the Tristan people at Calshot believed steadfastly that God intended them to return to their island and that it was only a matter of time before they would start back. Meanwhile, they did what they could to hasten fulfillment of the divine intention. When the expedition sent by the Royal Society to Tristan got back to London, in April, 1962, it announced that the island's 1961 volcano was of an "extremely quiet type" and now appeared to have subsided almost to the point of extinction. However, Dr. Ian G. Gass, the leader of the expedition, told the press that he and his colleagues had found evidence that several other relatively minor volcanic disturbances, previously unrecorded, had occurred on Tristan in the past—one of them apparently no more than two or three centuries ago—indicating that the island was more volcanically active than had been supposed. In view of this, Dr. Gass expressed the opinion that resettling Tristan would involve some risk—how much risk no one could say with certainty. The government considered the presence of any risk at all excuse enough to write off a return to the island as a dead issue, but not the Tristan people. The details of the expedition's findings were explained to them at a meeting in Calshot, and its frustrating implications so outraged them that when the Reverend Jewell, who had loyally stuck with them ever since the flight from the



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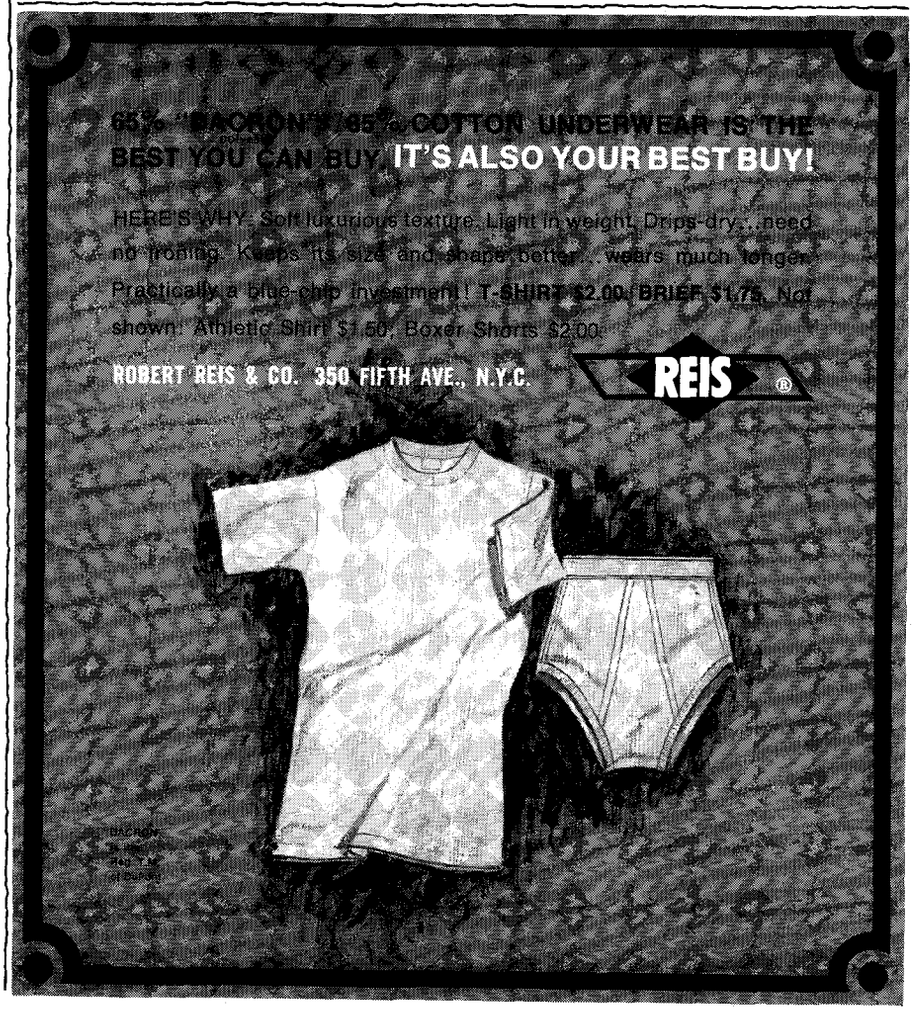

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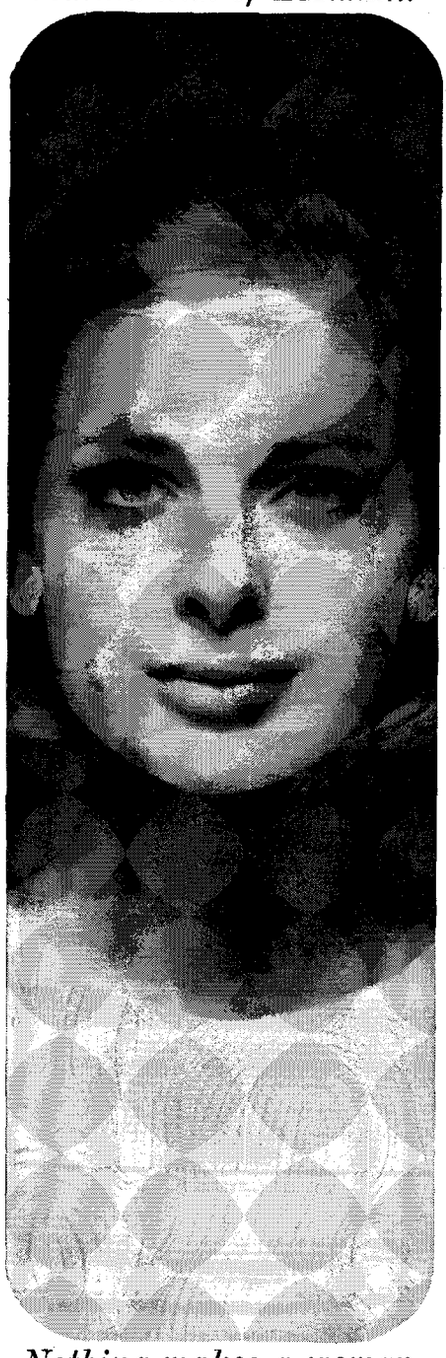

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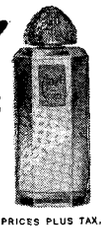

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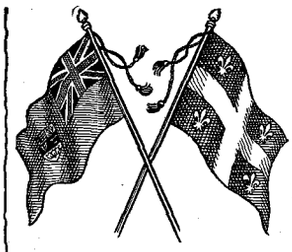
island ("Oh, we love our padre, we do," Mrs. Sophie Green had told me), tried to soothe them, some of them, for all their piety, went so far as to boo him.

The islanders held on as obdurately as ever to their determination to make Tristan their home again, and after a great deal of indignant discussion among themselves they drew up a petition to the Colonial Office pleading that they be allowed to go back there. Originally a semi-literate document, the petition was translated by an English sympathizer into language suitable for official consideration and was presented, in legible form, to the proper authorities. The English newspapers, which had been carrying stories from time to time about the islanders, stepped up publicity about them, and Chief Willie was interviewed by reporters about the terrible English weather and the unanimous desire of the community to return to the island. In midsummer, the British government reluctantly began to yield to the islanders, and announced that it would assist twelve of them to return to Tristan to see for themselves if the place was really habitable, to find out whether the winter storms might not have broken up the lava field sufficiently to make the landing area reasonably usable again, and to plant, if they wished, a new crop in the Potato Patches. The twelve men departed in August, and after they arrived back in Tristan, in the company of an official observer from the Colonial Office, they soon reported, as everyone in Calshot had expected them to, that the place was perfectly fit for the community's return.

In December, the Colonial Office, capitulating further in the face of this development and of continued and well-publicized complaints from the Tristan people in Calshot, held a secret referendum among the islanders in England on the question of their desire to return to Tristan. Everyone over twenty-one was allowed to take part in the balloting, and the result was a vote of a hundred and forty-eight to five for a return to Tristan.

Under the circumstances, the Colonial Office had only one course of action left to it, and preparations were made to colonize Tristan all over again. On March 17th, an advance party of fifty-one islanders left the Tilbury docks aboard the liner Amazon for Rio de Janeiro, where they were to be transferred to a freighter that would take them to Tristan; the rest of the islanders were to follow in the fall. The advance party included islanders of all ages.



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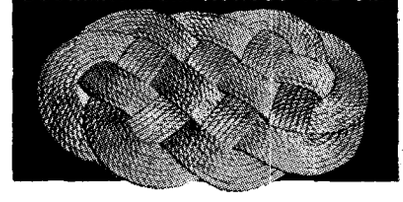

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"Girls who arrived wearing shapeless dresses and stockings of white wool are returning with a definite metropolitan gloss—some had nylons and stiletto heels, and carried handbags, transistor radios, and, in one case, a record-player," the London *Times* reported from Tilbury on the day of departure. A large number of reporters and photographers had turned up to record the occasion. "Don't look at the camera, wave to someone on shore," one photographer shouted at a family group lined up on deck a few minutes before sailing time. An old woman in the group, Tristan-blunt to the end, put him straight there and then. "There is no one on shore," she said. The advance party was headed, according to the reporters, by Chief Willie. "Money, money, money, worry, worry, worry all the time," he told the press in an on-deck valedictory.

A week or so ago, the rest of the refugees, save a dozen or so who finally chose to remain in England, sailed from Southampton aboard a Danish ship, the Bornholm, for Tristan. Their departure was given only minor attention in the British press. "Asked why they were returning, most of the Tristans would say little," a newspaper reported. "One replied, 'Well, home is home.' "

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

INDIAN SUMMER ON THE MOTEL RESTAURANT CIRCUIT

[*Excerpts from the Reaper, published by a Topeka-based restaurant chain that specializes in the operation of restaurants in Holiday Inn motels*]

(DULUTH)

The new manager at the Duluth unit, Larry Tabone, was received enthusiastically by his fine staff. As if this were not sufficient, an unruly customer or two threw him through one of the huge plate glass windows and he was badly injured. Lady Luck really smiled on Mr. Tabone, though. She allowed him to have his FIRST auto accident (not his fault) and gave him more than a nodding acquaintance with the difficulty of finding suitable housing for his family. Larry says that he is more than appreciative of his wonderful staff. They have really been working together to make Duluth the best restaurant in the chain and to help make him forget the nightmares of his first few days in Duluth.

(JACKSONVILLE)

We very nearly lost our night porter, Claud Campbell, in the early morning hours of June 30. We were host to the Morgan County, Illinois, Coin Collectors for two days and armed guards were procured to keep watch over the many thousands of dollars represented and on display in our banquet rooms. Claud, in pursuit of his normal nocturnal activities, and without knowledge of either the dis-

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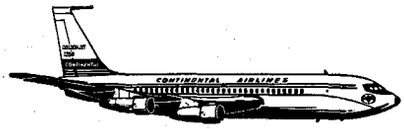

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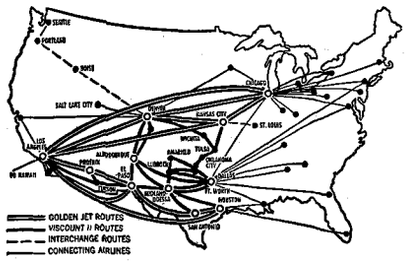

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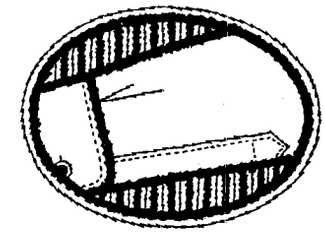

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Guilty

IN the screenplay of "Judgment at Nuremberg," Abby Mann dealt brilliantly and at length, inside a quasi-documentary form, with an ancient, mighty theme, summed up at the time, by a writer whom I never tire of quoting, as "nothing less than [the question of] the degree of our accountability, individually and collectively, as members of the human race, for the life and well-being of every other member of the race." In "Judgment at Nuremberg," Nazis and anti-Nazis alike were weighed in the balance and found wanting; to the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" Mr. Mann plainly wished everyone to answer a bold "Yes" but plainly suspected that most of us would be heard whispering a sneaky, craven "Maybe." Now, in "The Condemned of Altona," Mr. Mann has drawn up another stinging indictment of *Homo timidus*, couched in crucially different terms. The screenplay, noted in the credits as having been "inspired by" the play of the same name by Jean-Paul Sartre, again has to do with the Yeatsian blood-dimmed tide that Hitler and his followers loosed over Europe, and with questions of national and personal guilt and atonement. If this second indictment is nothing like as powerful in its impact as the first, I think it's because it lacks the support of seeming an authentic chapter of history; it is, instead, a chapter out of a Gothic novel. Mr. Mann's efforts to marry a serious study of postwar German psychology to an old-fashioned literary melodrama sometimes lead him close to hysterical irrelevance. The climax of the picture, a single deed that combines murder and suicide, left me uncertain about which of the victims of the crime was also its perpetrator, and what the significance of the crime was intended to be. "The Condemned of Altona" may succeed in making our flesh creep (footsteps overhead, mysterious supper trays being carried down dark corridors in the night), but, alas, it never succeeds in engaging our minds.

Still, I found a number of things to enjoy in the picture, among them Fredric March's *echt-deutsch* performance

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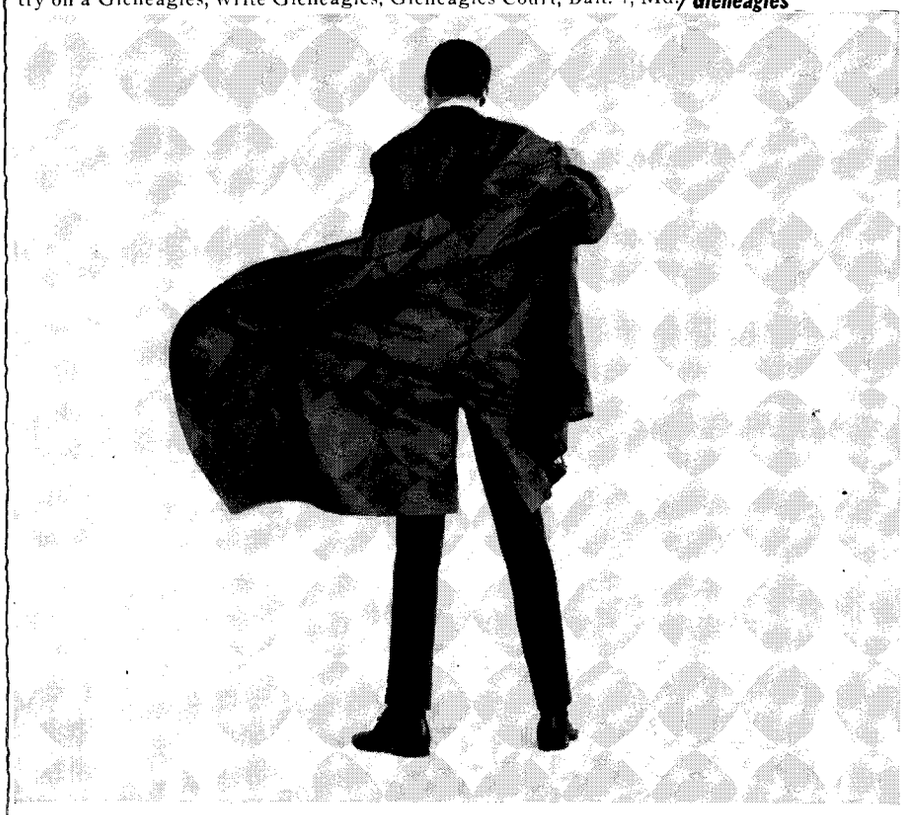

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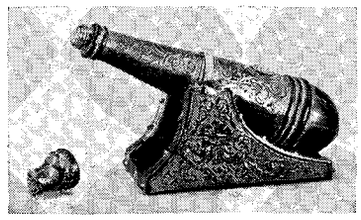

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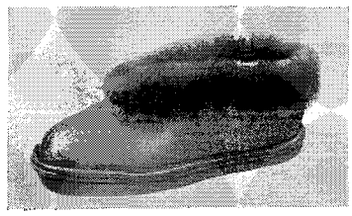

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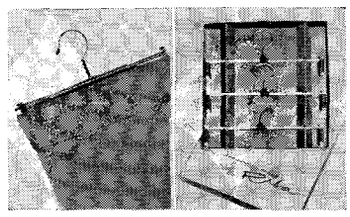

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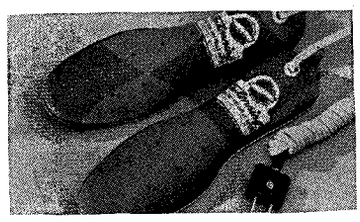

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as a great Hamburg shipping magnate, doomed to die of cancer in six months and determined to leave his empire in suitably ruthless hands, and Maximilian Schell's performance as the magnate's dotty son, hidden away from the world in the attic of the family mansion. I also admired much of the photography, by Roberto Gerardi, and, here and there, certain old-master touches by the director, Vittorio De Sica. Especially fine is the scene in which the magnate approaches his vast shipyards by boat, appearing to skim in godlike defiance of gravity over the water and greeting his innumerable deferential workers with the merest momentary contraction of his cold eyes. Sophia Loren, Robert Wagner, and Françoise Prevost complete the roster of stars; they have little to do but look dismayed, and at this Miss Loren is very good indeed.

"All the Way Home" is the movie version of the play version of the well-known novel by James Agee called "A Death in the Family." The intensity of the author's feelings as he evoked his own childhood served to keep readers of the novel from noticing its structural defects. The movie, having no carefully wrought lattice of prose to hide behind, relies on a purely pictorial exactitude; this is a mistake, for the camera proves, as usual, all too faithful in recording what it sees. The carefully got-up Knoxville of 1915 becomes, by its accuracy, a telltale nuisance; so many Tiffany lamps and shiny old cars cause us to murmur, in respect to the action they are supposed to authenticate, not "True! True!" but "False! False!" Moreover, what happens in the picture springs from gratuitous bad luck and makes no appeal to our sense of the necessary. A nice young man is killed in a wholly inexplicable automobile accident, leaving a pregnant wife and a young son. First, we see a happy family group; next, we see a miserable widow and child. Nothing has intervened except—what? A flat tire? And the subsequent slow march from grief to acceptance is, in its literalness, a characteristically interminable-seeming soap opera, embalmed on film with vulgar piety by the author of the screenplay, Philip Reisman, Jr.; the director, Alex Segal; and the producer, David Susskind. The chief actors are Jean Simmons, Robert Preston, and Michael Kearney, who plays the bereaved child and is supposed to tug irresistibly at our heartstrings, but who often looked to me like a seventy-year-old man of extremely small stature and not very amiable disposition.

—Brendan Gill

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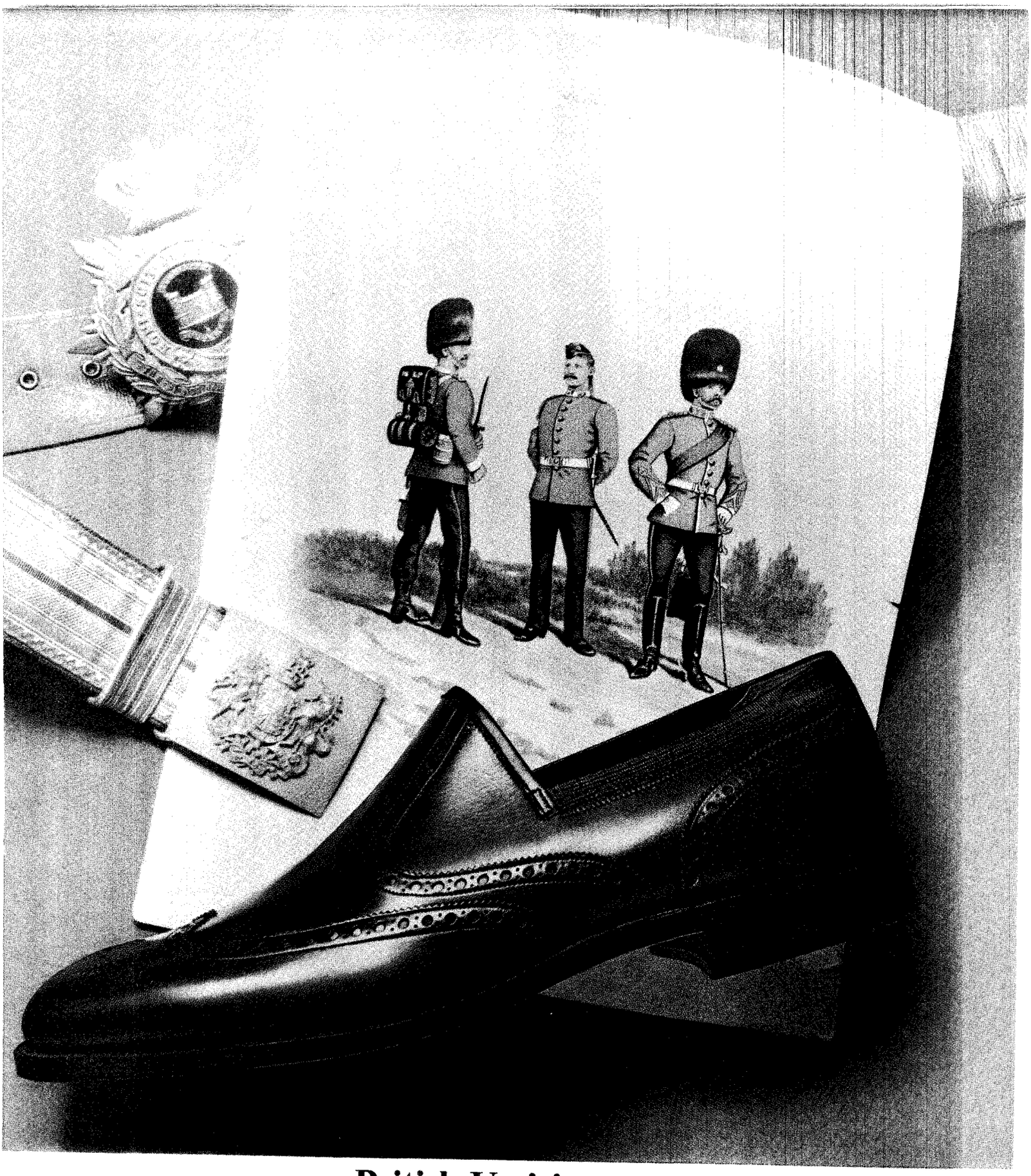

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THE SINUS VIRIDIS PACKERS AND THE NEO-EBORACI GIANTS

THERE are those who interpret this country entirely in terms of its political divisions. They tick off the fifty states, the three thousand and seventy-two counties, the twenty-four election districts Alaska has instead of counties, and wind up mumbling about incorporated villages. Myself, I have always been a good deal more interested in the divisions made by churches. The terminology is better. I like, for example, the eleven Episcopal Areas into which the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church (an old and respectable church, with some 770,000 members) divides the country. I like the three hundred-odd Stakes (Stakes of Zion, strictly speaking) into which Mormons break it up. The twenty-six Yearly Meetings mapped out by Quakers (nine belong to the national Five Years Meeting, which meets every three years, and six belong to the Friends General Conference, and eleven are independent territories) aren't bad, either.

The actual shape of church territories is also worth study. With only those eleven Episcopal Areas to cover our whole three million square miles, the A.M.E.Z. Church is able to lavish the headquarters of two of them—the Seventh and Ninth—on Louisville, Kentucky, and the headquarters of two more—the Fourth and Fifth—on Washington, D.C. The Ancient Church of Armenia is more dashing still. With a simplicity surpassing Caesar's, the A.C.A. divides the country into two parts only: the Diocese of America, covering forty-nine states, and the Diocese of California. And the million and a quarter Greeks in the Western Hemisphere who recognize the spiritual authority of the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople outsimplify even the A.C.A. The Greeks group themselves all together in the one single Archdiocese of North and South America.

The Protestant Episcopal Church, on the other hand, goes in for wild complexity. It starts by splitting the United States into eight Provinces, one of which casually includes the Republic of Mexico as a mere Missionary District. Not satisfied with that, Episcopalians then slice up the Provinces into seventy-eight Dioceses and nine Domestic Missionary Districts, after which they begin talking about Archdeaconries and Convocations. (Fairfield County is an Archdeaconry in the Diocese of Connecticut, First Province. Westchester County is a Convocation in the Diocese of New York, Second Province.) Even the Lutheran Church in America has its thirty-one territorial Synods, interestingly various in size.

BY far my favorite object of study, though, is the Roman Catholic Church. As far as geography goes, it whacks up the country rather tamely: into twenty-seven Provinces, twenty-eight Archdioceses, and a hundred and twenty Dioceses. But in terminology it is unsurpassed. The A.M.E.Z. Church and the Mormons are nothing to it. This distinction arises, of course, from the Roman Church's habit of viewing all things, including American place names, through a veil of Latin. It's mostly medieval Latin, at that. Medieval Latin makes a splendid veil.

Who would suspect, for example, that a place so obviously the haunt of unicorns and dragons as Dioecesis Wigorniensis is really just plain old Worcester, Massachusetts? It is, though, and Bernardus Flanagan is the *episcopus* of it. Who except maybe a nose-and-throat specialist could be asked to drive to Sinus Viridis and correctly wind up in Green Bay, Wisconsin? Who in New Orleans—let alone who up in Arkansas—realizes that he really lives in Provincia Novae Aureliae? Who even knows in what part of the country to start looking for the 84,290-square-mile region called Dioecesis Xylopolitana? Well, I do. In the vernacular, that's the Diocese of Boise, Idaho. Why this should be so takes, I admit, some working out. First, it has to dawn on the mind that if you added an accent mark to Boise, you'd have the French adjective "*boisé*." This means "wooded"—"*garni de forêts*," as one dictionary says. Then it is necessary to reflect that a xylophone is a musical instrument made of wood, and eventually you need

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to prowl through medieval Latin until you find that a *xylopola* is a timber merchant and a *xylopolis* a city with trees.

Practice helps in this sort of thing. One quickly learns that a great many of the names are literal translations. If the Romans had known about the Bay of Fundy, they would have called it the Sinus of Fundy. They did know about the color green, which they called *viridis*. Other names derive from precedent. Once you discover that Aurelianum was the medieval Latin name for Orléans, France, and that Orléans is still the center of the French diocese called Aurelia, Provincia Novae Aureliae becomes easy, and even logical. The two "æ"s are simply genitive endings, it being the Province *of* New Orleans. Wigorniensis is a trifle harder. Wigornia is the medieval Latin name for Worcester, England, which is simple enough, and the "ensis" turns out to be a special genitive much used by the ancient Romans for Latinizing the names of barbarian cities. The absence of a "Nova" seems a problem only until you remember that Worcester, England, is a diocese of the wrong church.

Not all the Catholic territories in America have such stately and confusing names as these. In fact, there are long strings of shamefully dull ones: transparent Archdioceses like Chicagiensis and Omahensis, and blab-everything Dioceses like Camdensis, New Jersey, and Honoluluensis, Hawaii. Certain others, such as Civitatis Lacus Salsi, Utah, and Sanctae Fidei, New Mexico, offer a certain mild challenge but are really too easy for the serious student.

But there are still dozens, even scores, of good ones. Who cares to say offhand where Jacobus Kearney, Episcopus Roffensis, lives? Or Josephus McShea, Episcopus Alanopolitanae? Or Dermitius O'Flanagan, Episcopus Iunellensis? I'll bet there are plenty in Rochester, New York, in Allentown, Pennsylvania, and in Juneau, Alaska, who would stumble and hesitate. Dioecesis Campifontis by no means gives itself away as Springfield, Massachusetts, nor—except to admirers of the American oak (*Quercus alba*)—is Quercopolitana all that obvious as Oakland, California. I feel confident that Dioecesis Rubrubaculensis is not obvious to anyone, including Senator Long, who lives in it. And while it may not look as exotic as these last two, such a piece of territory as Vayne Castrensis still takes a moment to locate on the map. Even after you've reflected that "*castrensis*" is the adjectival form of "*castra*," and that a *castra* is an armed

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camp is a fort, and that here is Fort Wayne, Indiana, you have not solved the full mystery. The true name of the Diocese turns out to be Vayne Castrensis-South Bendensis, and you now have to decide why Fort Wayne got the pretty Latin and South Bend got only the barbarian stigma. If the Southern Cross can be Crux Australis to astronomers, and the southernmost inhabited continent Australia to everybody, why can't South Bend be Bend Australensis to the Catholic Church? There are many mysteries like this. Why should the eleven counties popularly known as the Diocese of Rockford, Illinois, be dealt with so prosily as Rockfordiensis, while the much newer Diocese of Rockville Centre, Long Island, enjoys the resounding name of Petropolitana in Insula Longa? I'm not quarrelling about the Long Island form, which seems impeccable. *Petrus* is Peter is a rock, and *polis* is a city; the "Centre" got dropped. But what happened to Rockford? Don't they know any Latin in Illinois? Why don't those eleven counties put upstart Nassau and Suffolk in their place, and become Dioecesis Polis Petrofordae? Yes, and, coming back to Vayne Castrensis, how do you square its Latinization with that of Dioecesis Dallesensis-Arcis Worthensis, Texas? Is a fort a *castra* or is it an *arx*? It's not that the battlements at Fort Worth were any bigger or more impressive than the ones that General Harrison stood behind in Indiana. As a matter of fact, there never was a fort at Fort Worth at all. The United States Army only talked about building one in 1849, and instead, after some months of dithering, went ninety miles northwest and built a crude shelter called Fort Belknap. So why the "Arcis," a term used in medieval Latin for great strongholds like the Tower of London? Is this a sly clerical dig at Fort Worth? Or does the Texas penchant for overstatement affect even Catholic officials in their choice of Latin?

Those last two questions are a hard pair to deal with. Before even starting, one must discover which Catholic officials choose the Latin for new dioceses, and what models they're supposed to follow. The answer, as far as I can tell, is that just about everybody from the rank of monsignor up has a hand in the process, and they pick the models any old way. Technically, the Sacred Consistorial Congregation in Rome has a monopoly on new names, and technically it follows a set of rules called the *stylus Romanae Curiae*. But in reality the Congregation's role seems to be rather

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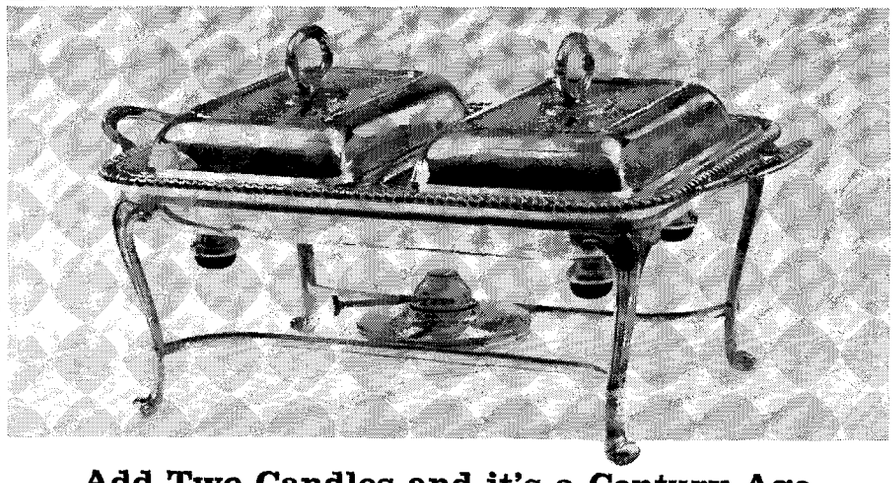

Add Two Candles and it's a Century Ago

The heavy Sheffield plate double supper service or breakfast dish (sometimes called a chafing dish) is a piece that we have made with great skill and craftsmanship for a hundred years. The two lift-out 11" dishes can be removed and replaced with a liner and single 17" cover to make one large dish. All covers have removable handles which permit them to be used as additional dishes. The entire unit can be lifted from the stand and used with hot water rather than over the alcohol burner. This group has a simple gadroon border. The double chafing dish is $320 including stand and lamp. A large liner is $80 additional, and the large cover is $92, all plus tax. An embossed version is slightly higher.

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Where to watch Shakespeare performed

1964 is Shakespeare's Year— and Britain invites you to some merry goings-on

Once every 100 years, Britain pays special homage to her greatest poet and playwright. His *four hundredth* birthday comes next year. Read about some of the dazzling celebrations and festivals you can enjoy. Then send for your free Shakespeare's Year Travel Kit.

BRITAIN is humming with preparations for the most spectacular birthday party in a hundred years. Shakespeare was born 400 years ago—on April 23, St. George's Day.

But his birthday is just the signal for *eight full months* of celebrations. Come and join in. Shakespeare's Year will be an international affair. You'll meet Shakespeare-lovers from all over the world.

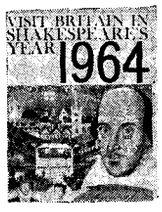
The *variety* of celebrations is astonishing. Towns in England, Scotland, Wales and northern Ireland are putting on special plays or festivals. You could tour Britain for ten days and discover a *special event every day*. Here are just a few.

"Othello" with Olivier

In London, Sir Laurence Olivier will play *Othello* with the new National Theatre Company. From May through July, you can see *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* on an Elizabethan stage in the Mermaid Theatre by the River Thames.

And on summer evenings, the glades of Regent's Park will ring with alarums and excursions from *Henry V*.

Even London's music will have a Shakespearean lilt. The Covent Garden Opera Company is presenting Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Verdi's *Macbeth*, *Otello* and *Falstaff*.



Outside of London, you can enjoy *Richard II* at the Shakespeare Festival in Lincoln. See *Richard III* or *Antony and Cleopatra* in Bristol. And watch folk dancers "foot it featly" in Elizabethan villages.

Seven-month season at Stratford

But the heart of the celebrations will be Shakespeare's own Stratford. The Season of Plays will run for *seven months*. There will also be a poetry festival at Hall's Croft, home of Shakespeare's daughter; and a Shakespeare Exhibition on the banks of the Avon. This will review the poet's life against a backdrop of Elizabethan art treasures, relics and curiosa.

Look at the opposite page for more dates and facts on what you can see and do in Shakespeare's Year. Then write to one of the addresses below for a free Shakespeare's Year Travel Kit.

Free travel kit

It includes this 16-page illustrated booklet about the celebrations, also gives tips on car rental, sightseeing and prices.

Study your kit, then see your travel agent. Tell him where you want to go, and what you want to see. Ask him to make your reservations *early*, while there's still a good choice of festival seats and accommodations.

Quick guide to Shakespeare's favorite haunts

How to tour Shakespeare's Britain

For free Shakespeare's Year Travel Kit, see your travel agent or write Box 513, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

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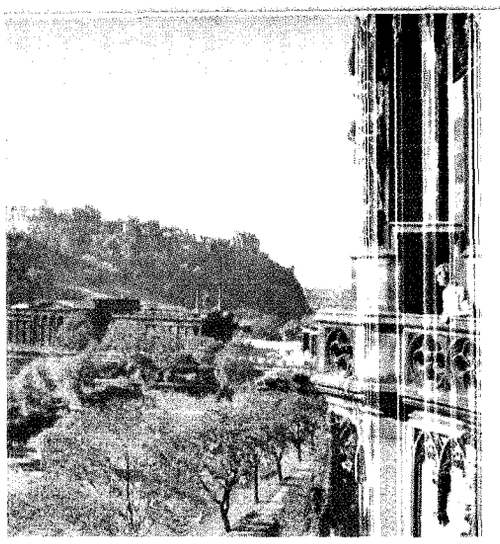
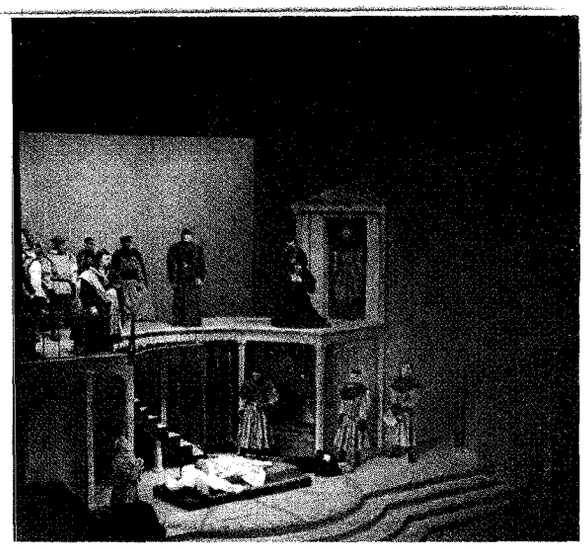
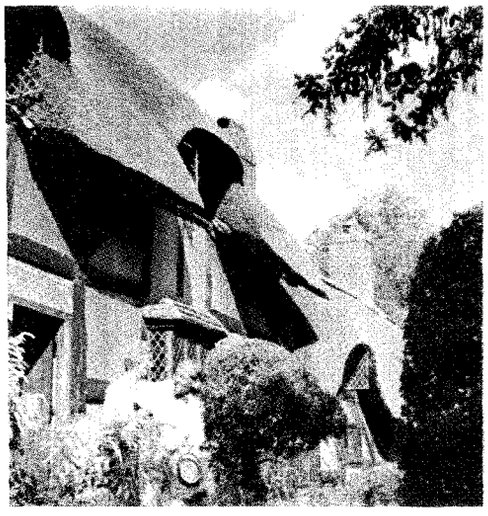
STRATFORD [illegible] November [illegible] Theatre [illegible] *Richard II*. Seat [illegible]



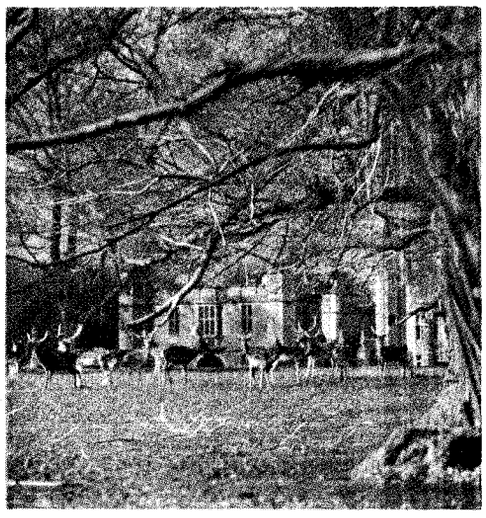
EDINBURGH The Scots are putting on Europe's grandest festival at Edinburgh (Aug. 16–Sept. 5). It's a heady blend of Shakespeare, concerts, ballet – even a floodlit military tattoo.



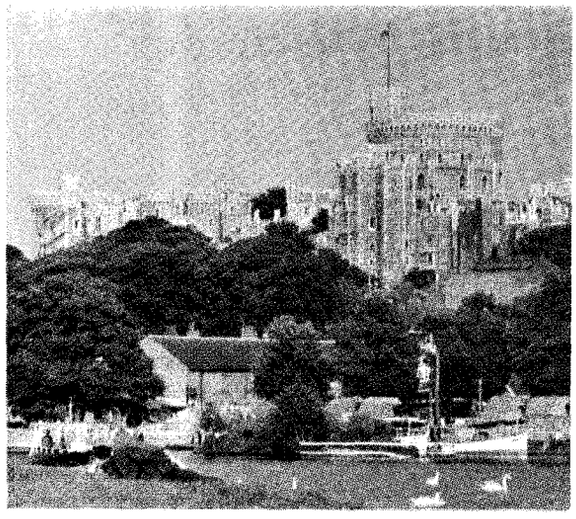
ALL AROUND BRITAIN You can see Shakespeare productions at Lincoln, Cheltenham, Salisbury and Pitlochry. London's Aldwych Theatre will be host to *six* international companies.



WHERE HE COURTED This is Anne Hathaway's cottage, a mile from Stratford. For 84 cents, you can buy a ticket that admits you to the cottage and six other places linked with Shakespeare.

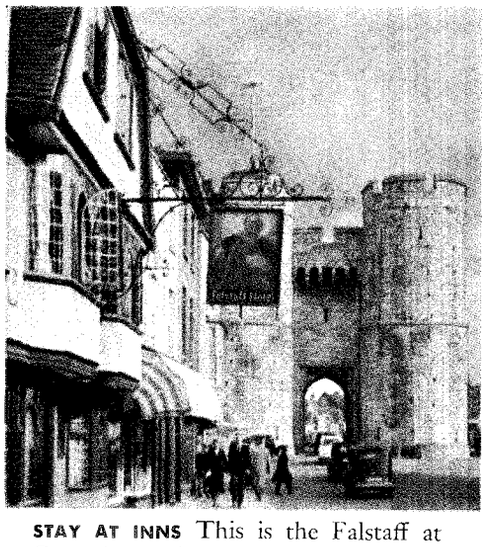


WHERE HE POACHED Legend says that young Shakespeare was arrested for poaching Sir Thomas Lucy's deer in Charlecote Park (above). Admission to house and park is 35 cents.



WHERE HE ACTED Shakespeare and his players performed for Queen Elizabeth at Windsor Castle (above). You can also visit London's Middle Temple, where he acted in *Twelfth Night*.

RENT A CAR It's the fancy-free way to explore Britain's wiggly lanes and Elizabethan villages. You can rent a four-seater for about $56 a week, insurance, gas and mileage *included*.



STAY AT INNS This is the Falstaff at Canterbury – haven for pilgrims since 1403. Many inns offer bed and breakfast from $3.75. Lunch of English cheese and ale costs about 40 cents.

GO IN SPRING You'll be welcomed by flowers and pageantry (above, London in April). And you can catch the opening of Shakespeare's Year while roads and inns are still uncrowded.

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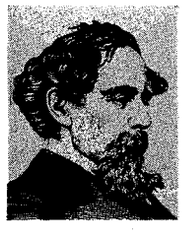
The others are not J&B



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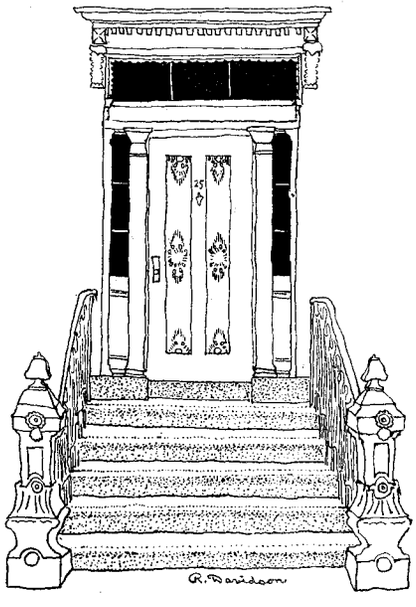
like that of the Jockey Club in naming race horses—its officials simply pick the top eligible name from a list submitted by the horse's owner. As far as I can tell, the naming of Catholic territory goes something like this. Suppose you are an official of a Province that's about to give birth to a Diocese—as the Province of Kansas City (Provincia Kansanopolitana in Kansas) gave birth to the Diocese of Dodge City a few years ago. With the *stylus Romanae Curiae* in mind, you reflect. Would it go well as Dodgevicensis, to match Evansvicensis, Indiana, and Steubenvicensis, Ohio? What about Civitatis Dodgeiensis, to parallel the name given to Jefferson City, Missouri? Perhaps Dodgepolitana? Put them all down. Your Archbishop adds his own ideas, and then forwards the list to Vashingtonensis, D.C. This is so it can be checked by the Apostolic Delegate, who is the top Catholic official in America. He can either send it on to Rome unchanged, or he can do some tinkering himself. Most Delegates are reputed to tinker, especially when there's something really tough to deal with, such as a city with an Indian name. (The determination of Delegates may account for Siouxormensis, South Dakota, which has a touch of Greek in there along with the Latin, and I think it also explains Sioupolis, Iowa, the home of Sioupolis Sue.) Presumably, one of the many who pondered the case of Dodge City was mad for brevity, and hence the eventual choice of Dodgepolis.

But even all this doesn't explain why Fort Worth is an *arx*, while Fort Wayne—in its palmy days capable of holding three thousand soldiers—is only a *castra*. In the end, I conclude that there *is* something in Texas that makes



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The Millionaire's Popcorn

The extraordinary thing about this "popcorn" is that there's so little popcorn in it. It's mostly nuts. Whole toasted pecans and almonds, exquisitely held together with caramelized sugar and butter. And more butter. And more butter. Actually the popcorn only serves to silence the crunch so you can eat Poppycock in the still of your club, or in your box at the opera. We know one woman so rich she even buys Poppycock for her little millionaire grandchild, though personally we never considered Poppycock a children's confection. Inasmuch as it costs $2.00 a can. It's sold mostly in fancier department and food stores.

a church forget its own rules in the effort to Texify itself. If you're a Catholic, your Latin goes wild. If you're an Episcopalian, your whole system gets out of hand. Episcopalians mostly give their Dioceses state names, in English. Their seventy-eight include the Dioceses of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, and so forth. When it comes time for a split, they add Western Massachusetts, Central New York, Upper South Carolina. But not in Texas. There the Dioceses trundle around—Texas, West Texas, Northwest Texas, New Mexico and Southwest Texas—until they reach a spot thirty miles from Fort Worth. Then suddenly the whole scheme vanishes, and there is the Diocese of Dallas, looking Roman enough to excite the Apostolic Delegate. Probably there's a Six Months Meeting of Friends in the neighborhood. I imagine that if there are Communists in Texas, they have a Four Year Plan.

But the whole explanation is guesswork, and I really prefer to keep it that way. If I ever got the matter of the *arx* and the *castra* completely settled, it would only leave me facing an even more impossible question. Has anyone considered how Montreal (which is to say Mount Royal) contrived to become Archidioecesis Marianopolitana?

—Noel Perrin

•

As to the sound itself, it still seemed mighty cold from halfway back on the orchestra floor. There is a little more bass, but it is not a pleasant sound. What it lacks is the feeling of space around it; plucked basses, for example, go "thump" instead of "thump."—*The Herald Tribune.*

Or sometimes just "thump."

•

"Now," he said, dressed in the athlete's trim blue coat, white shirt, black pants and slim tie with an AAU monogram in the center, "I do things different. It's changed my way of dressing. I speak different. I try to make words clear." He spoke slowly to be certain his grammar was always correct, and it was.—*Tom McEwen in the Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.*

We'll decide that.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Manchester Guardian*]

The body of Mrs Stella Blay, aged 30, was found yesterday in a suitcase in a shed at her home in Elmstead Avenue, Wembley Park. Police are satisfied there is no question of foul play. An inquest will be held at Hendon on Monday.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 1

THIS is a very queer moment indeed in British political history, for which nobody seems to have succeeded in digging up a precedent. The extraordinary chapter of events since Mr. Macmillan stepped down at last, leaving his party exposed in full, unbecoming wrangle, has provided everything from tragedy to ironic farce, and is not finished yet. The Prime Minister of England is not in Downing Street, and could not now—being neither peer nor plain M.P.—enter the House of Lords or the House of Commons as anything but a private individual, following the proceedings from one of the galleries. Parliament should have reassembled by now for a busy new session, including an early debate to bury the Denning Report on the Profumo affair, but it is still absent, the new Sir Alec Douglas-Home having advised the Queen (as he is constitutionally able to do) to postpone its recall for a fortnight while he fights the Scottish by-election campaign that has been chosen to take him into the Commons. One or two voices have raised the purely rhetorical question of what will happen in the ultimate farcical event of his not winning it. This seems highly improbable, but the Prime Minister's contest already contains enough farce with its raft of assorted candidates, including a Scottish Nationalist, an independent who calls himself a "light- and dark-blue Conservative," and another independent, Mr. William Rushton, who is a large comedian from the satirical television program "That Was the Week That Was," and is famous for a particularly hilarious, ripe imitation of the recent Prime Minister. The seat of the Government is for the moment, therefore, somewhere in a Scottish glen, where flocks of pressmen are following a baronet glumly through the bracken.

Last Thursday, when both Houses met briefly for the ceremony of prorogation, the Opposition objected angrily to having the country's business kept waiting two additional weeks, tacked onto the long summer recess, so that the Government could answer to Parliament with a visible Prime Minister to lead it. As its spokesmen pointed out, there was plainly a selection of solid commoner

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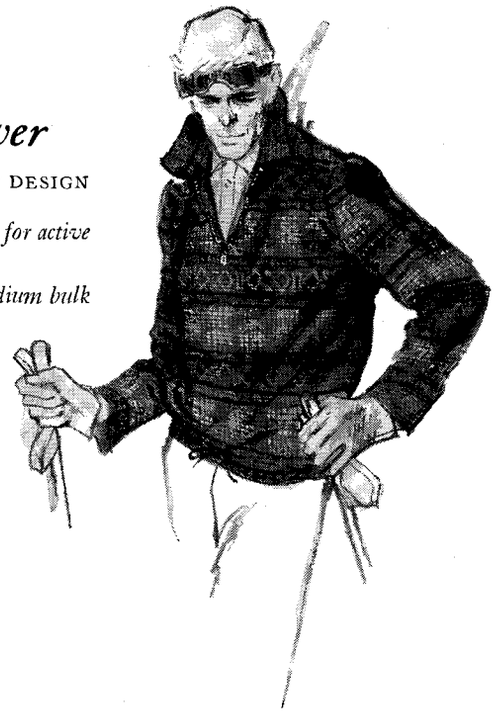

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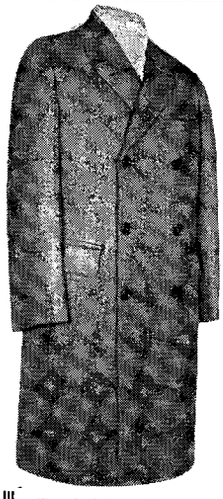

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Indianapolis.....Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel November 15th & 16th
Louisville.....Brown Hotel November 18th & 19th
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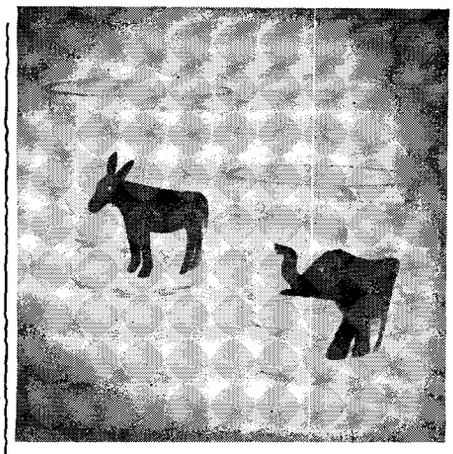
flesh on the front bench from which a choice might have been made, thus leaving no awkward hiatus while a translated peer was wafted down from the Upper House. Even though the Conservative Party had chosen differently, they said, Parliament and its work should proceed. It was merely a formal registering of protest, however, since everybody knew the matter had already been settled by the ghostly Sir Alec before he left for Perthshire to acquire a passport back into the light of common political day. The debate therefore seemed to be the sort of formula affair that is becoming, many M.P.s touchily feel, dangerously familiar—an outburst of futile Parliamentary indignation over a *fait accompli* presented by the Prime Minister of the moment, whose office is more and more the real and autocratic arbiter of the power that is seen to be slipping away from the Commons.

THE incoming Prime Minister was regarded by many as just such a *fait accompli* on the part of the outgoing one. To check all the speculation and gossip going around about how the Conservatives came up with such an utterly unexpected choice, the Party's Chief Whip, Mr. Martin Redmayne, has just issued a hasty disclaimer denying that Lord Home was not the Party's first pick. Up to now, the assumption that Mr. Macmillan, using his final blockbuster, had implacably ignored all the unmistakable last-minute readings of Parliamentary and Party preference for Mr. R. A. Butler, the Deputy Prime Minister, has been the one that many angry Conservatives and most non-Conservatives have appeared to believe. At any rate, the first reactions to Lord Home were frequently so violent that it is not surprising that some of the angriest objectors are now beginning to think again, and even to suspect that the outcome may not be as disastrous for the Party as they had thought in the first shock of learning the identity of the new leader who was to supply a dynamic fresh start to repair the Conservatives' unpopularity in the country. The press that Sir Alec received was such that had he been a play he would have closed on the second night. Though most of the editorial writers admitted handsomely that he had sterling personal qualities for every role but his surprise one as the new-style, modernizing Tory image, the absence of cheers was remarkable. Even the *Daily Telegraph*, the paper found on most Tory breakfast tables (the *Times* is regarded



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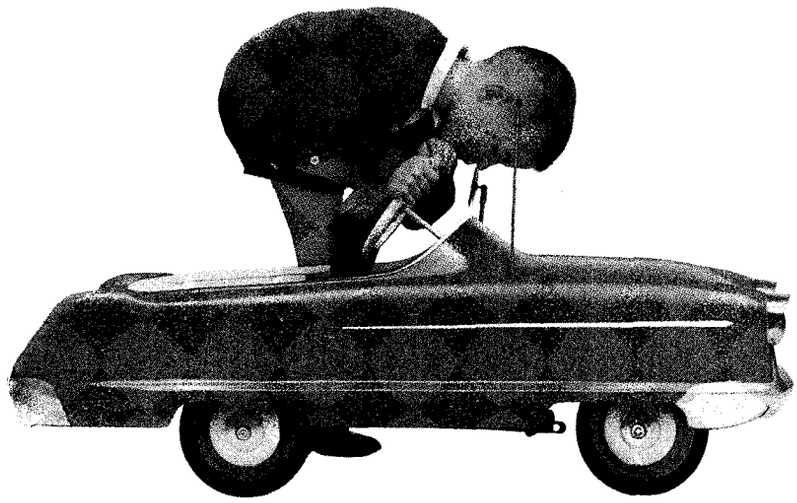
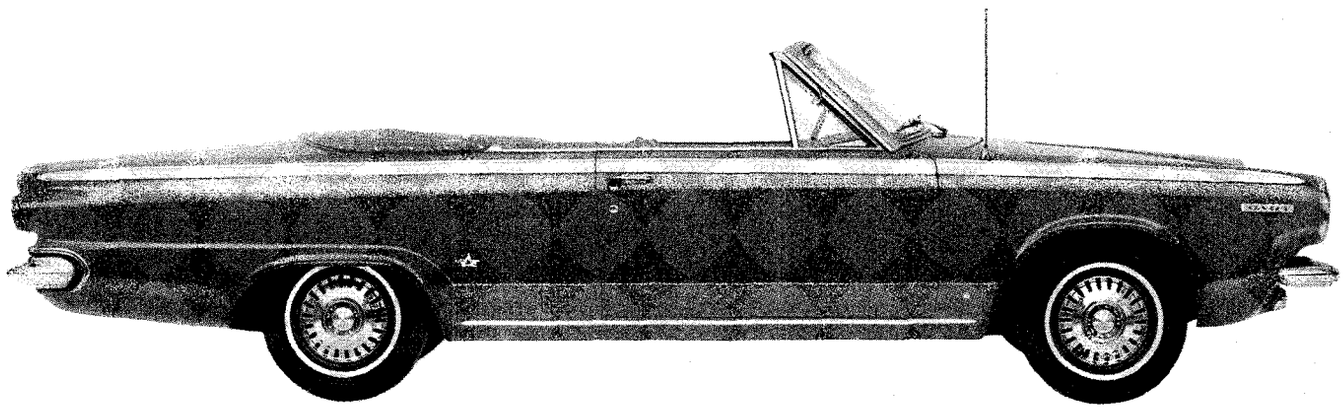


We didn't invent the compact . . .



we just enlarged upon it!

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suspiciously by many Conservatives as being too rosily radical in policy), could manage only the hardly ecstatic observation that "as Baldwin [another compromise Prime Minister] said at a similar moment, his task evokes prayers rather than congratulations." The caricaturists, too, have had a cruel field day with Sir Alec's fragile, sharply boned physiognomy, depicting it under a dictator's Cromwellian hat as he says "Take away these baubles" and points to the still shuttered and silent Houses of Parliament; under a peer's coronet, with an equally malicious rendering of Rab Butler as the unwilling servitor holding up his robes; and emerging triumphant, if dishevelled, from a heap of struggling, bloody-nosed Ministers with a bland pronouncement on the democratic excellence of the Conservative Party's methods of selecting a leader. Labour speakers' gibes about the fourteenth earl have begun to rebound on themselves and annoy the public, incidentally, and it is likely that the question of his ancient lineage will soon be quietly dropped by all.

Nothing that has been printed or said about Sir Alec and his administration has been so damaging, of course, as the quiet judgment passed by Mr. Iain Macleod, the Leader of the House of Commons and co-chairman of the Conservative Party, and Mr. Enoch Powell, the extremely able Minister of Health, in refusing to serve under him. (So far, neither of them has spoken about his action in public.) Mr. Powell, a man of strong character and convictions, walked out of office once before, in 1958, on a question of principle, and it was rumored (wrongly) that he was about to do it again this summer in angry disapproval of the Government's handling of the Profumo affair. Possibly his resignation alone, though it is a smart rebuff, would not have caused the emotions in the Party that Mr.

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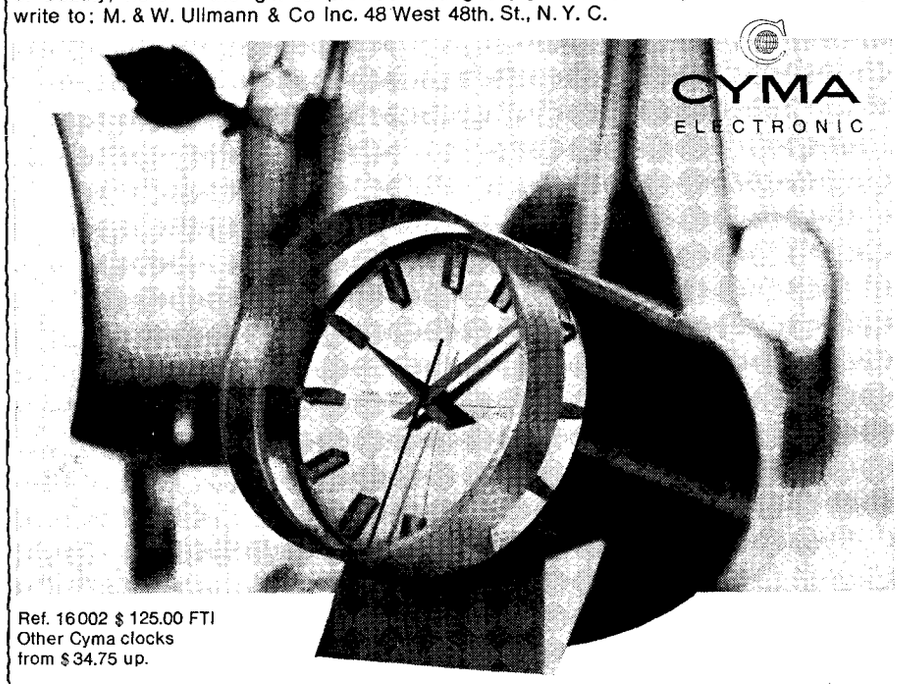

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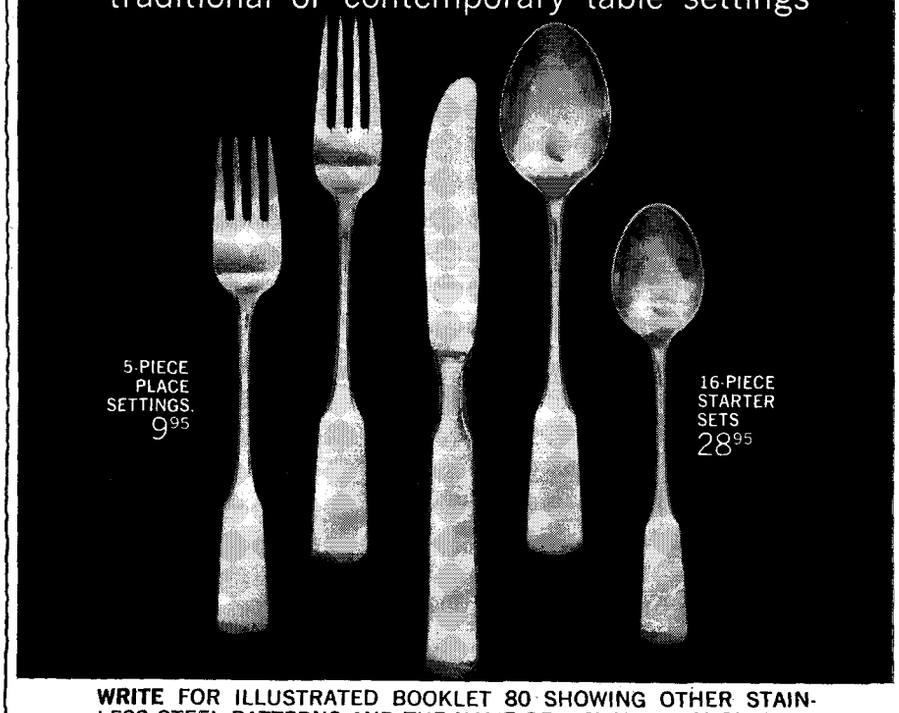

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Macleod's has—dismay and a good deal of admiration among the younger Conservatives and the progressive wing, to whom he appears as the principal architect, after Rab Butler, of the modern, liberal-minded Toryism that they are convinced is the only brand to which the country would give a fresh mandate, and bitter resentment in other quarters, which see him as a chief who has now publicly and disgracefully deserted. It has undoubtedly been a serious knock to the new administration that these two men, who are among the Party's best brains and shrewdest planners, should have decided, at immediate and great personal loss, to disengage themselves from a choice that they must have felt made nonsense of their work in projecting an image of the new Toryism that would bring back those voters who had absconded to the Liberals. Another leader from the top branches of the Establishment, still in the tradition of the great house and the grouse moor, was not the figure that the section of the Party that agrees with Mr. Macleod and Mr. Powell had hoped to see take them forward from Mr. Macmillan. It was significant that the Conservative Central Office boss, Lord Poole (a brilliant organizer who was invited back from the business world to gear the machine to win the general election, and who had great power behind the scenes), also resigned—a curt footnote to events that was almost overlooked by the public, which had its eyes fixed in astonishment or hope on the less important comings and goings of the drama at Downing Street.

Many of Mr. Butler's ardent sympathizers are loud in their disappointment that he did not decide, as he surely could have done, that his own treatment justified resignation. They say that if he had not stoically and with great dignity consented to serve under Lord Home, the as yet unformed Government must have fallen apart. This was certainly Mr. Macmillan's biggest gamble, and his character-reading paid off. In all the discussions of what happened or did not happen, it seems pretty certain that a strong enough pro-Butler faction would have supported a last-minute revolt if it had not been that its center was suddenly and disconcertingly not there. It is being said that Mr. Butler weighed up all the backing he could have counted on in the constituencies, where there are many true-blue Tories on whom Butlerism acts as a pink rag, and concluded that his resignation would bring about such chaos in the Party and

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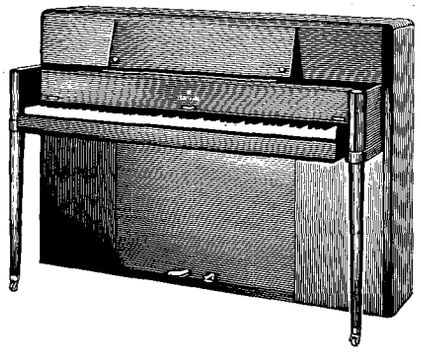
the nation that the politician whom the Queen would have to call to the palace to end it would be the Leader of the Opposition. There are still some who think this reasoning honorable but a mistake.

Mr. Butler's appointment as Foreign Secretary seemed the best but the least surprising of the Home appointments. The reshuffle that has come in for much comment is Sir Alec's bringing back Mr. Selwyn Lloyd as Leader of the House in Mr. Macleod's stead. It is a job that needs a strong, light touch and much tact—not really the qualities, the newspapers instantly and not unfondly recalled, that Mr. Lloyd displayed outstandingly in his dogged, often tumultuously interrupted performances during his former long Ministerial spell on the front bench. In view of the trouble that will be stacking up from a restive Opposition out to gun for the new Government, most people doubt whether this is a wise appointment. It could be a tactless one, too, because of the unpopular associations that vast numbers of the public still attach to Mr. Lloyd's name as a result of his disliked pay-pause policy when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

WHATEVER their first doubts may have been, though, all but the staunchly committed Butlerites in the Conservative Party are now buoyantly optimistic about the Prime Minister, and even some who would have preferred Mr. Butler say that they have come around to feeling that Lord Home (the new baronet, and certainly the public, reportedly cannot yet get their tongues around the new name) will make a good leader, perfectly capable of taking on Mr. Harold Wilson in the House of Commons, and even of defeating him at the polls—the last an exhilarating change of mind indeed. The extraordinary swing of Conservative opinion and the increase of interest among the general public, which includes those undecided voters on whom the fates of the parties will depend finally, were mostly brought about by the television appearance of Sir Alec on a Monday-night B.B.C. "Panorama" program, where he was questioned by Robin Day and Robert Mackenzie—a program followed the next night by Mr. Wilson being interrogated by the same two practiced hands. Up to then, the Prime Minister had really not been widely known to the public here, and his performance was therefore fresh and generally unexpected—first of all for its brisk, chatty, almost casual



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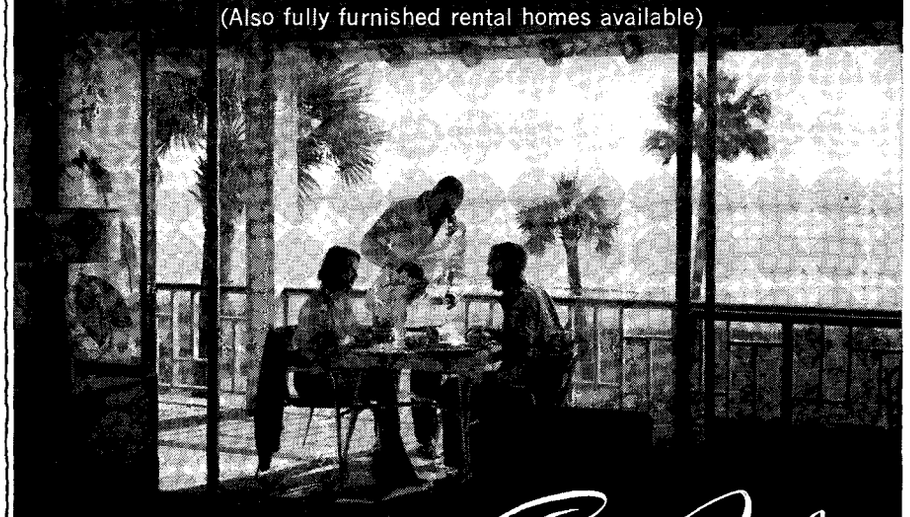

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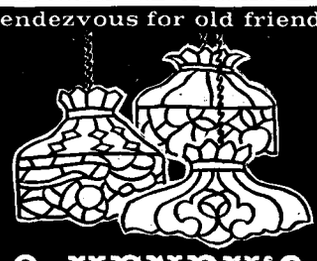
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style. It seemed new that for his opening appearance as Prime Minister he did not "address the nation" in the old style, with a handsome leather desk set in front of him and a clutter of royal and family photographs at his elbow, but preferred this informal method of interview. (There were subsequent complaints to the B.B.C. from indignant Labour viewers that Mr. Day and Mr. Mackenzie had been particularly sharp with Mr. Wilson, but to this viewer they appeared to come up with just as awkward questions for both their subjects.) To anybody who had expected to see a gentle, unambitious aristocrat, Sir Alec's abounding self-confidence, crisp authority, and humor (there seemed a dry, waspish reminiscence now and then of Clement Attlee, who used to be a master of the deflating sentence) may have been surprising.

Harold Wilson, the following evening, was carefully polite in his references to the Prime Minister, reproachfully deprecating the sensational view that there were going to be "gladiatorial combats" between him and Sir Alec when Parliament gets down (as many of the electorate will be glad finally to see) to the brass tacks of government again. He said shrewdly that his guess as to why the Conservatives were doing better in the public-opinion polls at the moment was that the country had long been so dreadfully bored with them.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

LIFE IS A ROUNDELAY

[*East Pigeon notes in the Boonville (Ind.) Enquirer*]

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Lee Dougan and daughters of Boonville, Mr. and Mrs. Galen Toole of Selvin were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Noble Dougan Monday evening of last week.

Nona and Danny Harrison visited at Noble Dougans one evening last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Dougan and children of Dayville were supper guests of Noble Dougan and family Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble Dougan were in Boonville on business Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Galen Toole called at Noble Dougan's Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Lee Dougan and daughters of Boonville were dinner guests of Noble Dougan and family Sunday.

Nona and Danny Harrison left Monday morning for a few days visit with relatives and friends in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Galen Toole visited at Noble Dougan's Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Meyer and children, Danny Welborn visited at Noble Dougan's Sunday evening.

Danny Harrison visited at Noble Dougans Sunday afternoon.

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Having missed the legendary casts of the era of Rosa Ponselle, Feodor Chaliapin, and Giovanni Martinelli, I owe my acquaintance with this opera entirely to Mr. Bing's administration at the Metropolitan Opera House. It inaugurated his tenure at that institution, and has frequently been performed there since. "Don Carlo" is a curious work, somewhat lacking in neat dramatic con-

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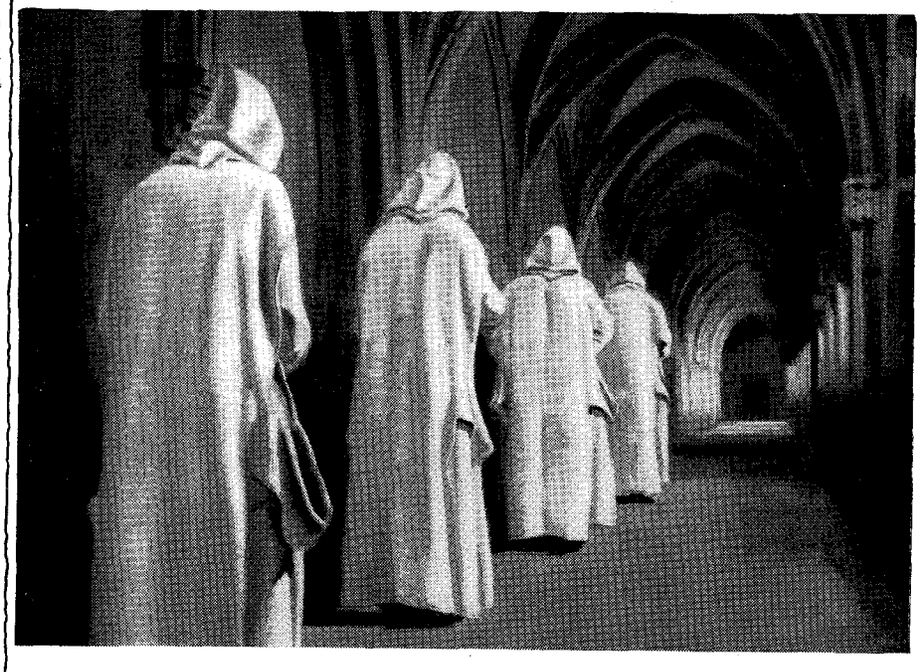

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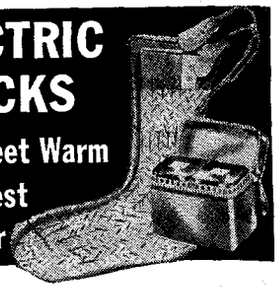

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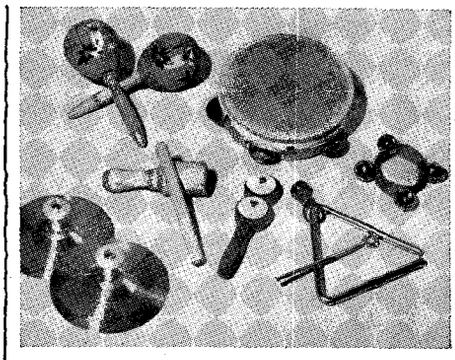
tinuity, and the music Verdi composed for it seems to reflect several periods in the development of his style—perhaps a natural outcome of the fact that he wrote it prior to "Aïda" and then revised it during his later years. For all that, it is a stunning affair, and it contains many passages in which Verdi was at the peak of his audacity as a composer for voices and orchestra. These passages are far too many to enumerate here, but they include the gruesome march of the heretics toward the offstage bonfires in Act II, Scene 2; the chorus of Flemings demanding mercy; and, above all, the subtleties of the scene in King Philip's study, starting with Philip's own monologue and continuing through his interview with the Grand Inquisitor (done to a formidable orchestral accompaniment that suggests both the Inquisitor's power and an element of senile dementia). After that, there is one of the most stirring quartets the Master ever wrote, accompanied by a veritable ground swell of a theme emerging from the cellos and other bass instruments, and, finally, the aria "O don fatale," in which the Princess Eboli laments her treachery to the hero and his royal mistress, King Philip's wife. I doubt whether Verdi ever wrote a scene superior to this, and it will always remain, to me, one of the greatest episodes in all opera.

Last Thursday evening, the Metropolitan revived "Don Carlo," which had been absent from its boards for three years. The Rolf Gérard scenery and costumes stood up well after their decade or so of service, and so, miraculously, did the staging that Margaret Webster originally gave the work. Georg Solti, appearing for the first time here as the conductor of "Don Carlo," gave it a vigorous workout, sometimes allowing his brass instruments to drown out the singing but often underlining the violence and pathos of the drama with vital strokes. The Bulgarian soprano Raina Kabaivanska made an attractive figure as the beleaguered Elizabeth de Valois, and, barring a few inaccuracies, sang this extremely difficult role (which I have never heard done entirely to my satisfaction) pretty adequately. Rita Gorr, as the Princess Eboli, was either miscast or in bad voice, her singing being somewhat hoarse and inflexible, and her upper tones verging, here and there, on disaster. As it was, the vocal honors of the evening went to the men in the cast. Richard Tucker, as Don Carlo, showed that he still belongs to the grand tradition of Italian *bel canto*, singing with restraint as well as with power. Robert Merrill, as the Marquis



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of Posa, was superb, and Jerome Hines was a Philip of great dignity. I suppose that no singing actor will ever be able to erase from my mind the malignant characterization of the Grand Inquisitor by Hermann Uhde, but Paul Schöffler sang and acted this role after his own fashion, which was effective, though less bloodcurdling. Among the numerous lesser roles, special mention should be made of the Friar, as sung by Justino Diaz, whose fine bass voice and impeccable musical style were a joy to the ear.

THE other events I attended last week were somewhat disappointing. On Tuesday evening, William Steinberg, appearing with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall, presented Nicolai Lopatnikoff's rather brittle Festival Overture; Mozart's great G-Minor Symphony, which sounded a little heavy as conducted by Mr. Steinberg; and Tchaikovsky's long-neglected "Manfred" Symphony, which Mr. Steinberg did very well indeed, but which struck me afresh as consisting mainly of hyper-Romantic fustian of the type that derives from Liszt.

Friday night was a very damp one, and brought me to a very damp concert by the Cantata Singers, under the baton of Thomas Dunn, in Philharmonic Hall. It started with Mozart's "Davidde Penitente," a beautiful and horrendously difficult church composition for mixed chorus, soloists, and orchestra. The horrendous difficulties are mainly in the solo vocal parts, and on this occasion these were so indifferently coped with that I shall not name the singers who undertook them. The chorus frequently sang muddily, though the orchestra played well. The second part of the program was devoted to Handel's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," which I find a boring work even under the best of circumstances. Since the circumstances were not of the best, I left shortly after it commenced.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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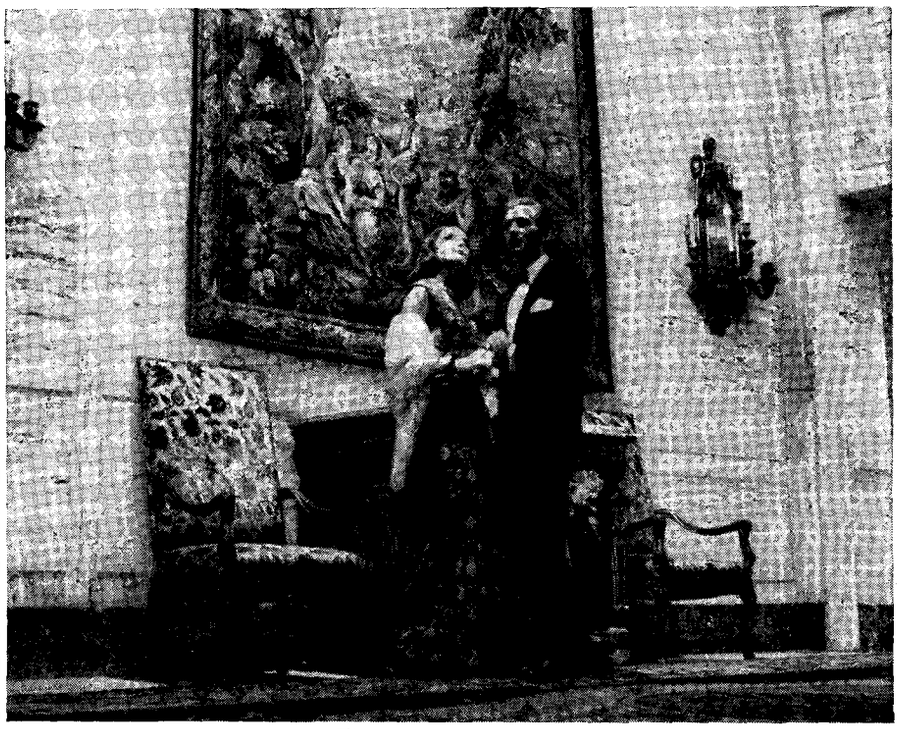

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ANTI-SOCIAL violence can take either of two forms—crime or revolution—and the distinction between them is not always clear. The explosion of a bomb in the public square of an occupied city can be criminal or revolutionary, or both, depending on its motive and its result. The more democratic the government, however, the sharper the distinction becomes, until, in a truly free society, an idealist cannot be a man of violence at all. The conscience that impelled yesterday's revolutionary already finds peaceable expression in the social worker, Peace Corpsman, Freedom Rider, or president of the World Bank; his destructiveness is embodied only in the delinquent, the thief, and the murderer. When a society becomes so benevolent that there can be no legitimate confusion between personal insufficiencies and social grievances, the armed rebel has simply lost his cause to the good citizen, and his arms to the sick man of violence, in exile or in crime.

Jean Genet is a rebel in a society free and benign enough to embrace most good causes; since just wars are out of date, he cannot even vent his destructiveness abroad, as a soldier. He is, however, for apparent personal reasons (his illegitimacy, his ugliness, his sexual inadequacy) a violently angry man, and, in the absence of a moral outlet for physical hostility, he is left with crime itself as the ideal of his rebellion. Since philosophers from Socrates to Kant have demonstrated, to the satisfaction of rational men, that one cannot consistently know the Good and promote Evil, Genet, as a philosopher-criminal, deliberately begins and ends in paradox. He desires what is, by definition, undesirable: failure (if he achieves it, he succeeds in the very act of failing); unhappiness (if he wills it, he is happy in his misery); crime (if he establishes it as principle, he abides by a law of lawlessness). A classic refuge of the mind from ignorance or paradox is mysticism, and Genet has founded a private cult, "the mystery of the nothing and the no," in which thieves are saints, murderers are gods, homosexuals are communicants, and "it is precisely sin which puts [one] in a state of Grace."

As a philosopher, Genet cannot be taken seriously. His position is simple, old, and untenable, and since he has no gift for abstractions, he is an unworthy heir to Protagoras, Raskolnikov, Faust, Iago, and even the serpent in Eden, each of whom advanced powerful arguments against conventional morality before subsiding into or being defeated by it. Nor, as an artist, will Genet bear comparison with Villon, de Sade, Huysmans, Baudelaire, or Gide, each of whom demonstrated that art and individuality can be the Romantic products of pain, of evil, and of disease:

> The taste for *singularity*, the attraction of the forbidden, conspired to deliver me to evil. . . . Certainly this betrayal causes me infinite suffering, making me aware at once of my friendliness toward my victim and my still lively love of man. But, in the midst of this suffering, shame having burned me all over, it seems to me that there exists, amid the fires or rather the vapors of my shame, something invulnerable, formed of sharp, severe lines, a Diamond of the sort precisely called the Solitaire.

What is curious about this banal passage from his still untranslated "Pompes Funèbres" is that Genet should choose—in preference to the traditional Romantic metaphor of *fleurs du mal*, or flowering of art upon corruption—an image of the diamond, the jewel purified within the flames of Hell. The *fleur du mal* implies fertility and mortality; the diamond implies purity and permanence. And Genet is more akin to the Christian ascetics (*vide* the "immortal diamond" of the Jesuit poet Gerard Manley Hopkins) than to the French decadents to whom he has been compared. His passive homosexuality probably imposes upon him a certain repugnance for the notion of fertility; whatever the reasons, Genet's art requires of him a puritanic abstinence—an abstinence, paradoxically, from the temptations of the Good.

If Genet falls short philosophically as a nihilist and aesthetically as a decadent, there remains a respect in which he is unique and incomparable. From Lucifer to Zarathustra, for nihilists and decadents alike, the justification for radical rebellion against the moral law has been an aristocratic boredom, the ennui of the superman in any order, however good. Modern psychology has,

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by implication, undercut this argument-from-superiority, and leached out, like some analytic solvent, its foundations in sexual pathology. Rebellion has been reduced to Oedipal terms, and the detached intellectual or aesthetic princeling, theorizing and overturning forms at his leisure, has been exposed as a wayward child, beset by fears of impotence, striking out against an essentially paternal authority. As a post-Freudian writer, Genet begins at the post-Freudian beginning, not with a proud statement of principle but with a whimpered confession of fact, not with the grand program of the deliberate supermortal outlaw but with the abject confidences of the unlucky deviate, coward, outcast, and social worm. (There is an old trick, Genet remarks at one point, "the trick of partial confession. Spontaneously I confess a little, the better to keep more serious things hidden." Sex, as a "more serious thing hidden," has since Freud lost its force in the novel. By making his sexual confession overt, Genet leaves room for a still unanalyzed, unknowable "serious thing" beneath the surface of the obvious.) And, unlike de Sade, for example, Genet begins his radical rebellion in every sense from below; he arrives at his faulted theories only laboriously, through acts. He did not *decide* to become a criminal and a pervert; he awoke one morning to find that he already *was* one, and felt obliged to explain himself. He is therefore qualified to articulate, as no genuine intellectual could, the rationale of that new and surprising phenomenon—the pure delinquent, the causeless rebel, the natural criminal who indulges in anti-social violence not out of principle or for material gain but for no discernible reason other than the sheer romance of crime. Genet has been described as a Cartesian philosopher meditating upon first principles and arriving at total negation. Nothing could be more absurd: Genet is less a modern methodologist in cerebral contact with the Devil than a conscious betrayer of the underworld, a stool pigeon, trying to render unto society an intelligible account of his Cosa Nostra, that dark underside of the social system that the French argot calls "*le Milieu*."

What makes Genet's testimony particularly elusive is not only that it results, philosophically, in paradox—or that it assumes, aesthetically, an abstinence on behalf of decadence, or even that, by pure confession, it wards off Freudian analysis—but that it rests *in fact* upon a deception, a pose. "I love

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imposture," says Genet, and, even in his sexual role, that of a man pretending to be a woman, he is in every sense a man of the theatre. His novel "Our Lady of the Flowers" (Grove; translated by Bernard Frechtman), an erotic fantasy jotted down on pieces of brown paper during one of his many terms in prison, is full of ruses, masquerades, and (the inevitable issue of a combination of mysticism and theatricality) rituals. "Our Lady" himself is a homosexual thief and strangler, assigned, in the author's fantasy, a Christlike role; Divine, another homosexual (who ultimately murders a child), becomes a kind of invert madonna; his consort, Darling, is a footloose pimp who embodies, one is led to suppose, the intervention of an elusive Holy Spirit.

Genet, lying in his prison cell, directs these imaginary characters through a series of disconnected scenes, alternately voluptuous and mystical, which he improvises to stimulate his own sexual excitement. His book is thus a combination catechism and pornography, designed to titillate not the reader but the author. On the wall facing his cot, Genet has hung for inspiration twenty photographs of infamous murderers and thieves, clipped from tabloids and popular magazines. He becomes sentimental about these heroes, and he seems at moments to resemble an adolescent girl who clips from *Modern Screen* the pictures of her idols as inspiration for her daydreams and vicarious romantic adventures. Genet follows his characters through trials and orgies derived—he admits, with irony—from pulp fiction. And when, like many sentimental heroines, Divine dies, Genet renders lyric homage:

> Here is how our Great Divine died. Having looked for her little gold watch, she found it between her thighs and, with her fist closed over it, handed it to Ernestine, who was sitting at her bedside. . . . A vast physical peace relaxed Divine. Filth . . . spread out beneath her like a warm little lake, into which she gently, very gently . . . was engulfed, and with this relief she heaved another sigh, which rose to her mouth with blood, then another sigh, the last. Thus did she pass away, one might also say drowned.

And, like many cinema heroes, Our Lady arrives at a courtroom scene and a moment of glory—in Our Lady's case, the gratuitous confession of his crime, and an arrogant refusal to throw himself upon the sympathies of his accusers. He strangled his victim, he says, "because I was fabulously broke," and in the juxtaposition of "fabulous" and "broke" Genet adapts yet another paradox—this time

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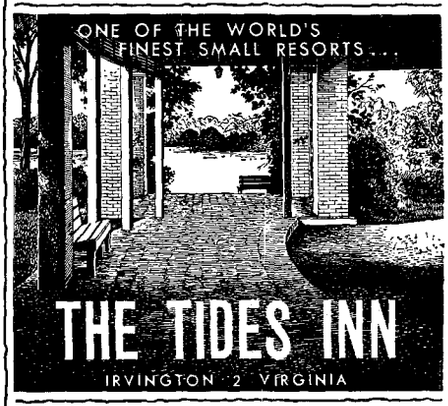

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the Christian ethic of spiritual wealth in material poverty—to his argument, which finds in perfect sin an invert "sanctitude."

PARADOX of any kind is quite congenial to Jean Paul Sartre, author of "Being and Nothingness," who begins by stealing Genet's joke (calling the avowed arch-sinner "Saint Genet") and proceeds to write what is perhaps the longest work of criticism ever to be devoted to an author in his lifetime. Or perhaps "Saint Genet: Actor and Martyr" (Braziller; also translated by Mr. Frechtman) cannot properly be called a work of "criticism" at all. It is more like a skillful job of taxidermy. Sartre announces that Genet in his negativism is "dead." Then he empties the alleged corpse of its antinomies one by one: the Christian ("The summit of pride is the abyss of humility"), the Freudian ("The instant of the most intense pleasure is the end of pleasure"), the Kantian ("Theft, crime, and falsehood do not warrant being raised to the Universal"), the personal ("Jean Genet, the weakest of all and the strongest"), and, finally, the purely Sartrian ("There is only one [motive], the absence of motives"). Then, after warning us "not to regard as psychosis what is freedom working out its own salvation," he disregards his own warning and props Genet up again, stuffed with the axioms of Existential psychology.

It is apparent from the first that Sartre is impatient with the unappetizing realities of his subject, and eager to turn to the ontological questions that have preoccupied Jean Wahl, Merleau-Ponty, and, of course, Sartre for years. Most of "Saint Genet" has little to do with Jean Genet, who becomes an almost embarrassing irrelevancy, an excuse for a textbook on Existentialism and phenomenology in which Sartre speaks, familiarly, of "doing for the sake of being" and in which he remarks typically, apropos of a girl who killed a rapist, that "she did not kill because she was raped; she was raped because she had to kill." These remarks are not very illuminating for the character of Genet (although they do provide an example of the virtuosity with which contemporary Frenchmen philosophize in a near vacuum). At one rather surprising point, however, the philosophy of Jean Paul Sartre (Existential Methodologist) and the confessions of Jean Genet (criminal stylist) do converge, in an implicit, almost Heraclitean idea of substance: the notion that while forms remain constant, personalities can flow in and out of them. In Genet's play

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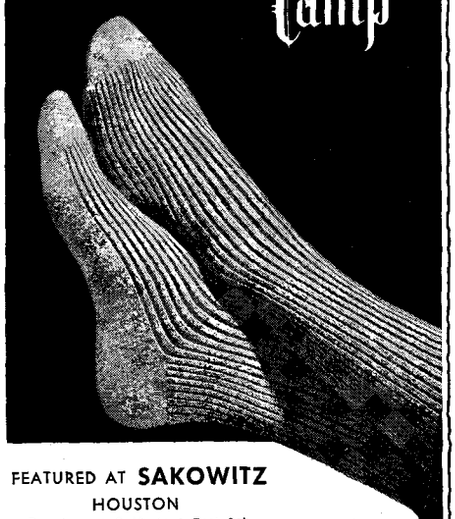

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"The Balcony," for example, when the real occupant of the royal household is killed by rebels, the madam of a bordello becomes queen in her stead. The forms are unaltered; only the personalities that occupy them are in a state of flux. Or, as Our Lady says in court, "The public prosecutor has asked for my head and he will probably get it. But *if he had lived my life he might be where I am now*, and *if I had lived his I might be prosecuting him.*" Or again, in a superb scene in "Our Lady of the Flowers," when the homosexuals of Paris are called upon to testify, and are stripped on the witness stand of the mystery of their names (First Communion, Divine, Our Lady, and Mimosa become ordinary Antoine Berthollet, Louis Culafroy, Adrien Baillon, and René Hirsch), the banality of substance is exposed beneath the poetry of forms. "The faggots . . . lost their loveliest adornment, their names. . . . [and] showed the framework which Darling discerned behind the silk and velvet of every armchair." Even Genet's idea of Sanctitude-in-Evil is based upon traditional notions of substance and attribute, appearance and reality: he objects that Saint Vincent de Paul, who served as a galley slave so that a prisoner might go free, was not a genuine saint (or Jesus, by implication, a true Saviour) because he adopted only the *appearance* of suffering, punishment, rather than the *essence* of suffering, the crime itself. To take on the burden of a sinner, a saint must take on not only the formal punishment but the substantial crime.

Sartre adapts Genet's idea of substance to Existential purposes. He claims that although Genet's birth was a "blunder," Genet himself was "inevitable" and "began as any child whatever." In other words, there existed substantially or statistically a Genet Position in society, a void that someone must occupy, but it was a historical accident that this particular Genet should grow to fill it. Sartre argues that from the moment when the child Genet was caught in his first act of theft, he was forced by his discoverer to fill the position of the Thief Genet, that the very act of discovery was a kind of rape which created the Homosexual Genet, and that the Murderer Genet was such a foregone conclusion of these premises that "Genet need not murder because he is a murderer already." (There is some question-begging here, but no matter; Genet in the flimsiness of his reasoning has forced it upon Sartre, who seems quite content.) Sartre claims further that the Genet Position fills a larger void, the

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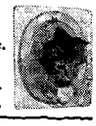

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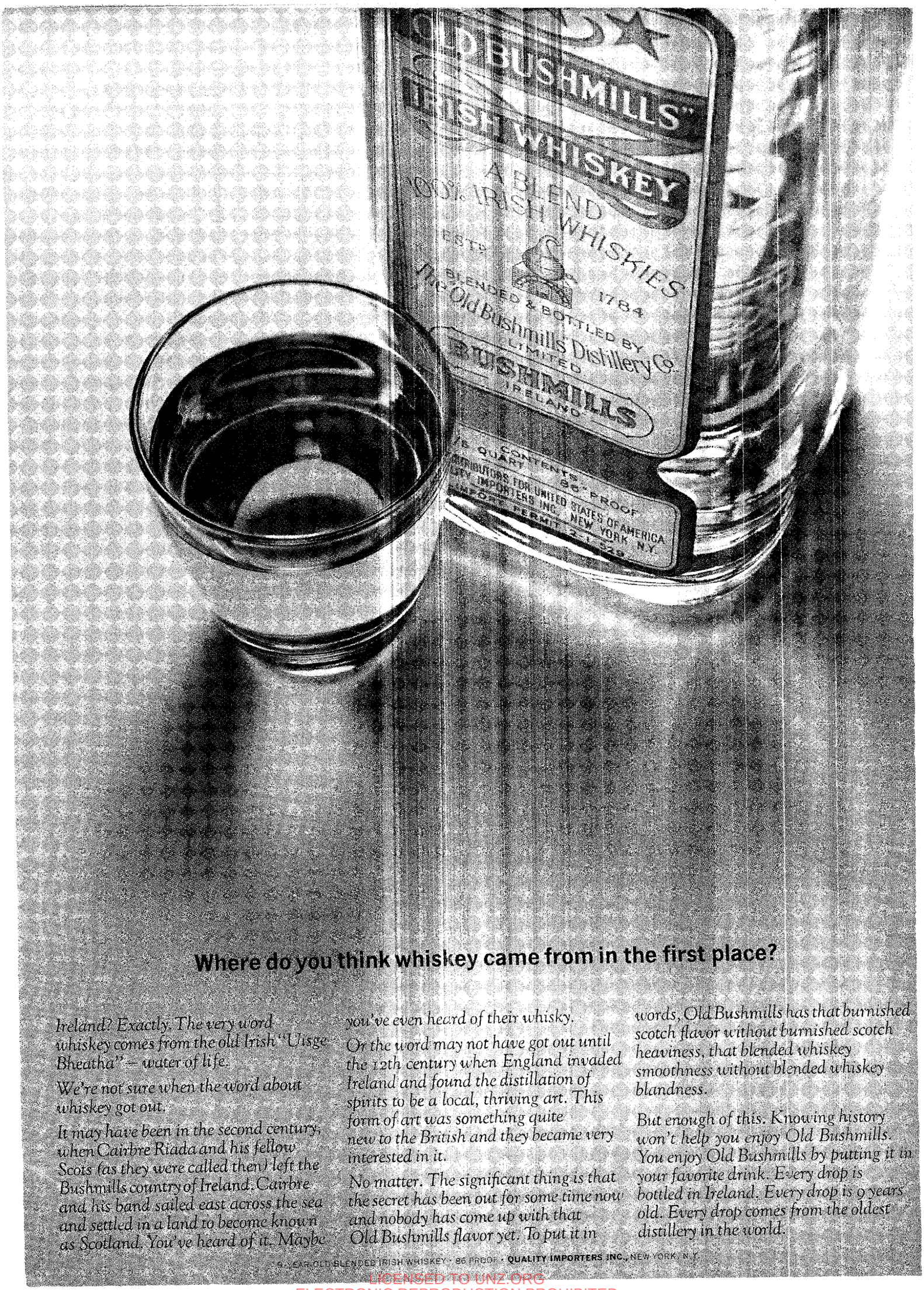

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position of *advocatus diaboli*, which must be occupied in every generation so that Evil, which is self-defeating, may continually defeat itself on behalf of the Good. Society requires wicked men, as virtuous women require prostitutes—"as objective manifestations of man's propensity for doing wrong." And Genet, who in sinning spares the virtuous man the necessity to sin, thereby acquires Sanctitude. Genet is ostracized, sin is exorcised in his person, and the Good triumphs.

One trouble with this argument is that the Grand Inquisitor phrased it better. Another is that in its fatalism it allows Genet only the mock-Kierkegaardian leap of *accepting* his destiny, of willing what is in fact the case. And to will what is the case is the essence of a staid Conservative position, so that poor Genet, when Sartre gets through with him, is not a rebel but a bureaucrat, doing the job Fate has assigned him. And the final difficulty, the one that does the greatest violence to Genet, is that it accepts him as a philosopher, whereas philosophy is his weakest point, and acceptance undermines everything he is trying to achieve. "Witnesses are almost always for the prosecution," says Genet at one point, and Sartre, by giving warm testimony on behalf of Genet the Cartesian, becomes an inadvertent witness for the prosecution. While Sartre, for example, is at great pains to demonstrate Existentially that criminality begins at the moment the thief is caught, Genet tells us that in *fact* "crime begins with a carelessly worn beret." The superficial gesture of contempt for society leads easily to petty theft, which leads in turn to the

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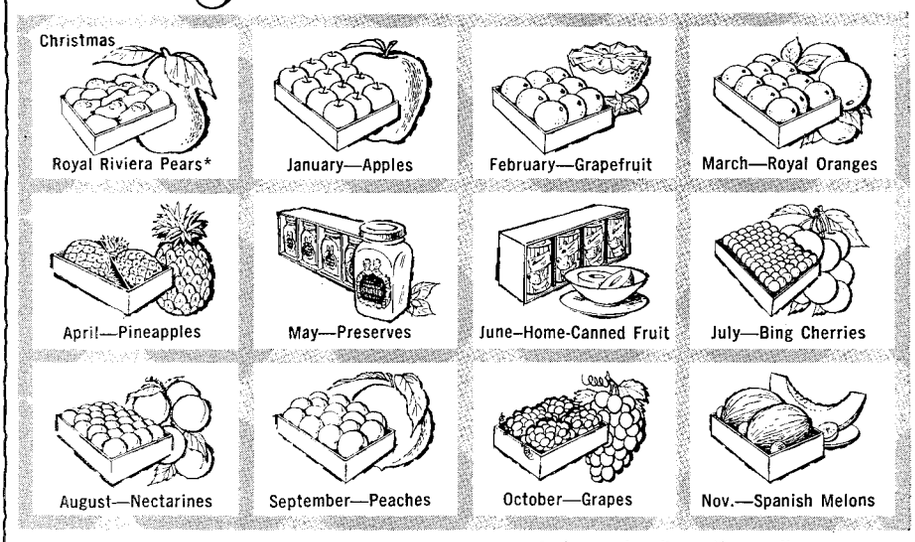

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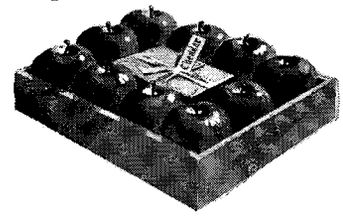

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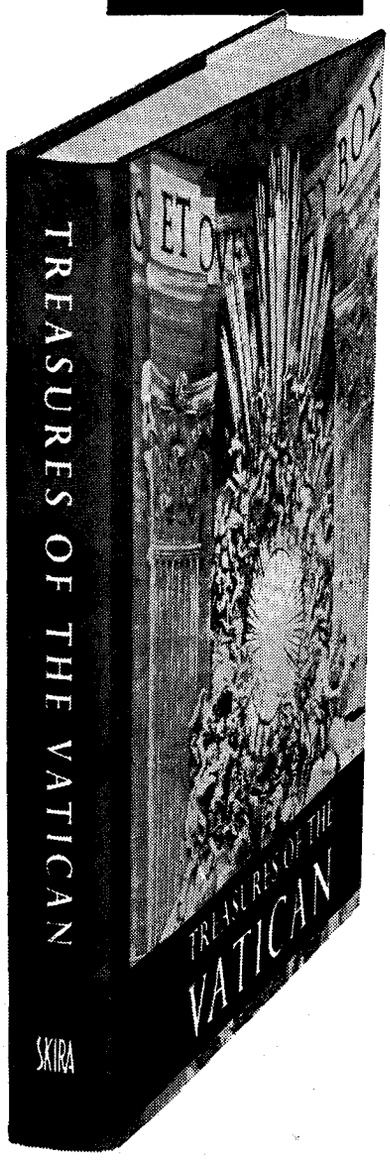

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reformatory, and the discovery that reformatory uniforms have only one pocket. The loss of the second pocket sets the incipient criminal one step farther away from society, intensifies his quarantine, unites him with those who share it, and gives rise eventually to the whole mystic brotherhood of crime. "One starts with a little superstition and then falls into the arms of God."

In the underworld, according to Genet, the careless wearer of berets becomes obsessed, like the meticulous wearer of them, with a desire "not to disappoint." He enters a group whose customs are as rigid as those of good society, except that every act must be performed "at the level of pure exception." The criminal must free himself of every venal motive for theft and murder and deliver himself to crime in its dispassionate, exacting purity. As a good man is ultimately accountable not to his peers but to his God, a wicked man owes his ultimate fidelity to his curse. The redness of a tie can inspire him to strangle. Only afterward does he permit himself to think of personal gain: "Nothing is so hard to find as money after a premeditated murder." The criminal in his venality and gregariousness is the offside of the businessman; in his pure accountability to evil, he is the churchman in reverse.

Genet is at his best when he is at his worst, speaking as a criminal in a free society and a homosexual in a heterosexual world. The argot of thieves, the mannerisms of queens, the ambience of prisons—Genet succeeds in drawing us palpably into his milieu. His style is an unlikely but powerful combination of classical French (derived, perhaps, from the musty library volumes of the orphanage in which he spent years of his childhood) and the rich slang of Paris and Marseille. At times his prose is controlled, almost austere:

> Poetry . . . is not an abandonment, a free and gratuitous entry by the senses; it is not to be confused with sensuality, but rather, opposing it, was born, for example, on Saturdays, when, to clean the rooms, housewives put the red velvet chairs, gilded mirrors, and mahogany tables outside, in the nearby meadow.

But at other times, like Divine, Genet "started making up fatal tales, or stories that seemed flat and trivial, but in which certain explosive words ripped the canvas, showing through these gashes a bit of what went on." And the fascination of "what goes on" in the dark world of anti-society society is undeniable: the burgher reads his tabloids as avidly as the artist or in-

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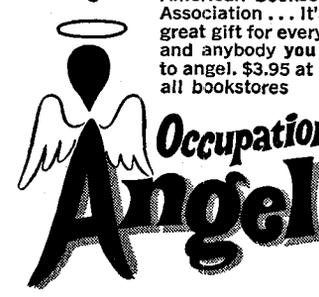

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tellectual reads his Genet. The rock of convention is lifted and the lizards of the imagination crawl. Immediately (or almost immediately; for a time, Genet was banned even in France), society makes house pets of them. This is Genet's defeat and his triumph: Society seems now to need its enemies. Genet has become an ornament of salons and cocktail parties, as well as a touchstone for an elaborate Sartrian discourse on the history of philosophy. The irony, however, is this: From the moment society embraces the exponent of Evil (whether in the person of Genet or, for that matter, of a racketeer before an investigating committee) it effectively neutralizes him, strips him, like Divine or Mimosa, of the mystery of his name. An outcast can serve the social imagination as an outcast only while he is not accepted as an outcast; Evil in the conscious service of the Good is evil no longer, and the voices of darkness must be sought elsewhere than in the socially acceptable Genet.

Genet, the criminal stylist, and Sartre, the Existential Methodologist, are, of course, at polar extremes, and Genet's last refuge from Sartre's efforts, and society's, to reclaim him would be to argue that he has not been completely understood:

> I now confess that I have never felt anything but the appearance of warm caresses, something like a look full of a deep tenderness which, directed to some handsome young creature standing behind me, passed through and overwhelmed me.

And Sartre, by simply using the Man of Crime for essentially irrelevant Existential purposes, falsifies him at every turn, and seems to direct just that "look full of a deep tenderness . . . to some handsome young creature standing behind" the true Genet.

—Renata Adler

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Other Winters, Other Springs, by Flora Sandstrom (World). A lonely farm in northern Finland is the setting for this brilliantly colored tale of a strong-minded, good, handsome, and industrious man whose courage enables him to assert his humanity in the face of a fate that is all malevolence and that he cannot escape. Erik Vainen, a farmer in his early forties, is the doomed man, and, with the mysterious magic that is possessed by good novelists, Miss Sandstrom brings him to life on his first appearance, and afterward keeps him alive, along with the tiny hope that somehow or other he will escape the

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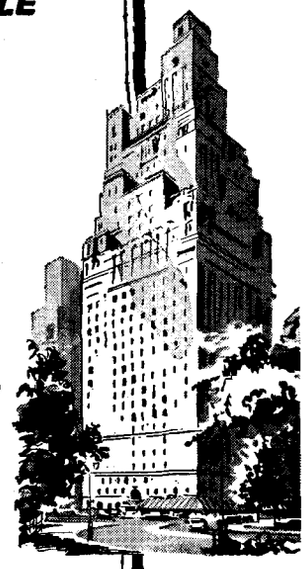

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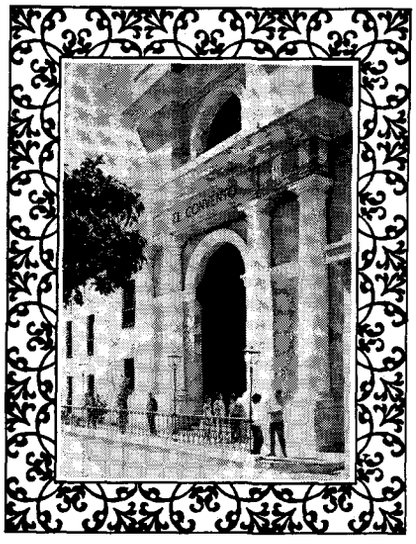

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obvious menace of his destiny. Others in the story are a gypsy lad whose badness has an inhuman glitter, a pretty and natural young orphan girl who becomes Vainen's second wife, and a good-humored sailor, in love with the girl, who comes home from sea to find her not only married to Vainen but about to give birth to her first child. Miss Sandstrom's dialogue occasionally soars rather foolishly into a hoarse, semi-heroic phrasing that makes her characters sound as though they were trying to imitate the legendary figures they vaguely resemble, but for the most part her writing is as simple and touching as the story she has to tell.

THE NEW MOON WITH THE OLD, by Dodie Smith (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Miss Smith's big, friendly novel starts out in great style, and then—the pity of it—good fortune becomes so abounding and general that one is surfeited and begins to long secretly for a little stroke of bad luck to bring all these nice people back to their original atmosphere of ironical good sense. The scene is a charming old country house fifty miles from London, where four hospitable young people, the youngest a girl of fourteen, live in comfort and cultivate their respective talents, while their father, a handsome widower who lives in London, sends enormous sums of money for their support. The household is looked after by two impeccable women, Cook and Edith, and as the story starts, the happy family has just been increased by one—a chic and brainy secretary, Jane Minton, who has arrived to play housekeeper and chaperone. Unfortunately, on the day after her arrival news comes that the father is in flight from the police, who want him for fraud. No one in the house panics. Each member sets his or her shoulder to the wheel, and the variety of the resulting adventures is in accordance with the variety of the personalities involved. It is a truly cheerful and entertaining book, but one wishes that Miss Smith had toned her high spirits down just a little bit. A good book is that much better when one can believe every word of it.

CHILDREN OF LUCIFER, by Dana Faralla (Lippincott). Mrs. Faralla's story of two beautiful teen-age orphans—a brother and sister who are spending their lives travelling dismally through Europe in the wake of a strangely imperious and stingy aunt—is often very well written, but it is much too long. The children

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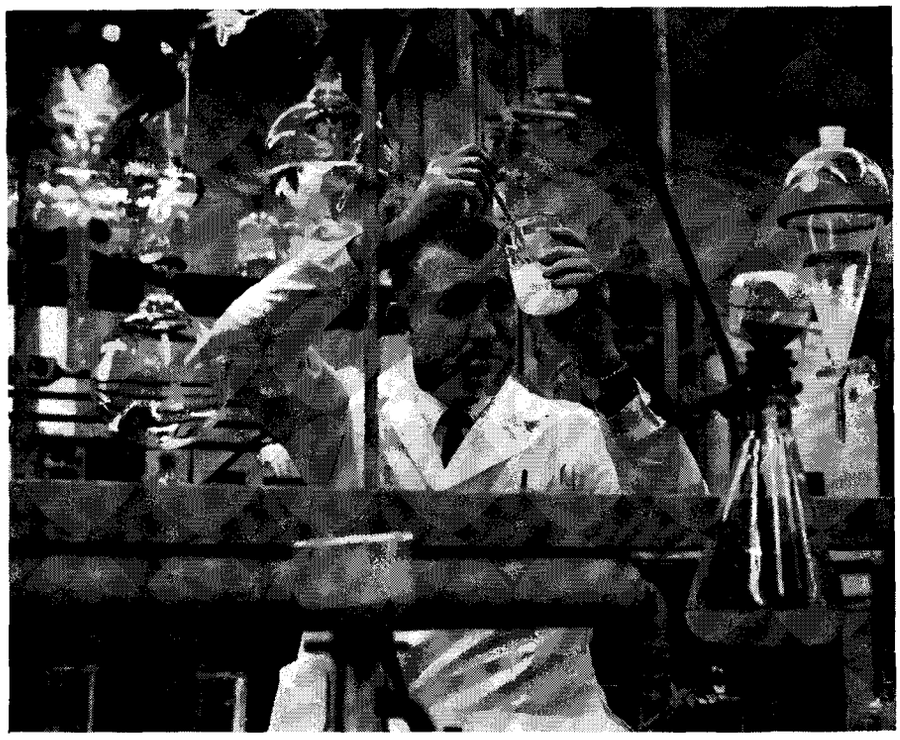
make friends with an Italian artist, Eleanora Martini, who has almost as little to spend as they have. It is the artist who tells their story, and if it is not exactly a story of innocence corrupted, it is certainly a story of innocence destroyed by the presence of corruption. In the three years since their parents' death, the children have been taught by a succession of handsome young tutors, engaged primarily for their willingness to play lover to the extremely elderly aunt. Mrs. Faralla never quite manages to establish the nightmarish adult background that is necessary to the success of her story, but her children—precocious, helpless, intelligent, and devoted to each other—have such reality that one is willing to go on reading simply for the sake of the scenes in which they appear together. The setting is the island of Corfu, where all the principal characters are staying at a seedy waterfront hotel.

GENERAL

THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, edited and with an introduction by Andrew Turnbull (Scribners). When Fitzgerald died, in 1940, it was hard to believe that he was only forty-four; he seemed to be part of a long since vanished age, of which there couldn't possibly be any but ancient survivors. In this ample, often heartbreaking collection of his letters, one sees that Fitzgerald himself shared this illusion, and even added to it; not only did he feel terribly dated in the last years of his short life, he felt terribly *old*, and again and again struck the valetudinarian note of a man looking back over life from its close. The fact is, he had greedily used up the resources of several lives in one; the roller-coaster of his successes and failures was so steep and so recklessly curved and banked inside its narrow compass that it must have seemed much longer than it really was, and the wonder is that, toward the end, he found the strength for the brave forward march of "The Last Tycoon." Mr. Turnbull has unluckily chosen to edit these letters not according to chronology but according to the persons to whom they were addressed—among them Fitzgerald's wife and daughter; his editor, Max Perkins; his old and evidently not very loyal friend Hemingway; and his old and always loyal friends Sara and Gerald Murphy. The cast of characters is small and could easily have been borne in mind



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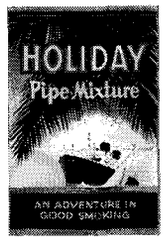

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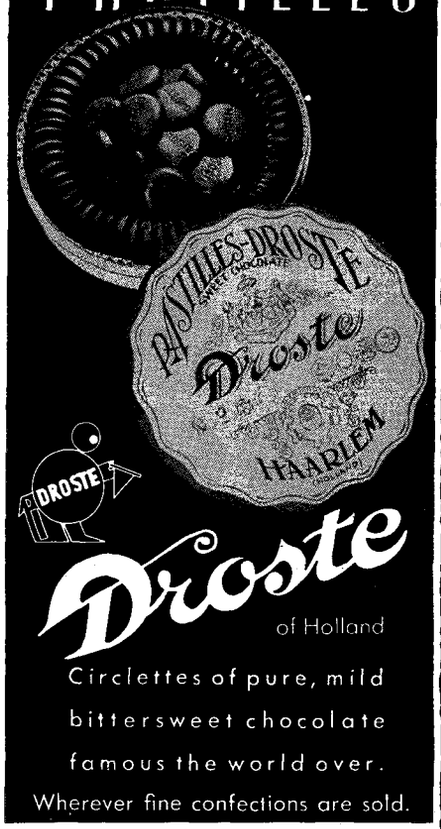

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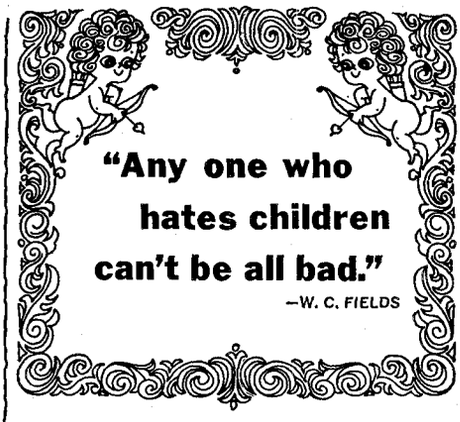
without confusion down the years, while to leap back and forth in time and emotion from one batch of letters to the next becomes an irritating distraction. Mr. Turnbull's (and the publisher's) chief fault, however, lies with the index, which is shockingly incomplete. Dozens of names of people and places mentioned in the text are omitted, thus rendering it worse than no index at all.

THE APPEASERS, by Martin Gilbert and Richard Gott (Houghton Mifflin). This historical study of events leading up to the outbreak of the Second World War has more of interest about it than the youth of its authors, who were born in England in 1936 and 1938, respectively. They do not display the detachment that men too young to remember might show; their contempt for "the men of Munich" is surpassed only by their astonishment that such cowardly fellows could once have led their—the authors'—own country. They maintain (and their excellent documentation appears to justify them) that appeasement was not, as has been said, undertaken to gain time to build up strength; it was nothing but a weak-kneed avoidance of conflict. What is novel and especially fascinating about their account is its emphasis on the workings of appeasement in domestic politics. Although the policy had some support among politicians, civil servants, editors, peers, and businessmen, the authors think it was not a policy that the public would have supported for long—and certainly not if the public had been allowed to understand it. They detail Chamberlain's conduct of foreign policy as a series of intrigues, and show that much of his Cabinet, most of Parliament, and nearly all the voters were kept ignorant of their leader's acts and aims. This is not a calm book, but it is a good one.

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY, by Alexander Thomsen, translated and adapted from the Danish by Maurice Michael (Dutton). The author of this book is a Danish doctor of medicine who went to Germany for the Red Cross during the final stages of the last war. In occupied Berlin, he somehow fell afoul of the Russian secret police, was imprisoned and arrested (in that order) as a spy, and, after severe manhandling, starvation, and torture, was sent off to a labor camp in Siberia, not because he was a spy (that charge could not be made to stick) but because he had seen the workings



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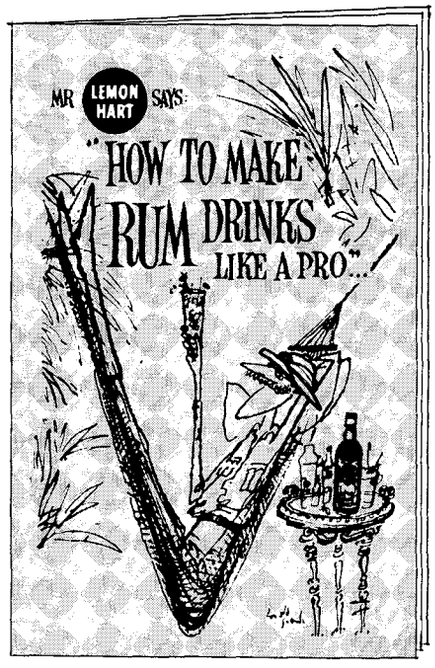
of the Soviet penal system. In Vorkuta, an N.K.V.D. colony in the Arctic Circle, where he became a convict doctor, he met and fell in love with a young Latvian girl who was serving a ten-year sentence for being a Latvian. This poignant and honestly written story tells of their love for each other, of the child who was born to them in prison camp, and of the almost miraculous chain of circumstances that ended, after years of separation and suffering, in their being united in free Denmark, ten years after they first met. A moving and terrifying document. Photographs.

THE WORLD IN VOGUE, assembled by editors of Viking Press and *Vogue* (Viking). A handsome pictorial history of the first seventy years of *Vogue*. There are no surprises in this big, glossy volume, but there is a good deal of pleasure and entertainment to be found in the photographs—frequently splendid photographs—of film stars and stage stars and rich people and society people and others notable for their brains or charm or good fortune. The trouble is that there are not nearly enough pages devoted to Woman and her Clothes. We will never know from this book exactly how the well-dressed girls and their mothers looked to the first editors of *Vogue* and to their successors down the years. In fact, there is so little here of the familiar and imperious dictator to the fashionable that we might almost be looking at a record of a highly polished but not extraordinary general magazine. Sixteen dollars.

NOTE: "Balanchine," a considerably expanded version of Bernard Taper's Profile of George Balanchine, which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Harper & Row. . . . Dial has issued "The Unnatural Enemy," Vance Bourjaily's account of his experiences as a hunter of game birds. A number of the chapters were printed originally in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SILK ROAD, by Simon Harvester (Walker). A British agent on an elaborately disguised mission in the wilds of pro-Russian northern Afghanistan finds that his identity has been discovered. He also finds himself with a lovely but not entirely trustworthy Afghan suffragette on his hands. His problem is to complete his mission, identify his enemies, and make his getaway, and Mr. Harvester—an admirable man—



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There are no carbon copies in the stock market, either. Resemblances, yes. But every company and every stock is a case unto itself. Take rubber companies, for example. They may refine raw rubber or manufacture synthetic rubber, confine themselves to supplying other industries with rubber or market consumer goods made of rubber. They may differ from each other in a hundred ways—and therefore the investment merits of their stocks may differ as well.

In short, the only generalization that can be made in the stock market is that there are no generalizations. Stocks are as individual as people's faces. And that is fortunate, since it means that whatever the problems involved in choosing among the thousands of issues available, there are stocks that are suitable for every investment objective and every investor's portfolio.

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enables him to solve it in the most satisfactory manner possible. Top-grade entertainment.

THE 12TH OF NEVER, by Douglas Heyes (Random House). Steven Breck, a young and handsome scientist who has just been told that he has only six months to live, starts to jump off a Staten Island ferryboat but is prevented by a smooth-talking and slightly sinister stranger named Murray Jarvis. Jarvis has a proposition to make to Breck, and Breck listens, not for his own sake but for the sake of his motherless little daughter. Once Breck has agreed to listen, we are off in pursuit of a wild plot that begins with a crime committed in the United States Passport office in New York and proceeds feverishly to London, Lucerne, Edinburgh, and other places. This dazzler of a story has no foundation to speak of, but Mr. Heyes knows exactly how to keep his reader's attention.

FLORENTINE FINISH, by Cornelius Hirschberg (Harper & Row). The diamond market on Forty-seventh Street between Fifth and Sixth is the setting for Mr. Hirschberg's rousing murder story, in which very large diamonds and very heavy bars of solid platinum play a prominent part. Saul Handy, a thirty-four-year-old jewelry salesman, fights his way out of unpleasant complications that include past and present murders and robberies of varying degrees of importance. The detective work is a little shaky, but the style is forthright and the atmosphere is superb.

•

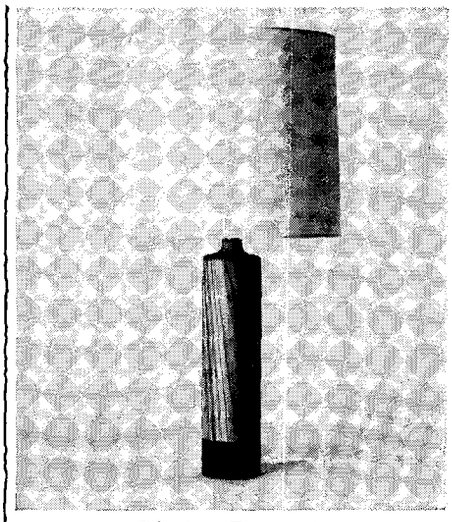
THE ACADEMIC MIND AT WORK

[From Education Summary]

As a general rule, disclosure of degrading information about a student should not be made unless it is related to the educational process, and then only to a person to whom there is a duty to report or who is professionally qualified to render assistance in the solution of the problem.

This is the opinion of Marlin M. Voltz, dean of the University of Louisiana School of Law. Addressing a Duke University audience recently, Dean Voltz gave a few examples:

The revelation by one teacher to another that Mary's mother is an alcoholic would seldom qualify as a useful piece of educational information. Rumors should not be repeated unless there is a duty to do so and then it should be labeled as a rumor. Should a teacher pass on a statement from another student, such as, "Did you know that Mary is pregnant?" If the teacher has confidence in the informant, there may be a duty to mention the rumor to the proper person, labeling it as such, since it is usually the policy to excuse a pregnant girl from gym.



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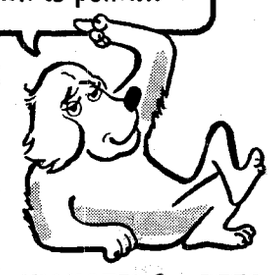

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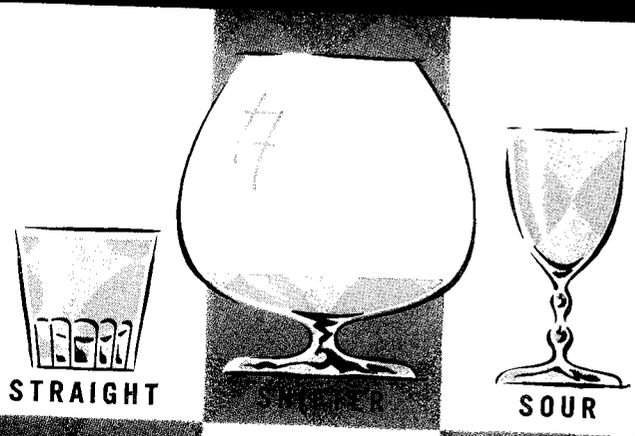

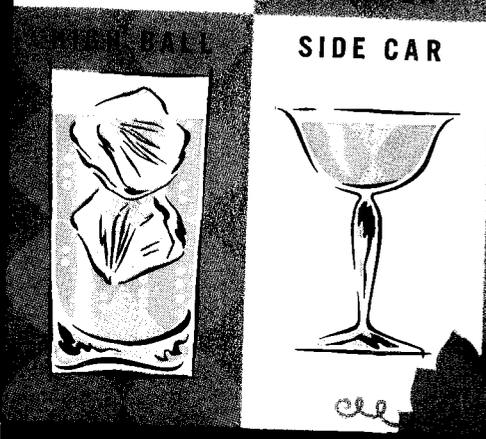

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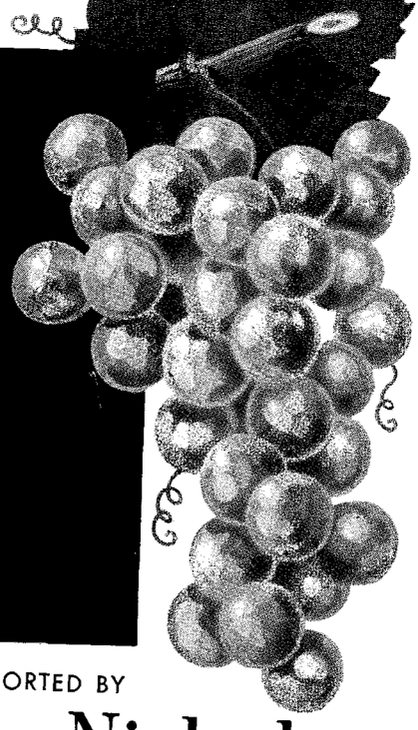

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